

MEDICAL CENTER a group of dramatic novelettes by FAITH BALDWIN

ERNEST HEMINGWAY · CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND · LOUIS BROMFIELD

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL by HUGH WALPOLE



toward dusk made the unpleasant discovery that I was lost!



they didn't speak English. Hoping at least to get some dinner, I offered them a drink from a bottle of Canadian Club I had in my saddle-bag. At the sight of that bottle, they became very excited.



Remember, too, you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long, in cocktails before dinner and "tall ones" after. Start to enjoy the luxury of mellow Canadian Club today! 90.4 proof. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Scotch, rye, or bourbon have changed to rare, imported Canadian Club!

Treat yourself to Canadian Club's distinctive flavor, light as Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon-yet with an instantly recognizable appeal all its own. You'll understand why twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did three years ago!

6 YEARS OLD

A Perfect Partner

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



Protect your smile! Let Ipana and massage help make your gums firm, your teeth sparkling!

With her flawless face and her head tipped—10—you'd think to yourself, "Why, she's the loveliest thing I've ever seen!"

And so she is—or rather, so she was. For the moment she smiles, much of the illusion of the "Perfect Partner" vanishes. Gone is the vivid beauty of face and figure. For neither charm nor beauty

can atone for a ruined smile, dull teeth and dingy gums.

Play safe! Don't risk your own smile by ignoring that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Any time you see it, see your dentist—and see bim promptly!

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That tinge of "pink" may not mean trouble, but let your dentist decide. Often, he's apt to pronounce it simply a case of gums grown weak from lack of exercise—due to our soft, creamy foods. And, like

many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Do as thousands of men and women do—buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile what it should be—winning, attractive!

LET IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP BRIGHTEN YOUR SMILE!









GET THE NEW DE TOOTH BRUSH

The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.





WHAT! A 40-WATT BULB IN MY READING LAMP? THAT'S TERRIBLE! WHERE'S THAT 100 I PUT IN ?



SAY WHAT IS THIS! I'M GOING OUT AND GET SOME RIGHT SIZE G-E MAZDA LAMPS



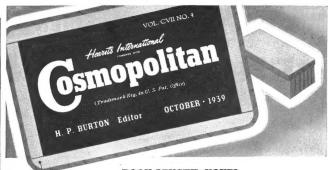
PROTECT EYESIGHT... Check your bulbs with these right sizes

I. E. S. BETTER SIGHT TABLE AND JUNIOR FLOOR LAMPS	WATT	15.
JUNIOR PLOS	150 WATT	20¢
PLOOR LAME	40 OR 60 WATT	15¢
BATHROOM BESIDE MIRROR	-	

They stay brighter longer



G. E. also makes a lamp for 10c in 71/2 15, 30, and 60 watt sizes. It is marked 5 E



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(C)

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WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST RICHARD E. BERLIN JOHN R. HEARST HARRY M. DUNLAP JOHN R. BUCKLEY

THE NEW, EASY, SCIENTIFIC WAY TO

GET RID of DANDRUFF

New Treatment with Listerine Antiseptic attacks the germ itself . . . actual clinical tests resulted in amazing record of quick relief

IF YOU have the slightest evidence of dan-druff, don't waste time and money fooling around with remedies which may treat surface symptoms only. Get at the root of the trouble -the germ itself-with a scientifically proved treatment, Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Many are absolutely amazed how fast this simple, delightful home treatment begins to improve the condition of their scalps. Even after the first few treatments a difference is frequently noted.

STRIKES AT CAUSE

Why? Because Listerine soaks the scalp in an antiseptic bath. It annihilates the stubborn little germ-Pityrosporum ovale, which Scientists recently discovered causes dandruff.

Remember, this scientific treatment with Listerine is not based on empty theory. It has been proved, in test after test, both in laboratory and clinic. In one test, for example, 76% of a group of dandruff sufferers at a New Jersey clinic who were told to use the Listerine Treatment twice daily showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a single month.

START TODAY

Start getting after your dandruff today, with Listerine Antiseptic . . . the same Listerine which you keep on your bathroom shelf as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle. Feel the delightful, invigorating tingle as you massage with it. And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, the possibility of reinfection is always present-take precautions by using a Listerine Treatment from time to time.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine

Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



soft snap. It's a business like any other ... and, don't fool yourself, appearances count in business. That's why I was so extra anxious to clear up a stubborn case

I guess I tried every dandruff remedy put out. But it was no go. I just couldn't get rid of my dandruff.



"THEN, ONE DAY a pal of mine told me about Listerine. 'Cleaned up an ugly case I had in a few short weeks,' he said, 'haven't had a trace since I've been on the Listerine treatment.' Using a mouthwash on my hair didn't seem to make much sense. But Bill was so enthusiastic I gave Listerine a try.

"AND AM I GLAD! In a short time. every trace of dandruff had disappeared. Next time I have my regulation physical checkup I am going to ask the Doc about Listerine Antiseptic . . . why it cleared up dandruff so fast."



HERE'S WHY, MEN: Scientists, after years of study, have only recently discovered the tiny dandruff germ-Pityrosporum ovale. Once they knew the germ, they made real headway. First, rabbits were infected...then cured by killing the germ with Listerine Antiseptic. Finally, the same Listerine Antiseptic Treatment was tried out on humans.



RESULTS WERE SENSATIONAL. In one test, for example, 76% of a group who used the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice a day, showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within 30 days! And after all, what could be more logical? Dandruff is a germ disease. Use an antiseptic-a germicide-to clear it up.







BILL TELLS HIS FRIENDS

CLIP THIS COUPON

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 84, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Address	
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"The Women" is played entirely by women. But it's all about men—just as was Clare Boothe's play which ran 666 performances at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York.

We see women at home, women in beauty parlors, women in salons, women on Park Avenue, women in Reno, women at work, women at play, women on the loose, women on the make, women in the kitchen, women in the boudoir—women, women everywhere!



And what women! Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Mary Boland, Paulette Goddard, Florence Nash, Joan Fontaine, Phyllis Povah, Lucille Watson, Virginia Weidler, Muriel Hutchinson... to mention but a lot,

George Cukor who directed "Little Women" has the situation in hand. He admits that this "Women" isn't little.

HuntStromberg, your favorite producer, has given his all to "The Women".

The adaptable Jane Murfin adapted Miss Boothe's most successful drama. And Oliver Marsh focused the camera at the Adrian-gowned pearls of pulchritude, framed against Cedric Gibbon's scenes.



Fellow Men, you have it coming to you.

And "The Women" can dish it out.

* * * * *

You ask why is this Lion roaring? It isn't the air, It isn't the drinks. It isn't the music, It isn't the dancing,

It's "The Women" — Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Over the **Editor's** Shoulder

DEBUTANTE who does her Junior League work in the children's clinic of a great modern hospital-city and finds herself in a world she never dreamed of; a brilliant young doctor who has no use for society; a determined patient; a night-club owner with too many secret irons in the fire—these characters start the fireworks in next month's smashing novelette, "Clinic Aide," second of Faith Baldwin's thrilling "Medical Center" stories.

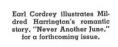
Mystery Writer Anthony Abbot leads a secret life (we won't give his "alias," but he's an editor). Now he writes a spine-chilling book-length novel for us about a group of people whose double lives, unlike his own, lead to mystery and horror. "The Creepe" is the too-well-deserved nickname of a lonely estate on Buzzards Bay. What about the man in the tree, the two gold teeth, the bottle in the grave, the thing beneath the cliff, and the police séance? You'll find out next month!

EVER HEAR of "aniseikonia"? Yet maybe you have it 1 A Boston lawyer turned to painting and photography—and started a train of medical discovery which has already relieved thousands suffering from eyestrain and sick headaches. In an early issue Dr. Albert Edward Wiggam reveals to the public for the first time the scientific miracle of the discovery and cure of this surprisingly common eye trouble by a distinguished medical school and co-operating clinics.

Is there a growing wave of prejudice and intolerance in this country? Eleanor Roosevelt gives a challenging and frank answer to this question in an early issue. And she has a unique opportunity to observe America, as its First Lady and, if we may coin a title, its First Traveler.

THE NEXT "Social Season" is the autumn visit of the "horsy" set to Aiken and Pinehurst. Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger is writing a colorful romance of the land of pink coats, hounds, boots and saddles, for a coming issue.

What is America's most interesting and exciting family? The Vital Vanderbilts, of course! Never before has the full inside story of this amazing clan been written. When a Staten Island farmer with an urge



for speed built up a hundred-milliondollar fortune, he founded a dynasty that has grown to this day. It'll take us months to tell all the fascinating adventures, feuds, achievements, scandals and glamorous lives of these Vanderbilts all around the world today. Starting soon!

VIÑA DELMAR has just written a dramatic masterpiece, "The Human Side." A feature writer interviews the woman in a great man's past—and gets a story too big to print! Coming soon.

Mary Margaret McBride will tell us soon about the problems—and satisfactions—of job hunting in the big city.

HIRAM HOLLIDAY'S Cosmopolitan adventures, "Tales of Six Cities," are being brought out in book form. And Hiram's creator, Paul Gallico, is already starting work on a Hiram Holliday serial for us. We can't wait!

He owed everything to the family who had generously taken him in—and now they asked for repayment, with their daughter's happiness at stake. So begins "The Californians," a vivid and warmly emotional book-length novel by Louise Redfield Peatite, coming soon.

Here's A quick glimpse of some other coming events: another of Dr. George Gallup's special quarterly surveys for Cosmopolitan of America's plans and opinions; Jane Hall's group of Hollywood backstage stories drawn from her recent studio work; a new story by (Continued on page 6)



*

The Book-of-the-Month Club's latest list of widely-discussed new books

How many have you read?

This is a list of books which have been greatly in demand within the past few months by Book-of-the-Month Club memrepresent an excellent cross-section of the entire nation's reading public. Most of them will be found on all other best-seller lists.

Grapes of Wrath-John Steinbeck... The Yearling-Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings Wickford Point-John P. Marquand.. Captain Horatio Hornblower-C. S. Forester [Christ in Concrete-Pietro di Donato...... Seasoned Timber-Dorothy Canfield The Patriot-Pearl Buck.... The Brandons-Angela Thirkell..... Here Lies-Dorothy Parker..... The Web and The Rock-Thomas Wolfe Mr. Emmanuel-Louis Golding..... The Sword in The Stone-T. H. White..... Adventures of a Young Man-John Dos Passos [Rebecca-Daphne du Maurier...... All This, and Heaven Too-Rachel Field Tree of Liberty-Elizabeth Page..... ☐ Black Narcissus-Rainer Godden.....

	_
NON-FICTION	
□ Not Peace but a Sword—Vincent Sheean □ Inside Asia—John Gunther	
America in Midpassage	
☐ Reaching for the Stars—Nora Waln	
☐ You and Heredity—Amram Scheinfeld ☐ Autobiography with Letters	
□ A Peculiar Treasure-Edna Ferber. □ The Hudson-Carl Carmer. □ Andrew Jackson-Marquis James. □ Benjamin Franklin-Carl Van Doren. □ You're the Doctor-Victor Heiser, M.D. □ Listen! The Wind-Anne Morrow Lindbergh □ Moses and Monotheism-Sigmund Freud. □ Designs in Scarlet-Courtney Ryley Gooper. □ Security: Can We Rettrieve It?. Sir Arthur Salter	0000000
☐ The Promises Men Live By—Harry Scherman ☐ Dry Guillotine—René Belbenoit	

FREE ... TO NEW MEMBERS Joseph in Eappt, by Thomas Mann

or any of the other Book-Dividends listed in coupon

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price \$5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.

IS THIS ALWAYS YOUR SOLE CONTRIBUTION?

"I'm sorry—I never got around to reading that!"



Over 250,000 families now use this simple system to keep from missing the new books they want to read

THE self-examination provided at the left will show the degree to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book in advance of its publication, If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it.

You Still Browse In Bookstores

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose among all new books with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse in bookstores as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

The upshot is that you do actually buy and read the new books you want, instead of confessing sadly to friends, "I never got around to reading that!'

JOSEPH IN EELPT

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway. They are always high on national best-seller lists. For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, tree, one of our book-divi-

Free Books You Get

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary, For every \$1 you spend for a book-of-themonth you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

To illustrate the advantages: some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months were BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special \$6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., \$5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James (\$5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie (3.50); INSIDE EUROPE (new and revised edition) by John Gunther (\$3.50). These books were given to members - not sold, mind you!

What's Your Obligation

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. You pay nothing, except for the books you buy. Your only obligation is to agree to buy four books-of-themonth a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

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BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH	CLUB, Inc.	, 385 Madison	Ave., N.	

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive, free, the book checked below, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

Check title you prefer to receive as your free enrollment book

	MR.	IN EGYPT INSIDE EUROPE MADAME CURL LETT'S QUOTATIONS ANDREW JACKSON
Name	MRS. MISS	PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Addre.	rs	
City		State
Busine	ss Con	nections, if any
Officia	1 Pari	tion or Occupation

Please check whether you would like us to ship the current book-of-the-month with the free book above YES \(\) NO \(\)

Be your age but look younger!



Call in the help of these milk of magnesia creams . . . they're different . . . they act on the excess acid accumulations . . . they help to keep your skin smooth, supple, younger-looking

"My skin seems so acid—what shall I do for it?" So many perplexed women ask this question as they watch their skin lose its fresh tone, its smooth, soft firmness, and become excessively dry and rough or over-oily and shiny, with enlarged pores or blackheads.

Here's an entirely different kind of help! Here's beauty-giving action you've never known before—in these creams which

contain Milk of Magnesia!

What these Milk of Mouknow, of course, Magnesia Greams Do what Milk of Magnesia does internally for excess gastric acidity. In the same way these unique Milk of Magnesia creams act externally on the excess acid accumulations on the skin, and help to overcome unsightly faults and to make your skin lovelier, younger-looking.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM.
This remarkable cream not only puts
acid-neutralizing Milk of Magnesia to

work on your skin, but it also offers another beautifying ingredient, cholesterol, which softens and smooths skin, giving it suppleness, and helping to overcome that dried-up, leathery appearance which afflicts so many skins.

A Foundation Which You've never seen Really Propers the Skin anything like the way Phillips' Texture Cream takes and holds make-up. This is because the Milk of Magnesia prepares the skin—smooths away roughness, frees it from oiliness, so that powder and rouge go on evenly without that "put-on" look.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM. And when you try this different kind of cleansing cream you'll wonder how you ever got along without it! The Milk of Magnesia not only loosens and absorbs the surface dirt, but penetrates the pores, neutralizing the excess fatty acid accumulations and leaving your skin soft, smooth, and thoroughly clean!

Over the Editor's Shoulder

(Continued from page 4)

Adela Rogers St. Johns; a heartbreaking story of mother love and unwanted babies by Helen Topping Miller; and stories by A. J. Cronin, Edison Marshall, Jack Goodman, Albert Rice, Donald Barr Chidsey, Libbie Block, Paul Gallico, Vivien Bretherton, Rita Weiman, and other Cosmo favorites.

Hugh Pentecost, winner of the Dodd-Mead mystery prize with "Canceled in Red," is versatile. He makes his bow to Cosmopolitan very soon with "Triple Threat," a football story with a triple threat in excitement, romance and humor. Bet you laugh as hard over it as we did.



Jane Hall by Griff (her favorite photographer)

FASHIONS IN FICTION by Lee Russell

Jane Hall's secret ambition was realized when Bradshaw Crandell asked her to pose for this month's cover. She would rather be considered a glamour girl than a successful writer. She is both. She has a passion for smart clothes, hats and accessories. In New York she practically lives at "21" in her best clothes. When in California she wears slacks and gay bandannas.

Wears stacks and gay bandannas. Her constant companion is her wire-haired terrier, Kathleen Scarlett, better known as Kate. Her favorite illustrator is Jon Whitcomb. His favorite author is—guess who? However, he did some mighty fine drawings this month for "Out in Society," the Margaret Culkin Banning serial. Pictured are a striped-taffeta evening dress with the new bustle back, from Dorothy Couteaur, and a negligee trimmed with embroidered braid, from Nat Lewis. These are outfits Iane Hall would call "smooth."



LETTERS

HIRAM WILL CARRY ON:

Martinsville, Ind.

I am not a fan-mall writer. In fact, this is
my first attempt. But can't we have some more
of Paul Gallico's Hiram Holliday adventures? GARNETT SHANE

THIS IS WHY WE RUN SO MANY DIFFERENT

TYPES OF STORY:

Hollywood, Calif. Whenever a story has the word "Murder" in the title, I pass it by unread. I know that your splendid magazine (so much of which delights and brings me welcome information) is for "the world and his wife." so I have no complaint to offer—only my personal attitude.

(MRS.) OCTAVIA F. DOHERTY

Fernie, B.C., Canada

A month or so ago I read a complaint that you had too many mystery stories. Don't pay any attention. Almost all your male readers and at least half the females enjoy them. Nobody cares about "triangles" except those concerned in them. Let's have some more from David Garth, Royal Brown and Ellery Queen. (MRS.) L. T. MIARD

ANOTHER COSMO STORY AS A LITERARY MODEL:

Evanston, Ill. to use "Jungle May we have permission to use "Jungle War" by Tom Gill in an experimental collection of short narratives intended for use among high school pupils? While working upon this project for the last two years, we have had occasion to test this story from several points of view. As a result we are confident that it should be made more acconfident that it should be made more accessible for high school pupils and teachers
WILLIAM R. WOOD, PH.D.

MORE AUTHORBIOGRAPHIES?

Mullion, Cornwall, England
Thank you for a Cosmopolitan Authorbiography. It's the cherry in that exciting
cocktail "Over the Editor's Shoulder." More, please.

(MISS) ROSAMOND NORRIS

JANE HALL'S AT WORK ON A SERIES:

Croswell, Mich.

Being one of the younger set I can speak for them. We think your stories by Jane Hall are "super" and adore Jon Whitcomb's drawings. We can hardly wait for the next issue to read more of Margaret Culkin Banning's "Out "A Tooth for an Eye" was simply in Society. smooth too.

J. ROBERTS

BEEZY'S NEXT IS CALLED "CQ, CQ":

The "Beezy" stories by Vivien R. Bretherton interest me very much. I would like to know if any of these stories have been collected and put into book form. (Not yet.—Ed. Note) I am looking forward to reading more "Beezy."

THEODORE K. VER HULST

PAGING A CLEAN CUT YOUNG MAN:

Brooklyn, N. Y. I often read Cosmopolitan and enjoy it very much. Why don't you put a picture of a Cosmopolitan fellow on the front page cover? You always have pictures of beautiful girls. My girl firends and I have often commented on this so I am asking you to give the girls a treat once in a while and have a Nice Clean. Cut Young Man on the cover for us.

MILDRED DE MINO

PASSING ALONG THE GOOD WORD:

James Edward Grant's "A Lady Comes to Burkburnett" is one of the most thoroughly enjoyable stories I have read in Cosmopolitan in a long, long time. It caused me to scribble off a number of penny postals to friends to be sure and read it. Houston, Texas

F. TILLING

How to get *A-head*



NOT LIKE THIS-He's a "Water Soak." Soaks his head with water to comb it. Water is bad for hair. Washes away natural oils. Dries it out. No wonder his hair is wild. Looks like a Hottentot's.



OR THIS-He's a "Shiner." Plasters down his hair with too much grease that makes his hair shine and gleam like patent leather. No wonder he reminds you of a gigolo.



OR THIS-He's just a hopeless case so far as hair is concerned. For hair once gone is gone forever. Be wise-don't neglect the hair you have.



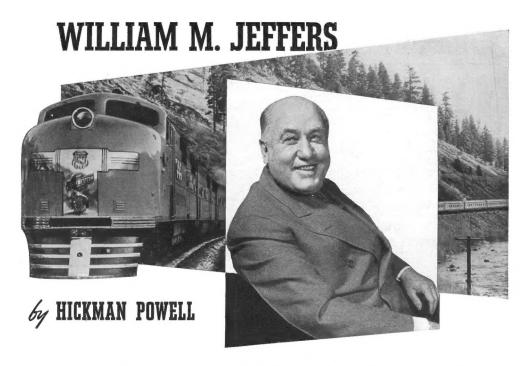
BUT LIKE THIS-He's the "Head Man." Uses Kreml every day and you can tell it. Hair neat as a pin-never greasy or sticky. No dandruff scales, either.



REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES -CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR NOT GREASY -- MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE Yes-KREML checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp. It's a fine hair dressing but not sticky or pasty. Start today with a daily massage with Kreml. Notice how fresh your scalp feels. See how well-groomed you look. Ask for Kreml at your barber's too.

WOMEN TELL US that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent-makes permanents look lovelier and last longer.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made with an 80% olive oil base, Kreml Shampoo cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, and leaves the hair easy to manage.



OST PEOPLE in this country still eat in the kitchen. William Martin Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific System, used to eat there himself and has never forgotten it, though he spends most of his time nowadays in the company of business brass hats and high-powered executives.

When he goes on to New York from Omaha to confer with his board of directors, he sometimes reminds them about the people who eat in the kitchen, and he adds that industry is dependent on the man who is doing the job with his hands.

"I could fool you fellows on a lot of things," he tells the Wall Street men. "But I can't fool the man in overalls, He's on the job and he knows what's going on."

The railroads of America, once a symbol of impersonal big business, corporate heartlessness and "public-be-damned" remoteness from the common touch, have recently become one of the nation's greatest economic sob stories, as one road after another has gone into receivership and the government has sought legislation to relieve their distress. Amid the general picture of railroad trouble, Jeffers' road is one of the exceptions-it is still paying dividends; its bonds are above par, and it is doing new things in railroading.

Part of that is because a lot of financial

clinkers were shaken out of the Union Pacific in the reorganization of the 1890's, and part of it is due to such fellows as Bill Jeffers. You'll find someone like him around any successful railroad.

They call him Bill Jeffers all along the old U. P. line from Omaha to Ogden because he is the kind of fellow people call Bill even though he heads a transcontinental railroad and has a street named after him in his home town, He went to work on the railroad when he was fourteen and labored for the same company for forty-seven years, learning the business from the roadbed up, before he took over the presidency in 1937. Today Jeffers is a hearty man of sixty-three, whose blunt roughhewn features break easily into a broad Irish grin.

The day he took over as president of the road, a dignified financier, president of another railroad, called to pay his respects. While they were talking, an eightyfive-year-old retired switchman named Clancy strolled through the doorway and with leisurely eye surveyed the magnificence of the executive office.

Well, Bill," he said, "I'm a blankety blank-blank-you made it!" Then, after another long look around the office, he remarked, "Bill, I've taught you a lot of things and helped you with a lot of your

problems. But from now on you've got to go it alone."

The visiting railroad president exclaimed with envy: no such incident ever could happen to him! Jeffers himself was pleased: but of course he did not expect to go it alone, There are 32,000 employees on the road's 10,000 miles of track, and he had no intention of trying to run it without them

A few months ago, he was sitting in his private car one day, when the engineer came back from the locomotive to tell him about a new brake valve that was jolting the passengers. Jeffers was so busy writing an important telegram that his replies did not make sense, so he apologized.

But damn it, Bill!" exploded the engineer. "Don't let yourself get so busy in this new job that you haven't got time to think!

Jeffers likes to tell that one on himself. He enjoys seeing acid spilled on a stuffed shirt, even if the shirt is his own. Not long ago he was at a meeting of other railroad presidents, some of whom had never taken occasion to think about a mere brake valve, and he told them about one of his first jobs as a small boy. Jay Gould was passing through a small Nebraska railroad (Continued on page 16)





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PROFESSIONAL AND VOCATIONAL



How I Became a Hotel Hostess"

By Iva Sheppard Seamstress, Without Experience, Becomes
Hostess of Beautiful Hotel

"I was discouraged, disheartened and dissatisfied with my position and earnings as seamstress. With it all I was in constant fear of losing my job to a younger girl. Each pay day I feared would be the last. "One day I saw an advertisement, 'Be a Hotel Hostess,' and since I was ready to grasp at any straw, I mailed the coupon that evening. When the Lewis Schools' booklet, 'Your Big Opportunity,' arrived, I saw that here was everything I wanted good pay, fascinating work, fine opportun-ities. Best of all, age didn't matter—both young and mature had equal opportunities for success.

"Soon I was Housekeeper-Hostess of a beautiful hotel. At last I have found the one industry where my mature years are a help, instead of a handicap, My success is all due to Lewis Training."

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Iva Sheppard is typical of the many Lewistrained men and women who have won success in the fascinating hotel, club, steamiship, restaurant of the state of the Union offices, You have the opportunity to make Iva Sheppard's story YOUR STORY—by deciding to do TODAY what she did a few months ago. Fill in the coupon and MAIL IT IMMEDIATELY!



"How I Stepped into a Big-Pay Hotel Job'

By Frank J. Rowley

Mechanic, With No Hotel Experience, Become Hotel Executive and Doubles His Income

finally happened to me. For months the new machines had been coming in—the mechanics go-ing out. I didn't know what to do. Now a machine was doing my work better than I could.

"Then I answered an advertisement, 'Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Job.' I soon found out that here was exactly what I wanted—good pay, interesting, vital work that machines couldn't do. I had hardly completed the course before I secured the position of Room Clerk-Cashier in a big New York hotel.

Later I secured the Assistant Manager's position in this beautiful apartment hotel, where I have a 2-room suite for my own use, and earn a good salary. My hotel career has doubled my income. Lewis Training made all this possible."

Frank Rowley is but one of the many men and women whom Lewis Training has qualified for well-paid positions from coast to coast in the billion-dollar hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field, Our FREE Book, "YOUR BIG OP-PORTUNITY," gives full details as to how to qualify for a well-paid position. Explains how you are registered FREE of extra cost in the Lewis National Placement Service. You have equal op-portunities to those of Frank Rowley. Make the same decision TODAY that he made not so long ago. Sign the coupon and MAIL IT NOW!

station and young Bill delivered a telegram in the magnate's palatial private car. Then, until the train left, he stood awestruck on the platform and stared through the window at the great man, wondering how anyone ever got important enough to ride in a splendid car like that. "And now that I know more about it," he added, "I'm still wondering." Jeffers himself steers clear of grandeur.

(Continued from page 8)

It was by leaving his own private car, riding in day coaches and talking to the passengers that he helped bring about a small revolution in passenger transportation across the West and became a leader in the general efforts of the railroads to spruce up their service. That was when railroad business had hit the bottom of the depression,

He found people on long journeys traveling in uncomfortable coaches which seemed to have been designed mostly by force of habit. It was amazing how many little things were wrong.

Jeffers set out to create a new type of train, not forgetting the people who eat in the kitchen at home and sleep in day coaches when on the road. For the next two or three years he had as much fun as a small boy playing with a new train on Christmas morning. For Jeffers is a man who understands that big business is made up of small details, and he found plenty of small details to play with on this train.

He made up his new train entirely of coaches and tourist sleepers which were priced below the usual sleeping-car rates, but he ran it on the same schedule as the "limited" trains. Banishing the old-fashioned railroad plush, he had the cars all redecorated, each in a different color.

He got air-conditioned day coaches with fifty-two instead of seventy seats, leaving space for large, convenient washrooms. He put in rechning seats cushioned with sponge rubber, and individual reading lamps so that the overhead lights could be turned down at night. He put a porter on each car to look after the passengers, and every day each passenger was given a clean pillow, free. The extra service cost a little money, but one additional passenger to a car more than paid for it.

Jeffers had found the passengers eating out of lunch boxes and cluttering the floor with banana peels. He put on his train a new-style diner in which one could eat three meals for ninety cents. People had been afraid of dining-car prices; now they abandoned the lunch

When people found it could be done cheaply and comfortably, they started traveling again, Coach and sleeper traffic was multiplied four and five times.

He did the same sort of thing with

freight service. Freight trains that used to run at twenty miles an hour now cross the plains three times as fast, delivering packages on accurate schedules.

Union Pacific started experimenting with the airplane-type streamlining and Diesel engine power back in 1933. That was the idea of W. Averell Harriman, chairman of the board, but Jeffers put it into operation. Now the gleaming streamlined train, a leader among the country's modern railroad luxuries, goes in a day and a half from Omaha to the Coast, a trip which used to take three and a half days.

There was an infinite amount of detail about that, everything from figuring the safe speed at each curve to the choice of streamlined silverware. The silverware was so successful that the passengers stole it for souvenirs. Jeffers printed notices that it was for sale at cost and the stealing stopped.

All that had to do with pleasing the customers. In earlier years Jeffers got

Some of the WELL-PAID Positions Open to Both MEN and WOMEN

- Apt. Hotel Manager] Manager Asst. Manager Banquet Manager ☐ Hostess Matron ☐ Steward Maitre d'Hotel
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- Club Manager Restaurant or Coffee Sports Director Shop Manager
- Clifford Lewis, President LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS Hall TS-220, Washington, D. C.

Please send me FREE of charge and without obligation, details as to how to qualify for the hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field. I am particularly interested in the positions I have checked.

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Auditor

ahead as an operations man largely by pleasing the men who worked for him. He is proud that the Union Pacific has settled its disagreements with employees "on the property" without recourse to outside boards—in the family, so to speak.

Bill Jeffers was born in 1876 in North

Platte, Nebraska, home town of Buffalo Bill, North Platte then was little more than a railroad shop and a string of saloons in the cow country. But cowboy life made little impression on young Jeffers. His romance was the railroad, and at fourteen he quit school and went to work on it.

Soon he knew every home and every sin den in North Platte. He had gone to work as a callboy. It was his job to rout the train crews out of bed wherever they might be, day or night, when their trains were ready to leave. Despite his mother's worries, he came through all right, and he has been on the Union Pacific pay roll ever since 1890-has never lost a day. In his spare time he picked up the Morse code and was soon doing emergency duty as a telegraph operator.

Last year the public librarian in Omaha asked a number of prominent local men what books they had read when they

were small boys.
"Then and now," replied Jeffers, "the

Union Pacific Book of Rules."

But his memories of early days do not fit in with the conventional success story. Those hell-roaring times were far different from the present, when the Union Pacific usually hangs up a record for

safety of operation.

Jeffers remembers mainly the jams he got into. On night duty at lonely way stations as telegraph operator, it would be his job to report the trains that came through. Often the youngster could not keep himself from falling asleep, and a couple of times a train thundered through his station without waking him. So he invented a primitive safety device. Tying a string around the track rail and passing it over his window frame, he hung a coal bucket from it. Thus, when a train went through, the coal bucket fell and woke him up.

That worked fine until a train stopped one night before it had cut the string. Bill had a hard time squaring himself, for the division superintendent was on

the train.

But he must have been a dependable youngster. He can remember only one serious mistake in those days. After dispatching trains all night, he awoke with a start at ten in the morning, jumped into his pants and bicycled madly for the office.

"I don't know what it is, but something was wrong with that last order I sent out! he cried when he got to the office. "It came to me in my sleep.'

Telegrams were sent out, trains were flagged. Sure enough, two trains were running into a head-on collision, They were stopped in the nick of time.

Jeffers is just plain proud of the people he works with. When the daughter of the railroad's chairman came on from New York to visit at the Jeffers house in Omaha, he had a party for her. But he didn't invite Junior League girls. No, sir! He had a lot of railroad men's daughters in for tea. Many of them were college girls, too, and they were as well-dressed as the girl from New York.

They were invited from five to seven P.M., and the thing that made Bill Jeffers proudest was that, on the dot of five, there they all came up the street. At seven sharp, away they went. Railroad people,

right on schedule!

Coming: A Cosmopolite of Ireland's President-Douglas Hyde



something in a drug store, stop for a moment and ask yourself:

which will meet my needs?

Will it do everything I have been led to expect?

Have thousands of others used this product and found it satisfactory?

Will I be proud to own it because of its respected name?

You can enjoy complete satisfaction ONLY if the answer to every question is "Yes."

And you can be sure that every answer will be "Yes" only when the item you are considering is a brand which is nationally known.

The manufacturer of a nationally known line cannot afford to give you poor quality . . . or to make false claims about his product. His name is his greatest asset. He must not discredit it.

And, if the product is nationally known, you can be sure that many thousands of others have used it and liked it, else it could not continue to be successful enough to remain nationally known.

Furthermore, any product which satisfies people all over the country is certainly a product you will be proud to possess.

So when you are forced to decide between a "bargain" in unfamiliar merchandise, and the standard product in a nationally known line, let your better judgment keep you from disappointment, from waste of time and money. Buy the nationally known brand.

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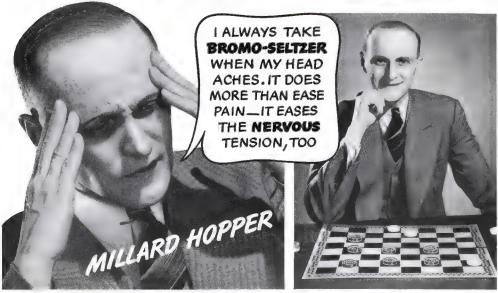
Vacuum Battles

VAPEX

in this issue of Cosmopolitan.

Flashlights and Batteries

Checker King Checkmates HEADACHE, JUMPY NERVES



MILLARD HOPPER (Unrestricted Checker Champ of America) shows you how he feels when his head aches. Like the rest of us, he feels edgy, finds it hard to concentrate. How is he going to take on 50 opponents at once (as he often does in checker tournaments)? His answer: "I can't afford to let headache spoil my game-I take Bromo-Seltzer. It relieves the headache fast and also calms the nerves.

ENTERTAINS 38,000,000! Radio City Music Hall ballet director and associate producer-Miss Florence Rogge (below). She plans a new dance symphony each week, many stage spectacles a year, "Headache's bound to make you nervous," she says. "Bromo-Seltzer eases the pain fast. Leaves me steadier.



OLYMPIC STAR! Former English swimming champ, now famed coach! Victor Lawson says: "I always

take Bromo-Seltzer for headache. It relieves nervous tension, too-helps co-ordination."

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS? It's one of Mr. Hopper's brain teasers! The white checkers, moving down, can win in 2 moves and a jump. You'll need a clear head, steady nerves to solve this! If you can't solve it (even though you haven't a headache), write Bromo-Seltzer, Baltimore, Md., for the solution.

Headache strains your **NERVES**

When your head is aching, you need 2 kinds of help . . . speedy relief from the pain and relief from the nervous tension. Bromo-Seltzer helps you in both ways. Tests by a group of doctors proved this.

Take Bromo-Seltzer!* You'll like its fast relief of pain—the added help it brings to jumpy nerves. Keep it at home always! Buy it at any drugstore—soda fountain.

*For frequently recurring or persistent headaches, see your doctor. For the ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.



course, nobody really writes such letters"? Or do you see it, instead, as the only place in the world where lonely souls can pour out their hearts in safe anonymity and find a word of comfort to carry them through the next twenty-four hours?

I'd like to know, because I edit one of those columns

The "works" behind my job have never been frankly revealed. When I'm introduced to people under my married name and someone discovers I'm Anne

Hirst, the first question invariably is: "Do you really get all those letters you print?'

Yes, yes, a thousand times yes! Not only do I get them, but I read them-every one.

The thing that interests me most in this cosmopolitan world is the work I do in it. The job

came to me unsought, and I approached it in trembling apprehension. Who was I to presume to guide another human being through a tremendous crisis?

Suppose a woman wrote to you saying that she had decided to stop living. A woman of thirty-five, say, of a fine educational background which of itself had deterred prospective employers from of-

fering her menial work -which she'd have welcomed because she was hungry, Suppose she told you she had lost the only man she ever loved. That she didn't want to grow bitter, as she would do if she kept on living: that she had no family to shame by slipping into the Unknown, and that she had the act all planned-but "like a fool, I feel I must tell somebody before I go." What would you say to her? Well. I answered such a letter in the

Philadelphia newspaper in

which my column started. After that came the deluge

People in every circumstance wrote me about the woman. Offers of a home, of a job; cries of "Don't, don't!" from scores moved by her plight: appeals to

'be a sport; you're much too fine to die!" The letter she wrote me was unsigned. I couldn't find her. Through my column I pleaded with her to reveal herself so she could know that help was waiting. I published as many of my readers' encouraging letters as I could, hoping they would give her the will to live.

Did she kill herself? That I never knew.

I conclude that, like so many frantic souls who confide in others in a moment of terror, she was ashamed of her weakness and frightened by the furor she had roused, and so slipped back into obscurity. After such proofs of kindness and friendship, I feel sure she must have found new courage. year, asking you how to land the man I loved. He was too shy to propose. Now we've been married six months, and I expect my baby in August, Bless you!"

Still on the other hand: A girl of sixteen, whose parents insisted she marry a friend of her father's who had "ruined" her, ran away from home. A week after she arrived in my city, she happened to read my column. She wrote me she was expecting her baby soon; that she had less than ten dollars left, and had decided that the river was her only answer.

"I can't go home because I won't marry that terrible old man, and my mother says if I don't, I've disgraced them all. But I thought I'd better ask you first whether you don't think it's all right to

end everything.

I read that pitiful note at nine o'clock at night and immediately wrote the girl a long letter assuring her that this was not the end of the world for her, and appealing to the maternal in her. I sent the letter by special delivery. First thing next morning a friend of mine went to the address she had given, to find that neighbors in the block had complained of her condition and had had her arrested as a public nuisance!

Then things happened. The police sergeant sent for a priest, who talked with the child and got in touch with her family, and that night she was on a train bound for home

A month later: "Before my mother could say a word, Anne Hirst, I made her read the letter you had written me. She didn't realize that (Continued on page 72)





instead of returning to Brookline and following his father's footsteps by going into general practice. It was after the girl's death-her name had been Laura Bowen -that he had attached himself to Doctor Harper, an old friend of his father's.

McDonald stopped now and said, "Good morning, Miss Reynolds," and smiled at her. He added, "How's 901 today?"

That was young Mr. James Davenport. He was not McDonald's nationt, but Mc-Donald had encountered him innumerable times outside the hospital-at debutante parties, at dinners, at the Harvard Club. Jimmy had been brought to Lister early on New Year's morning. On New Year's morning Jimmy had left the Stork Club after saying Happy New Year to the current glamour gal of the debutante season. Pat Weston, and the rest of her party. Jimmy had climbed into his car happy. alone and almost sober. Yet not quite sober enough, as he had almost immediately found himself entangled with a truck. So here he was, in 901, corner tured leg, a fractured collarbone, a sprained wrist and sundry cuts.

"Suppose we both go in to see him?" Doctor McDonald suggested to Eva.

Presently he stood beside Jimmy's bed and smiled down at the young man, who looked cheerful despite bandages and one leg in a traction splint. The room was full of flowers; there was a radio beside his bed, and on the bed new novels and books

Eva stood at the foot of the bed and smiled, waiting, Jimmy, grinning at Mc-Donald, wished that the great man had selected another time to pay this social call. The one event of the day to which Jimmy looked forward was Miss Reynolds' visit

"How are things?" asked McDonald.

"Swell," said Jimmy, "I've written a couple of elegant songs in my head. Now down the corridor. if I only had a piano!"

pleasant baritone. He was a broker in his father's colossal office, and didn't like it. father cursed, but his mother secretly sympathized. She had been thwarted in her desire for a stage career in an era lenly. when a girl didn't look for a job following her debut

"We'll have to find a musical secretary," suggested McDonald.

"Well," Jimmy told him, "if I hadn't been born a Davenport I'd be banging a main floor a girl waiting there smiled at piano in Tin Pan Alley, Still, being a Davenport has its moments. At least I had a car to smash, plus the opportunity of landing on Ninth Floor," His eyes added, to Eva Reynolds, "Where I may see you

McDonald left presently, and as the door closed behind him, he heard Jimmy say, "Wait a minute. Forget the dieteverything's wonderful. I just want to whose stupendous debut in December he talk to you. You're always in such a

McDonald walked away smiling. Hospitals-white, hygienic, impersonal and routined-appear unlikely places for the breeding of romance. But there is no more fertile field

His patient across the corridor in Room 902 was Mrs. Herbert Lawson. She had gested. day-and-night specials. She was in Lister for observation and diagnosis.

Diagnostician

wrong with her! She had a dozen sympright church but the wrong pew here, toms. Sitting in his office, with her husaren't vou?" band hovering anxiously in the back-

"I'm on my way up to see Jimmy Dayenport. I have a few minutes off," she sweats, the panic, the pounding of her

The elevator had not waited for her but slid smoothly upward, and McDonald asked, "Well, do you like it?"

"I'm crazy about it, I wish I could go in training," she added "I-well I spoke of it to the family and they had cat fits."

He thought of her parents and grinned. Another elevator came down, discharged its passengers, and with a wave of her hand. Pat disappeared.

McDonald was standing at the office desk talking to Kinsey the heart specialist when Tom Sanders skidded violently down the corridor from the elevators and came to a stop, "Hi, Mac!" he said, "I've been paging you all over the house."

"Good for you! Then you're in the

excellent practice, a wife and three kids. "What's on your mind?" asked Mc-Donald, as Doctor Kinsey went out.

"Could you give me some time?" asked Tom. "I've got a case coming in-a girl, nineteen. Should be here any time now.' "Two-thirty." said McDonald, slapping

his friend's shoulder. "Relax, will you?" "Okay," said Sanders, He watched Mc-Donald stride off toward the door. He said, aloud. "There goes a great guy."

Faith Baldwin

McDonald got into his car. The doorman, closing the door, smiled and touched his cap. McDonald directed his chauffeur, leaned back and closed his eyes. He was tired. During the past two weeks he'd had at least five consultations out of town,

He thought. How do other men stand it? By "other men," he meant the general men and the surgeons and the men with

Sanders had been one of McDonald's specialties, called night and day, per- port, and she put on her hat in the waitclassmates. He was a good G.P. with an forming emergency operations, delivering ing room preparatory to going to lunch. babies. He thought, I remember Tom's saying when I went with Harper, "Well, you've got a cinch life cut out for yourdon't now.

> confreres and the anxious eyes of families. Office hours, and the men and women who sat by his desk and said pitifully, "I don't mother, Miss Gelston had told him once, know what's the matter with me," begging him to reassure them. The tough cases over which doctors argued and shook their the utmost impersonality. She did her heads and called him in and accepted his

After his house calls he went to his office-a converted private.house-and up in the self-operating elevator to his consulting rooms, empty now except for his secretary Miss Gelston and his nurse Lydia Owens, Lydia had nothing to re-

She had been with him for four years. and he knew as little about her as if she had been there only four weeks. Oh, he self." I didn't believe it then; I certainly had the vital statistics. She was a Lister graduate; she was twenty-six years old, Consultations, and the level eyes of his quiet and capable, a slim dark girl with white skin and black eyes under curiously straight brows. She supported an invalid and was putting a sister through training.

> He had never thought of her save with work; he liked her; the patients liked her; she was invaluable-especially when crazy women invaded his office with an obvious desire to be alone with him in the intimacy of the examining room

"Haven't lunched yet?" he asked her

"No," she said. (Continued on page 106)





dance the previous December. He had danced with Helen Lawson and thought

that he had rarely seen a prettier woman He had encountered her again at another dinner, and he had gone twice to the room with bath, having acquired a frac- Lawson apartment on upper Fifth Avenue. Then she had turned up in his private office

She was so sure there was something

ground, she had recounted them all-the

heart: the inability to eat or sleep or

enjoy herself. And her husband, an inef-

fectual-looking man, kept saying, "You've

Well, he was trying everything-X ray

got to help her, Doctor McDonald, There

and blood tests and all the rest. He had

called in his associates-Butler the gland

man and Ransom the neurologist. Mrs.

Lawson was so certain, And he was just

nothing that a little hard work or less

He had met the Lawsons at a debut

as sure there was nothing the matter-

preoccupation with self wouldn't cure.

must be something you can do!"

Herbert Lawson may have looked ineffectual, but he was anything but that in financial circles. And he was powerful in Lister Memorial circles, for he sat on the board of directors. He had helped build the private pavilion, contributing from his own pocket a hundred thousand dollars. It would not be easy to tell such of music manuscript. So Jimmy felt fine. a man that his wife suffered from boredom and imagination.

Politics, said Doctor McDonald to himself in disgust: bootlicking!

He phoned his office, Lydia Owens, his office nurse, answered, He asked, "Anvthing new?" and she gave him a detailed report. When she had finished, he issued some orders, said, "I'll be along presently, after house calls," hung up and went off

On his way to the elevators he en-Jimmy had curly hair, blue eyes and a countered George Galloway, one of the internes, with the resident, Doctor Hamilton, Galloway, a lanky redheaded boy with He wanted to compose popular songs, His a determined mouth, was arguing, his long arms flying in unrestrained gestures. He answered McDonald's greeting sul-

> McDonald shrugged mentally. He'd had the boy on the carpet not long ago and hadn't been forgiven. He'll have to learn to take it, he told himself; we all do.

> As he stepped out of the elevator at the him. She was an almost impossibly pretty girl in a blue uniform. The uniform staggered him at first; he couldn't place her. But when she said reproachfully "You don't remember me, Doctor McDonald?" his wits returned.

> He said, smiling, "Of course, Miss Weston. What are you doing here?" Then he remembered. Of course, Pat Weston, at had met the Lawsons, must be serving her time in Lister as a volunteer clinic aide. He smiled again and added "A little amateur Florence Nightingaling?"

> She said with spirit, "Amateur, nothing! I work hard. Even volunteers have their place in the hospital sun.

"An hour now and then?" he sug-

"I work four mornings a week in the Children's Clinic," she said with dignity.



Heinrich Himmler (right) as commander of the giant S. S. Guards (above) and his boss Adolf Hitler. THE ONE MAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Albert Grzesinski served as German Demobilization Commissioner in 1919. As police chief of Berlin in 1933, he was the last man to "ban" the Nazi party. As Home Minister of Prussia in the days of disorder, he commanded Ger-many's old secret police. Until recently he has acted as chairman of the French Government's Refugee Committee in Paris, a position which has given him confidential reports on the work of Heinrich Himmler's agents, both inside Germany and out. He is the author of a recent book, "Inside Germany.

EINRICH HIMMLER. Germany's only two-hundred-percent Nazi, is the one man in Europe who dictates to a dictator.

Renegade Catholic, farm boy who has hand of the secret police, commander of a private army of "pure Nordic" giants, sex stimulator to the nation, Himmler multiplies his power every day and every night. Beginning as Hitler's purger-in-chief, he has now reached heights where he can Today his men are busy kidnaping na- of the western fortifications at the end of be "behind the lines-at home, against

peremptorily on the Führer's door.

Meanwhile, Hitler and Himmler, work-Himmler's power to an all-time peak with their new "Grand War Plan."

Briefly, it runs as follows: Annexation is to create a ring of vassal states around the Third Reich. In this "area of insulation"-Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Memel are the start—the next war is to be fought out. All of the population of these vassal states that can be trusted or terrorized will promptly be evacuated and forced to labor in fields and factories in the Reich. This will free many more millions of native Germans for front-line P.M. to six A.M.; they must report daily to planted more corpses than seeds, whip service, multiplying Germany's man power of the last war by nearly two.

This sweeping shuffle of humans is in extended to all other suspect groups, the hands of Himmler, of his police and his black-clad "Death's-head Army."

Final details of the fantastic but characteristically German plan were ironed hold a gun to the head of Hitler himself. out on Hitler and Himmler's joint tour

tions; tomorrow they may well be rapping May. Speedily thousands of Slovaks were loaded into special trains to sweat in Silesian wheatfields. Thousands of Czech ing together as never before, have brought metal workers are now lending their skill, despite language difficulties, in arms factories in central Germany,

> Dress rehearsal for another part of the plan was held last March, during the invasion of Czecho-Slovakia, when Himmler's men executed the greatest police roundup in world history. As the army crossed the Czech frontier, Himmler's Gestapo flashed the order all over Germany: "All residents who have ever been sentenced or imprisoned for politics are to stay locked in their homes from nine the secret police and surrender their house keys at once." The order was soon

As tens of thousands crowded the police stations, the Gestapo spread the story of the "fourth battlefield" of the Next War. The three ordinary battlefields are the land, the sea and the air. The fourth is to

Wide World,

the inner enemy." A gigantic list has been determined more and more by Himmler. drawn up, the Gestapo announced, of those "who must die on the day war breaks out, in order to preclude treason intern thousands of "politically unreliables"; mass execution will save huge powerful lesson to the whole nation.

Twenty-five thousand of the oldest and most fanatic of the Schutzstaffel (S. S.) maxims. have already been organized by Himmler for the Grand War Plan police. They are known as the "Death's-head Army." On the day war should be declared, they would be joined by 90,000 regular police now in army camps.

But Himmler is the spearpoint of Hitler's offense as well as his chief of defense. The termites of Himmler's containing a transcript of my letter, plus Gestapo must bore away at the foundations of any state Hitler wishes to destroy. Consequently, Himmler often calls the Prague, apparently unopened. schedule of conquest in advance. He fore-

speech of August, 1938-which Amer- week in Berne, it got to be ritual for us

But Himmler's men are not all harbingers of death: their chief's strange nationalistic sex philosophy is driving and sabotage." It will not be enough to them daily and nightly to bring more life to Germany as well, "The unmarried woman too, with her inexhaustible store concentration-camp expenses, and be a of motherhood shall not lead the life of a drone in the Third Reich," is one of the Black Shirt chieftain's best-known

> Heinrich Himmler has his hand-or fist-in most events in the world today: even in America, and in matters so netty as my own life. A week after my arrival in New York, I wrote a business letter to a firm in what was still Czecho-Slovakia, I promptly received an "honorary copy" of Himmler's weekly, Das Schwarze Korps, boasting insults. The firm's answer came soon after: my letter had arrived in

In Switzerland, in 1933, my companions told the march on Prague a good six kept getting threatening phone calls, and months ahead, in his Quedlinburg we were perpetually shadowed. In my last

> Who is the real power behind the throne of Hitler? Who does all the dirty work? Who makes the wheels of Nazism actually go round? The answer is Heinrich Himmler, head of the dreaded Gestapo. Here is the way this 200% Nazi operates and why he is the one man Hitler tears

LBERT GRZESINSKI WITH CHARLES E. HEWITT, JR.

in chief also spoke of "founding major caught eavesdroppers in the hall five colonies in eastern Europe."

agents in any country beyond the German I was followed systematically. border has come to be the "mark of death" of modern Europe. Their most and post cards deluged me with warnings feverish activity today is not, as Americans generally believe, in the Polish Cor- I was "not wanted here" and had better ridor, but in the territory of the Reich's supposed ally, Hungary. This nation is were abusive, I still get such warnings at evidently next in Hitler's annexation

Himmler's power in these "coming colonies" does not end with the arrival of the army. It is well to remember that he is not only secret-police chief but also commander of all Germany's regular force, half a corps of spies and execupolice. Thus, in the recent Kladno riots, not only was the defiant Czech town Heinrich Himmler, the greatest tyrant of closed down by Himmler's men (Gestano) after the murder of German policemen, but the latter were also Himmler's direct years old. His career of terror at home and subordinates. Both Hitler's path of em- abroad is only just beginning pire and the number of bumps in it are

ican newspapers failed to report. In to rise every quarter of an hour and pop it the sanguine Gestapo commander open the door of our hotel room. We times. In Paris, although my office was a Accordingly, the advent of Himmler's high one in the French Home Ministry,

> The day I docked in New York, letters -some in English, some in German-that "watch my step." None was signed; all regular intervals, all of them with the unmistakable ring of form letters. They are a tiny part of a world-girdling machine unprecedented in history—the German Gestapo

> Half private army and expeditionary tioners, the Gestapo makes its chief. the modern world. When he took command in 1933, he was only thirty-three

He has "purged" (Cont. on page 93)

RIGHT AWAY I better explain that Hotsies, the Favorite Family Food, also would have about as much trouble get-the "I" in this story is going to such things as Nuggetola, a sort of choco-ting a new agency as a dog has of getting be me, Johnny Randolph. I should also explain that I am the Intra-office Communications Manager for the Pipgras-Thorne Advertising Agency. This is a special title which Mr. Pipgras himself and everyone has to be most polite to Mr. gave me instead of a raise when I mentioned that I was tired of being the office boy, what with getting to be nearly seventeen years old and all.

One more thing you should know, and that is about my prospects. While I am at present being paid only fourteen dollars state, Mr. Whitsonby got an idea, which weekly, I soon expect to better myself, as Pipgras-Thorne is a very up-and-coming agency which is not only "Incorporated" but "Limited," and there is certainly nowhere for me to move in it but up.

things I can launch this story, which is going to be about Mr. J. J. Whitsonby and how he wanted us to get him elected mayor of Sandy Harbor, Connecticut.

late which our Mr. Pipgras simply can't abide, but which he must eat a lot of whenever Mr. Whitsonby is around. This is because Hotsies is our biggest account Whitsonby and all his whims.

One of these whims is to get himself elected mayor. Indeed, this is practically his life ambition. He has tried to get elected four times in the past and each time lost very easily. This year, I am sorry to was to have us run his campaign for him. It was a special election, called because the former mayor of Sandy Harbor had quickly resigned after giving too many sewer contracts to his brother-in-law.

Well. It was not until I happened to overhear the conversation between Mr. Pipgras and Miss Saver, one of our best copy writers, that I realized we were up against a real crisis. Miss Sayer, by the way, is a young lady of only twenty-two or at the most twenty-three, and she is the only one for whom I always gladly go to the corner drugstore for cigarets or

Miss Sayer is very high-spirited in a nice way and has a lot of golden hair and reminds me of Evangeline in the immortal poem of the same name by Longfellow. This may be because her name is also Evangeline, though many people in our

"Yes, and look what happened to Napoleon," said Ellen. "Exiled for life," Ellen Jones is sixteen but is very immature in her ideas . . .

I was in Mr. Pipgras' office, picking up some memos from his file.

"And Whitsonby said," remarked Mr. Pipgras sadly, "that he doesn't care if ten advance surveys show that the opposition will have a four-toone majority---'

"Three advance surveys show exactly that," said Miss Sayer.

"-he still expects us to think of a campaign that will get him elected mayor of Sandy Harbor," finished Mr. Pipgras, ignoring Miss Sayer's comment. Then he asked why did Miss Sayer, just sit there. Why didn't The tale of a dark horse who ran the other way

JACK GOODMAN & ALBERT RICE















One way to meet Romance head on is to miss your ship in Madeira

N THE CURBSTONE of a Funchal thoroughfare sat Mr. Roger Furness of Boston, surveying the passing scene as in a glass brightly. Native women, stately as Greek caryatids, swayed by in their wide teacozy skirts, wearing trays of flowers by way of headdress; nimble small burros passed, bearing enormous wine kegs; a pair of reluctant pigs being driven tandem to market; purveyors of fine embroidery spread out their wares upon sidewalks with artistic disregard for dirt. Automobiles crowded with Mr. Furness' fellow passengers honked by in staring disapproval; and presently a curtained palanquin on runners, drawn by cows, paused in front of them, while a voice he knew remarked with acid sweetness, "And why, Roger darling, are you sitting in that gutter?"

"Waiting for you, my dear, as always," he murmured, essaying to rise and thinking better of it.

"Come, Cynthia, we'd better be moving on," said another voice, a protective masculine one, only too familiar. The speaker nodded to the cow driver, and the vehicle slid off over well-greased cobbles. The girl looked back pensively. "Oh, dear! Do you suppose he'll ever be able to make the ship, Harry?"

"Probably, worse luck! That kind always does. Never mind him, Cynthia. You promised me this day ashore, you know."

The man on the curbstone thought he would like another drink, but the boy beside him thought otherwise. "Too much, Senhor, of the vinho verde," he said, "will cause an upset of the digestion, which is a waste of good money."

Roger turned to examine his mentor, a small boy in a man's-size Panama hat, which was kept from extinguishing him completely by a shock of thick-growing auburn curls. His dark child's face was that of a Murillo cherub, wearing an expression by Goya.

"What do you know about it, anyhow? A drinking man yourself, perhaps?" Furness inquired.

"No, Senhor," said the boy, in very British English.
"But foreign gentlemen do not carry the green wine so
well as those of Madeira. The Senhor now requires
fresh air."

Furness rose to his feet, not without assistance. "'A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!' Where did I get you, old pal?"

"My name is João, not Daniel," said the boy. "You got me on the wharf, Senhor. You gave to me a dollar American to be your guide and to protect your pocketbook from all others."

"Unerring instinct!" said Roger, "And were you able to do so?"

The boy produced the pocketbook as evidence. "There were thirty-two of dollars American and some silver coins. Now, Senhor, there are dollars twenty-eight."

"We spent the difference, I dare say, in riotous living?"
"On green wine, Senhor, which is cheap at this season.
Also"—the Murillo eyes brightened noticeably—"on the carrinhos do monte."

"The which? Sounds bad!" commented Mr. Furness. "The running-sledges, Senhor, See! Like that."

Down into the milling thick of traffic, amid faint screams, slid a rickety sort of wicker armchair on skids, guided by trotting men with ropes. Out of it emerged two ladies of Roger's ship company, looking pale.

"Aha! The tropical toboggan slide. I thought I must have dreamed the thing. Palm trees dizzily dashing



doing it ourselves, Daniel?"

"We have been doing it. Senhor, all morning. Three times up in the funicular, patron." three times down, racing all the other carrinhos"

"And beating them, I trust? Let's do it some more!"

João cast a regretful glance at the ship in the harbor. "Already smoke comes from the funnels, Senhor; there will not be time.'

"Time," said his patron grandly, "exists for slaves. And as you said yourself, air is indicated: bigger and better atmosphere. Let's run for it!" They did so, hand-in-hand.

A prospect vaguely reminiscent spread itself below Roger's vision as the funicular mounted-cascades of blossom tumbling along a perpendicular mountainside: farther down, a patchwork of varicolored roofs: and at the bottom a blue curve of Atlantic, with a toy ship for centerpiece. As the car rose, there were intimate glimpses of exotic-looking houses, from one of which three practically naked, redheaded children emerged to pelt them with flowers, while a plump, dark woman in a white Mother Hubbard leaned over the wall to smile alluringly.

"My family," explained João, indicating

will not be necessary to throw more pen- beckoned the boy to her side. nies; they know the Senhor for my

"What a fine pink-icing mansion your family live in, Daniel," Roger observed.

João explained that it was the villa of the Senhor Doctor Felipe Urguhart, for whom his mother made house.

"I see-with her family to help her?" Roger asked.

"With me to help her, Senhor; the others are too young, I," he added modest- Mr. Furness. ly, "am the Senhor Doctor's personal attendant '

"Indeed? And why aren't you personally attending him today?'

"Today he keeps his room, At such times, it is my mother who must attend

"I see," said Roger again. No doubt the poor fellow was one of the many invalids England sends to Madeira in pursuit of health. He glanced again at his companion, noting the dark, almost Moorish peated note of warning. coloring, combined so oddly with auburn

But red hair, apparently, was not un- me down in time!" usual in Madeira. As the funicular paused to take on passengers, a girl cantered toward them on horseback, whose hair, and generous of all touristos had already

Between Ships by, leaping pedestrians-why aren't we the group with a wave of the hand. "It shone out like burnished copper. She

> "Who is the Titian girl friend?" asked Roger when his guide returned.

The child explained that it was the Miss herself, daughter to his Senhor Doctor, who wished to reprove him for allowing the sledge-runners to race with other carrinhos and for allowing his patron to stand up and sing, especially while rounding dangerous curves.

"My word! Was I doing that?" asked

"Oh, yes, Senhor, You also shouted as if hunting the fox, 'Yoicks' and 'Tallyho': and you offered extra money whenever our sledge should bump other sledges."

A faint grin spread over Mr. Furness' features. "Tut, tut! This time we shall have to be more careful, what?"

João nodded, "Otherwise the Miss will have me whipped," he replied.

As they started down the long descent, the ship in the bay uttered a twice-re-

"We'll have to step on it," said Mr. Furness, "Double price, you fellows, if you get

The sledge-runners exchanged congratulatory glances. This most reckless under the English sun helmet she wore, made history in the place. Roger's sledge Eleanor Mercein

shot past the others, taking the curves he would not have time to try.

"There go the tenders now-damn!" he any ship Cynthia was on. If I don't look thought, and called aloud, "Triple price,

But the sledge-men, with the sharpest of the curves just ahead, began to repent their undertaking. They had leaped off the runners and were trying to act as drag anchors. They were catching at clods of earth to throw beneath the flying skids,

Roger found himself rolling down a scratchy hillside, until he brought up headfirst against a wall. Then there was the sound of a woman's voice, crisp and capable directing someone how to lift him, "So-careful; don't touch that arm!" He groaned aloud

"God be thanked, the Senhor is not yet dead!" a boy's voice quavered. Roger

over the same steep view he had seen thought-and slept again. from the funicular; only the toy-ship centerpiece was now missing. Sounds reached him from near at hand; the twang of some instrument; a woman's voice singing in odd, strident recitative.

In a vine-hung arbor just below, he saw two men drinking coffee. One was yelmaculate white linen, with a gleam of voice, diamonds somewhere about him. The other, in shabby tweeds, had a dissipated face which at one time must have been handsome. Roger noted that his thinning hair was red. The two were smiling down at a woman on a flagged terrace at a yet lower level.

on the island, Esperança of my heart!" declared the large man, chuckling, "And now the little dance, hein?"

"How can I dance a proper fado since you have become too fat to be my partner?" protested the woman. "Come, Joãolito, help me to entertain our guest."

Roger from his bed observed his former guide circling nimbly about his parent. whose languid movements were less steps than postures. It seemed to the young man from Massachusetts an odd and pleasing

It was late afternoon when he awoke, picture Domestic life on Madeira between lying beside a window which looked down ships. Home was never like this! he

He woke to find the man in tweeds beside him, "Ah! I thought so. This is the day I had counted upon your regaining full consciousness, Mr. Furness," he said, in evident satisfaction, "My daughter will be pleased with her success as a nurse."

"How long . . ." whispered Roger, dislow and enormously fat, dressed in im- mayed to find that he seemed to have no

> "How long have you lain here this way? It has been just two weeks since I had the pleasure of trepanning your skullvery successfully, if I may say so. You had a nasty spill, causing severe concussion as well as a fractured arm.

"Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. "You are still the most wicked fadista I am Philip Urquhart, late of Harley Street, licensed medical practitioner and surgeon. This house happened to be nearer the scene of the accident than any hotel or hospital. It was my daughter Maeve who brought you home. Foreseeing the inevitable, she had managed to be at hand with hammock-bearers, just in the nick of time."

> "As I am now," said a softly authoritative voice in the background. "No more talking to my patient, Papa dear! You're a much better surgeon than you are a nurse. Go back to sleep, Mr. Furness. Only first you'll be wanting to know about your mail. Three radiograms from your ship. all signed 'Cynthia.' "

"That helps," breathed Roger,

"I thought it might. Now drink this, please, and relax."

When next he woke, he was better able to focus on things about him. The room in which he lay, obviously not a bedroom, had a little good mahogany ranged against the walls, curtains of faded chintz, and a single portrait of a gentle, fragilelooking lady in an outdated picture hat with plumes. Otherwise, the place had the whitewashed, green-shuttered bareness usual to tropic interiors.

He moved a little, and at once a voice beside him said, "The Senhor wakes?"

"Oho! So it's you again, young Daniel? Rather let me down about missing that ship, what?"

The boy hung his head. "But the season is not past, Senhor; there will yet be others. Even now, the Miss has gone down into Funchal to inquire, leaving you in my care.'

"The doctor not requiring your services?"

"No, Senhor, Today, because of your recovery, Doctor Felipe keeps his room."

Roger began to suspect the nature of his host's malady, "And who," he asked, "was your fat friend in the arbor yester-

"Dom Polycarpo Gonçalves," replied João, "the betrothed of our Miss."

Roger was surprised. Little as he knew of his benefactress, who was so far no more to him than a charming voice and a gleam of hair he found it hard to associate her obvious Englishness with the extremely fat person in diamonds, "I wonder how that combination came about?" he murmured.

The boy replied simply, "Dom Polycarpo is the richest gentleman in the islands, Senhor. Three wine lodges are his, several large pineapple plantations, a sawmill and a (Continued on page 136)

on a wide skid, missing by an inch some laundresses washing in the gutter stream. In passing, Roger had another glimpse of the red-haired girl, putting her horse to the gallop, followed by a pair of trotting hammock-men. Hammocks, he thought regretfully, were one means of local travel

said. This was no moment to be missing out. I'll be losing her a third time, he boys, if you get me onto the last boat!"

"Senhor, jump!" gasped João . . .

relapsed into unconsciousness . . .



The little party, with Dom Polycarpo quaking in the middle, crossed the Praca amid tense silence.

> ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



IN THE HEAT of the day with the dust of the cave and curved on over the ridge in blowing, we came back, dry-mouthed, nose-clogged and heavy-loaded, down out of the battle to the long ridge above the river where the Spanish troops lay in re-

I sat down with my back against the shallow trench, my shoulders and the now from even stray bullets, and looked at what lay below us in the hollow. There with branches chopped from olive trees. To their left were the staff cars, mudthe two a long line of men carrying storm of dust. stretchers wound down through the gap to where, on the flat at the foot of the empty stretchers were walking slowly up the trail with the mules.

To the right, below the curve of the ridge, I could see the entrance to the cave their signaling wires ran out of the top over our heads. As always, we were short

the shelter of which we lay.

Motorcyclists in leather suits and helmets came up and down the cut on their cycles or, where it was too steep, walking them, and leaving them beside the cut. walked over to the entrance to the cave and ducked inside. As I watched, a big back of my head against the earth, clear Hungarian cyclist that I knew came out of the cave, tucked some papers in his leather wallet, walked over to his motorwas the tank reserve the tanks covered cycle and, pushing it up through the stream of mules and stretcher-bearers, threw a leg over the saddle and roared on daubed and branch-covered, and between over the ridge, his machine churning a

Below, across the flat where the ambulances were coming and going, was the ridge, ambulances were loading. Com- green foliage that marked the line of the missary mules loaded with sacks of bread river. There was a large house with a red and kegs of wine, and a train of ammuni- tile roof and there was a gray stone mill, tion mules, led by their drivers, were com- and from the trees around the big house ing up the gap in the ridge, and men with beyond the river came the flashes of our guns. They were firing straight at us and there were the twin flashes, then the throaty, short bung-bung of the threeinch pieces and then the rising cry of the where the brigade staff was working, and shells coming toward us and going on



THE

There was a war in Spain; one man got tired of it and walked away . . . A finely revealing story such as only Ernest Hemingway could write ILLUSTRATED BY

by ERNEST

asked me, "a comrade going in the

direction away from the front?"

will get wine."

"There is no thirst like the thirst of

battle. Even here, in reserve, I have much thirst.'

"Thirst is fear."

"No," said another. "With fear there is the cameras about two (Cont. on p. 102)

thirst, always. But in battle there is much teries down there, when there should have thirst even when there is no fear."

guns at a time. The attack had failed before we came down.

"Are you Russians?" a Spanish soldier asked me.

of artillery. There were only four bat-

been forty, and they were firing only two

"No, Americans," I said. "Have you any

water?"

"Yes, comrade," He handed over a pigskin bag. These troops in reserve were soldiers only in name and from the fact that they were in uniform. They were not intended to be used in the attack, and they sprawled along this line under the crest of the ridge, huddled in groups, eating, drinking and talking, or simply sitting dumbly, waiting. The attack was being made by an International Brigade.

We both drank. The water tasted of asphalt and pig bristles.

"Wine is better," the soldier said, "I

"Yes. But for the thirst, water."

"That is fear," said another soldier.

"There is always fear in battle," said the first soldier

"For you," said the second soldier.

'It is normal," the first soldier said.

'For you."

"Shut your dirty mouth," said the first soldier, "I am simply a man who tells the

It was a bright April day and the wind was blowing wildly so that each mule that came up the gap raised a cloud of dust, and the two men at the ends of a stretcher each raised a cloud of dust that blew together and made one, and below. across the flat, long streams of dust moved out from the ambulances and blew away in the wind.

I felt quite sure I was not going to be killed on that day now, since we had done our work well in the morning, and twice during the early part of the attack we should have been killed and were not; and this had given me confidence. The first time had been when we had gone up with the tanks and picked a place from which to film the attack. Later I had a sudden distrust for the place and we had moved



ders, hummed snatches of tunes while Robin sat back with her eyes closed thinking desperately. It's just the same as it was in June, and I still hate it. I was foolish to come to this dance with Michael; foolish to think that two months at camp might-change him, It hasn't. He still takes me for granted, He'll still park the car when we reach the Yacht Club and take me in his arms and kiss me as though it were fun but not particularly important.

Ever since the night of the high-school commencement she had tried to bring herself to the point of breaking off with Michael, because on that night a vague dissatisfaction with him had come perilously close to actual dislike. Yet she went on seeing him because he was fun to dance with and play tennis with and swim with, and because, while girls like Candy Marlow could have boys swarming after her, Robin knew that most of the other girls in town would consider themselves very lucky indeed to have dates with a boy like Michael Shane.

He was tall and dask and almost too good looking, Most of the mothers in Weston would have been delighted to have their day wers go out with him So Robin had gone on, telling herself, "Maybe all boys are just the same, expecting a girl to be grateful for dates, treating them lightly, taking kisses and necking for granted."

Beside her, Michael spoke suddenly into the little silence that had fallen between them, "You're a sweet kid, Robin, Especially in that white dress, with your black hair. It's a neat little number."

"I'm glad you like it. Michael." That sounded stupid. yet she meant it. She had been a little apprehensive about that dress. Her mother had helped her choose it-a lovely dress of white mousseline. But the neck had seemed a little high, the sleeves a little-childish. Some of the other girls had talked their mothers into buying them low-cut evening frocks.

Michael spoke again without looking at her, "Yeah, I like it. I like you, too, Robin. That's just the trouble. As a matter of fact, angel, you and I could have a lot of fun together if you weren't such a kid about some things."

Robin stiffened. She knew, of course, what he meant, Things like sitting in a parked car on a lonely road for hours, not feeling outraged or humiliated or cheap about furtive, groping intimacies. Not feeling frightened about what lav around the bend in the road their feet were stumbling along,

Robin hated those things. So did most of the other "nice" girls in school, But there were a few-like yellow-haired Candy Marlow, for instance-who thought kisses were unimportant compared with being popular. And they were the girls who always had dates, while other girls sat at home wondering whether, perhaps, they weren't being foolish to set such a high price on a few kisses.

Michael said, "It's silly to feel the way you do about those things these days, Robin, I mean, people have to wait years and years to get married nowadays and-andwell, I want to hold you in my arms for hours and hours and tell you how much I love you,"

Robin turned her head and met his eyes, Dark, reckless eyes; an intimate, insolent grin that was at once one of the most maddening and one of the most attractive things about him.

No, she thought quickly, I can't be sure about him Maybe this is as much as I'll ever love anybody. It's probably absurd to think that love is something swift and sweet and breath-taking; to think that someday some man will kiss me and it will be different from any other kiss in the whole world. Yet she clung to that belief stubbornly.

"I'm sorry, Michael, but I just don't like sitting in a parked car, being-being mauled! I think it's cheap."

Michael peered down at her, "In (Continued on p. 87)

by ISABEL MOORE

After Cliff Ainslee's snub,

Candy went a little wild.



IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT: In Bill Parker's memories of his prodigal youth, Bombay was fantastic and romantic. And extraordinary things happened there. Bill himself had attracted extraordinary adventures. He remembered wild nights beglittered like diamonds. But in his early thirties he believed he had settled down, returned to the Eastern city as a business representative of his father,

On the voyage, Bill had made the acquaintance of a Mrs. "Stitch" Trollope, whose sister had married a maharajah. He meant to look up Mrs. Trollope in Bombay. She was a plain woman, somewhat rajah of Jellipore's brother in Jellipore bar, to lights and dancing and people.

weather-beaten, but she had a kind of City, Carol was forced to share a comtired radiance about her. They had seen much of each other on the boat; had Egyptian baroness with a German accent.

Bill's destination was the Taj Mahal neath a sky of blue velvet, in which stars Hotel, Unknown to him, his ex-wife Carol taking to a famous surgeon then visiting was also heading for the Taj Mahal. They had married when Bill was a playand it was with good resolutions that he boy and Carol a Follies girl in New York. Following an amicable divorce, Carol had drifted to India in search of excitement. A beautiful woman, blond as a Scandinavian goddess, she had become a celebrity in the pleasure life of Bombay,

Returning from a visit to the Maha- She was in a hurry to get to the Taj Mahal

partment on the Madras-Bombay express with Homer Merrill, a missionary, and his laughed together at an absurd self-styled young son Tom, who was being sent to America for his schooling. With them was a blind native boy whom Merrill was Colonel Moti, head of the Bombay Institute of Tropical Diseases.

Merrill, in whose face self-denial and physical suffering blended with good humor, was a new experience to Carol. There was a rare quality of simplicity about him. She felt drawn toward him, but she expected never to see him again.

TN THOSE DAYS the Tai Mahal Hotel had the air of a vast middle-western county jail. It was built around two or three great wells; the stairs were of stone and the railings of iron, and around the wells ran galleries, likewise with stone floors and iron railings. Off these the rooms opened, each one more like a cell than a hotel room; each furnished with an iron bed covered with netting, a washstand and a couple of stiff uncomfortable chairs. Overhead, there was a large old-fashioned electric punkah and outside on the cool slate floors slept the bearers.

Downstairs on the ground floor there was a vast hall and a huge stairway. Above the hall there was another great room for dancing and drinking-a room with a huge bar which ran across one end of it, where a score of bartenders mixed gimlets and gin slings and served gin and tonic in quantities vast enough to float a ship. Around the edges of the dance floor, among the tables, "advanced" Indian girls With the glamorous, mystic land of India as background, Louis Bromfield weaves another of his magic romances in which a beautiful American girl—half saint and half sinner-gropes her way through a maze of vivid experiences in search of a lasting love

LOUIS BROMFIELD

and Russian and German tarts danced odd versions of what they believed to be the latest American dances.

In those days Bombay was a wide-open town. The Taj Mahal was a famous rendezvous for men and women from all over the East. There is a legend that the hotel was designed to face the bay, but the Indian contractors who built it put it up wrong way around and the English architect who designed it took one look at it on his arrival in Bombay and, seeing what they had done, hanged himself.

All that has now changed a good deal. The hotel has been modernized; there is air conditioning in the dining room and German murals in the new bar and French beds in the bedrooms. The interior has lost its jail-like appearance, and the bearers are no longer allowed to sleep on the cool stone outside the rooms. And Bombay, has not only closing hours, but a kind of prohibition as well. Like the rest of the world, it has gone to not.

But it wasn't like that when Carol and Bill and Stitch and the baroness and Merrill came in from the four corners of the earth, meeting there as if the meeting were a rendezvous written in the stars, to be read by one of the astrologers who sat cross-legged offering their services in the stuffy garden outside the Taj Mahal. Only an Indian, I think, would have understood the drama which like a current of electricity lies beneath the surface of the daily lives of so many people. There is a Mahratta saying that there are people to whom things happen and others to whom nothing ever happens, and that nothing can alter the courses of their lives.

Most of the people around the hotel knew Carol Halma by sight when she came into the lobby, followed by Krishna in his purple and gold—the employees knew her and the gamblers and the rich Parsis, the merchants and the down-at-the-heel Russian and German girls, in whose tired eyes there gleamed a weary resentment that she had done so well and had all the luck while they worked so hard. And those who had not seen her before noticed her, because it was impossible not to notice the handsome blond woman with her expensive clothes and her air of recklessness.

Among the newcomers to whom she was a stranger was the tired, hard, greasy woman whom Stitch called the Spy. She sat in a chair, curiously alone in a room filled with movement and noise and color—an island in the ocean of nationalities. In her hands was a string of beads. She had been turning the beads around and

around for a couple of hours as she sat there, but at sight of the big blonde, her hands grew still and the faint clicking of the rosewood beads ceased.

The small green eyes followed Carol as she spoke to the clerk, and the baroness thought, That is the one I want. She's not too young or too old. She must know her way about. By the look of her, she's American. She's a little bit drunk. That may be good or not so good. Maybe my luck is in again.

She needed Americans. Russians were an old story in dying Europe. The French made too much trouble and wanted too much money. No, for the first-class places Americans were needed. This blonde was just the one.

Carol went into the lift, followed by Krishna carrying a box which the baroness divined must contain jewelry. When the lift door had closed, she went to the desk and asked, "Who is that girl?"

The clerk, suspicious, said, "I can't give out the names of the guests. It is a rule."
Unabashed, she asked, "Has she been

here before?"
"Yes, often."

"What does she do?"

"Nothing."

"Why is she here?"

"I can't tell you, Madame."

"All right, Keep your secret. I wasn't born yesterday."

The clerk was polite and did not make the obvious answer. He turned away, and she went back to her chair. In a little while the rosewood beads began to rattle in her fat hands. She was planning again.

Upstairs, Carol moved uncertainly along the stone balcony, following the boy who was showing her to her old room—the one at the corner which overlooked the gateway to India and the whole Bay of Bombay. Behind her came Krishna with the jewel case and a small valise. The effect of the gin was wearing off again, and her weariness was beginning to show through the bright mantle of her high spirits. The black eyes of the Indian doctor had something to do with it. She had kept on seeing them ever since she left the railway carriage.

She was glad to see the corner room again. In India this was always the room she returned to. In this room she could rest and be alone, shut away from the world outside. Here in this room she could be herself, It was only lately that she had begun to feel the need of solitude; only lately that solitude had come to seem a luxury.

And so, when the porter opened the door and turned on the light, she flung herself down on the hard iron bed and said to Krishna, "Tell that boy to hurry up with the luggage, and get me a couple of gimlets right away. Hurry, Krishna!" "Yes, Mem-sahib."

In the big bar, which was so much like a mining-camp saloon, Bill Parker found a table for Mrs. Trollope and himself, and Al the radio officer and Sandy the chief electrician of the Sourabaya. For him, the day had begun badly, with the customs officer crushed by the packing case, and it had not got any better. When Stitch. Trollope had recovered, Bill sent his bearer Silas with his baggage to the Taj Mahal and took her in a taxi to her sister's palace.

As they drove along the hot streets past the Towers of Silence, where the vultures hovered, and Government House, which was like an English country house, only with Sikhs in scarlet and gold at the gate, the old excitement returned. There was nothing like this in the world; no other city so fantastic.

Bill tried to make conversation, but nothing much came of the effort. Mrs. Trollope sat there, hard and controlled. The leathery tint of her face had gone a waxen white, and her thin lips were set in a hard line. Although she said she was all right, this was obviously not true; she was controlling herself. He had the feeling that if she did not sit there rigid, every muscle taut, she would give way to hysterics. In their brief acquaintance it had never occurred to him that there was even the possibility of hysteria inside the tough, small body.

They drove for a time along Nepean Sea Road, past the great white wedding cake which was the Bombay palace of Jellipore. Then the taxi turned and charged up a steep narrow road bordered by bungalows and hanging gardens. As they drove, Bill, silent now, wondered whether Mrs. Trolloge's extraordinary tenseness had more to do with the approaching meeting with her sister than with the accident. Certainly there was something odd about the whole thing.

Then the taxi came out of the flowerbordered lane and into an open square before a palace made of pink marble. It was not an enormous palace, It was feminine, rather boudoirish and a little gaudy.

"This is it," said Mrs. Trollope.

A pair of Gurkhas—small Mongolian men in dark green and silver—stood on guard at the door just inside the pink marble porte-cochere. The taxi stopped, A servant appeared and opened the door.

Mrs. Trollope, still tense, said, "Well, good-by, And thank you for coming with me."

She didn't say, "Come in and have a drink," which would have been the conventional thing for anyone in the East to do, under the circumstances.

"How about going to the races with me some afternoon?" he asked,

"Maybe, I'll ring you up. Good-by."

"Good-by." He turned to the taxi driver.
"The Taj Mahal." he said, and then it occurred to him how odd it was that Mrs.
Trollope's sister had not sent a car to the pier and a boy to look after the baggage.
He himself would have to go back in the heat to check (Continued on page 126)





"I'm glad you turned up, Bill," Carol said, "I needed somebody like you."





Would you like to be President? Cosmopolitan invites you to spend a day in the White House to observe the Chief Executive as he handles the biggest job in the world. This is an exclusive, authorized feature

The President

by donald e. keyhoe and John Jay Daly

Y FRIENDS . . . " Scarcely had the President commenced his Fireside Chat when, in a million radio sets, a strange clicking began to filter through the famous Roosevelt voice, It stopped after a few moments, returning intermittently-a peculiar muffled

Around the country, listeners readjusted their dials, wondering as the sound continued. In Washington, control-room engineers hurriedly checked the connections. then flashed word to the White House

"There's a queer clicking at your end," they told their chief technician, "Spot that noise and kill it!"

"I can't-it's the President!" he said helplessly, "Every time he moves, he rattles."

After the broadcast, the technician asked Roosevelt about the sound. The President looked puzzled: then he laughed, reached into

a bulging coat pocket and brought out a to a routine for Franklin D. Roosevelt. He handful of poker chips.

nings instead of leaving them until he President wastes no time in bed. returned to the game.

As the President finished his explanayou get, Chief, for not trusting the boys. will be making cracks about your voice."

can't say this talk didn't click!"

Such incidents are not infrequent at personal parts of the President's day.

The first part of the day is the nearest conferences.

awakes, usually around eight o'clock, in Just before the Fireside Chat, he the presidential bedroom at the south side explained, he had been playing poker of the Executive Mansion-a bright room, with several associates, including Marvin large but simply furnished, from which McIntyre and Stephen Early, his secre- he can see the Potomac, Books and papers may alter the list, which is customarily taries. At the last minute he had won a are always at hand, and a radio for imlarge jackpot and had pocketed his win- portant news flashes, but ordinarily the

He starts the day by pressing a button beside his bed to summon Tom Qualters. tion, Steve Early grinned. "That's what the Secret Service man who replaced his beloved bodyguard, the late Gus Gen-First thing you know, the Republicans nerich. Qualters, crack pistol shot, wrestler, sprinter, and football star under the Roosevelt chuckled, "Well, at least they late Knute Rockne, is the first person to see the President in the morning and the last at night.

The signal for Qualters is followed by the White House. Even with an army of a message to the White House kitchen, secretaries, aides, ushers, clerks and and the President's breakfast speedily Secret Service men to keep things going appears. Officials and New Deal intimates smoothly, surprises and humorous inter- such as "Tommy the Cork" (Corcoran) ludes occur in both the official and and "Benny the Cone" (Cohen) sometimes join him for informal breakfast office until ten-thirty, but his appoint-

Soon after breakfast, Steve Early and "Mac" McIntyre arrive, Often, to save minutes, Roosevelt shaves while they discuss the day's appointments. If a crisis has developed overnight, the President arranged so that ministers of nations on bad terms with each other, or extreme political foes, will not be embarrassed by meeting in the reception room.

When the details are settled, Roosevel tells "Hyacinth" McDuffey, his colored valet, his choice of clothes for the day.

When the President is dressed he goes out to the private elevator, attended by Tom Qualters. A signal is flashed as the car starts down, and when it stops a Secret Service escort is waiting. Roosevelt greets most of the men by their first names, sometimes jests with them en rcute to the Executive Offices.

Unlike some of his predecessors, the President has no set time to be at his desk. At times he does not reach his ments often run far (Cont. on page 134)



ABNER ABINGTON BOUGH was up to his hocks in agriculture when his sole employee came out among the artichokes to tell him that Lemuel McNab, president of the Harrington Trust Company, desired his presence in the office forthwith.

Abner doted on artichokes and was revolted by business affairs. He rarely appeared in the office which hired him, nor was his presence required except on evil days. For he was Lemuel McNab's trouble shooter, So, for five-sixths of his time he basked among the artichokes, but the remaining moiety was spent among upheavals, woes, bewilderments and enigmas.

Lemuel McNab, his employer, felt a personal responsibility for his customers—not only for their economic well-being, but for their lives, liberties and pursuits of happiness. Through the years his company had become fiduciary for half a state, and old Lem was not one to avoid a duty, no matter how painful it might become to Abner Abington Bough.

So now Abner cast one loving and reluctant glance at his artichokes, climbed into his car and drove to town. He walked through the banking offices of the trust company and entered McNab's private quarters without knocking. In the anteroom sat McNab's secretary, Henrietta North, who seemed to have had her eyes fixed upon the door awaiting Abner's entry. The quality of her gaze puzzled him.

Abner Abington Bough is back, by popular demand. This time he leaves his artichokes to solve a knotty tax problem for a lovely lady who knows more about romance than finance

TROUBLE

Miss North was one of those rare women who are able to combine an appearance of supreme efficiency with appealing womanly beauty. Abner had noted the efficiency but had never got around to perceiving the beauty.

"Morning, Abner," she said, and he did not become aware of the hopefulness in her voice—a hopefulness that his greeting might contain something warmer than a casual response to a fellow employee.

"He always picks an unhandy time," complained Abner.

"He's in a pet," said Miss North,

"When wasn't he?" asked Abner, and opened McNab's door boldly.

The old man sat glowering behind his desk. "Took you long enough to get here," he snarled. "Did you crawl?"

"Tut! Tut!" Abner answered. "Sometime you'll speak sharply to me and wound me so I'll tell you what you can do with this job."

"Someday," retorted McNab, "I'll get solid nourishment out of firing you."

"In that case," said Abner, "let's get down to brass tacks."

"The Wentworth estate over in Phoebe," said McNab, "Hyper over there and see what ails it."

"What seems to ail it?" asked Abner.

"Money," said McNab. "Elderly ladies must eat. Wentworth sisters."

"Why can't they eat?" asked Abner.

"Looks like taxes," said McNab. "Income taxes, state taxes, real-estate taxes, nuisance taxes, security taxes, old-age taxes. Leave nothing for potatoes," concluded the old man.

"Do you expect me to circumvent Washington?" asked Abner.

"I expect you to do the job you're paid for doing. Git out!" snapped McNab. Abner moved toward the door, but McNab's voice followed him. "Also," said the old gentleman, "something stinks."

Abner paused before Miss North's desk, "What does Lemuel smell over in Phoebe?" he asked.

"He doesn't know. It's a hunch. It's that sixth sense of his"

"Very helpful."

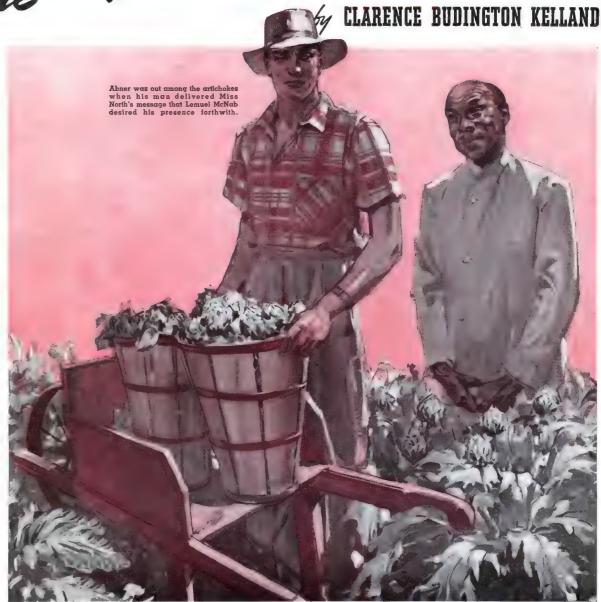
"I think there's a beautiful niece," said Henrietta.
"Let me know by wire the instant you fall in love with her."

"What good does it do me to fall in love?" asked Abner dolefully. "What's wrong with me? I would be a wonderful husband, but does any girl see my virtues? Does one of them appreciate my qualities? No, each one marries a moronic athlete with yellow curls!"

"You don't look in the right place, Abner," said Miss North.

"Sometime you might give me directions," he said.
"I might," she answered. "Her name is Patience
Wentworth. She is twenty-one. Good luck."

Some such conversation as this took place each time Abner Abington Bough set forth on a mission. For Abner, with the soul of a Galahad and a yearning





for sweet domesticity, could be depended upon to become infatuated with some lovely girl—and there seemed always to be a lovely girl in every vexed problem he was called up to solve. Half in exasperation, half with appreciative humor, Henrietta North gazed at the door as it closed behind him. She sighed and went back to her typewriter.

Abner climbed into his car and drove toward the little village of Phoebe, some fifteen miles away. In a general way, he knew there were Wentworths there and that they were members of a family of standing in the state. But he did not know what members remained or of what their wealth consisted. Lemuel McNab could have furnished him with a volume of facts, but that was not the old man's way.

He preferred that Abner Abington Bough approach every problem with an open mind and compile with his own shrewdness the data that were to guide him to a solution

As he descended the hill toward the river he saw spreading beneath him a huddle of huge buildings of that unsightly color known as mill red. Patently it was a woodworking mill, for there was a yard full of logs, an area piled with drying lumber, and a great yellow stack of sawdust. To his ears came the raucous scream of a band saw tearing its way through a log and the hum of a planer.

From the main road a bridge led across the little river to the mill, and on the roof of a low building, evidently utilized for offices, was a painted sign identifying all this as the Wentworth Woodenware Company.

He continued to drive toward the village, and at a gas station he inquired where the Wentworth home might be; then he followed directions across another bridge and up the opposite hill. But before he reached his destination he saw a dilapidated car at the roadside. Its hood was up and a small figure in slacks was peering into the mysteries that lay exposed to her eye.

Abner Abington stopped his car. "Trouble?" he asked.

The young woman turned a harassed eye upon him, "It generally starts up when you kick it," she said.

"Does it have a habit of lying down to take a nap?" asked Abner.

"You can look at it and ask that?" she demanded. And then, furiously, "Did you pass a mill back yonder-a big red mill?"

"Well," she said, "you'd think a mill as big as that could at least supply a dinky car that would go places.

"I would," he said. "Doesn't it?"

She sniffed and thrust her chestnut head into the motor's mechanism, As suddenly she straightened her five feet two inches of exquisitely sculptured slenderness and frowned at him.

"I'm Patience Wentworth," she said. "Who are you?"

"I am Abner Abington Bough," he replied.

"And a hell of a name it is," she said. "Are you educated about gadgets?"

"I have what you might call a smattering."

"Then please smatter this one," she said, and moved aside, apparently with the idea of turning the vexing emergency over to him. She did it in so trustful a manner that he was touched, even though baffled. For anything belonging to the mechanical world was to him like unto the ancient Eleusinian mysteries. Nevertheless, he alighted and stared. Quite severely he kicked a tire.

"I tried that," she said. "Be resourceful."

He placed a hand against the vehicle and shook it. Miss Wentworth looked hopeful, but the car only shuddered, and Abner gave that up, "When that happens to me," he said, "I call up a garage."

"Probably you are not as clever as I thought you were," said Miss Wentworth. "Why doesn't the large red mill provide

large red motorcars?" he countered. "He claims it's taxes," said Patience. "He knows the whole tax family by name. from Inheritance to Cigaret. It sounds fishy to me. The government at least ought to pay you a commission for run-

ning your own business." "Who is he?" asked Abner Abington. "You wouldn't be the Inquisitive

Stranger, would you?"

Abner reached an exploratory finger into the mass of wires and cylinders; something snapped electrically; Abner jumped and stuck his finger in his mouth.

"It's an evil car," said Patience, "It bites."

"Is he an evil old man?" asked Abner. "He's a hand-washer. Without water, you know, Like this," Patience illustrated how the unidentified man rubbed his hands together, and her face assumed an unctuous expression. Abner thought it probably was an excellent imitation. "He's a lawyer. Lawyers are evil."

"Tell me more," said Abner Abington. "What!" she exclaimed, "On my own time? I only answer evil questions on government time. You have a purposeful look in your eye. Are you another incometax inspector?"

Abner Abington was forming a resolution, but before he acted on it he asked more questions. "Are you endowed with common sense?" he wanted to know.

"I have a preposterous amount of it." "Do you babble?"

"The more I babble, the less I tell," she said, "It's my method."

Abner studied her with a searching gaze. It would be such a help if he dared disclose the reason for his coming to her. It would save days of nosing around for facts. It would set him down in the middle of things,

"And your matured estimate is?" she asked.

"That you're lovely."

"That's for children," she said promptly. "Come out of the kindergarten."

"Did you ever heard of Lemuel Mc-Nab?" he asked.

"He's the evil old banker that grandfather wouldn't order flapjacks for breakfast until he asked the advice of," said Patience.

Abner considered that she overworked the word "evil," but then he reflected that modern young people think it smart to converse in a sort of jargon of clichés.

"Your grandfather trusted him?" asked Abner.

"That's the family tradition, My aunts neglect to carry it on."

"Name and bound your aunts."

"Their names are Peace and Plenty." "Eh?"

"Ironical-what?" said Patience. "So Aunt Peace and Aunt Plenty decide to give their maiden confidence to Bug-Eye, and Lemuel McNab is out on his whiskers, if any."

"You suggest a modicum of undermin-

"You keep on about Lemuel before I answer any more riddles," she said severely. "What about him and what about vou-and why?

"Mr. McNab sent me to look-see," said Abner Abington, reaching a decision.

"Tell me," commanded Patience, "did he scent an aroma of late-lamented fish?"

"He wondered," said Abner Abington. "How do I know you're not a dead-fish merchant yourself?"

"A proper question. You look into my frank face and instinctively trust me."

"Do I get a new car that runs?"

"If I can wangle it, you shall have one with an engine upholstered in damask." "In that case, I trust you," she said. "Ask questions. I'll give."

"What's amiss?" "No money."

"Why no money?"

"Taxes, he says."

"Who is he?" demanded Abner Abington. "Evil old Bug-Eye Whitney."

"If you say evil again!" "Evil," she said promptly. "He is a lawyer, and

his evil son is a lawyer and Aunts Peace and Plenty let him shoot the works."

"Does the mill make money?" "It runs all the time:

it's busy. But it has to borrow money all the time "

"Why?" "To pay taxes," said

Patience

"We're running around in a circle"

Patience lifted her head and listened. There was the distant sound of a motorcycle. Abner Abington noted how her eyes brightened.

"It's Noggin," she said, and then paid no further attention to Abner. The motorcycle appeared over the rim of the hill, and Patience stood in the middle of the road waving wildly. The young man in goggles who bestrode the monster brought it to an incredible stop, kicked something under its back wheel and strode toward Patience.

"Who's he?" he demanded, jerking a belligerent chin at Abner.

"You don't need to do anything about him. He's a friend advancing with the countersign. How are you at large?"

"It's permanent," he said angrily.

"Fired?" asked Patience,

"By Bug-Eye in person."

Patience tossed a morsel of information to Abner, "Noggin has been working as an engineer at the mill for six months,"

"Apparently he's used his time well," said Abner.

"His name is Frank Peters, but I call him Noggin," she explained. "What was your funny name?"

"Abner Abington Bough."

She seemed to consider this a sufficient introduction, So did Noggin, They continued with their private concerns as if Abner were not there.

"Before I leave town," said Noggin, "I aim to bust Bug-Eye's big boy on the chin.'

"You're not leaving town," she said, "but that needn't keep you from smacking him flat."

"I want in this powwow," interjected Abner Abington. "You have been working in the mill, Mr. Peters?"

"Redesigning the conveyer system and changing levels on the logging road. But what is it to you, and why?"

'He's belligerent, isn't he? Can he answer questions without going to war?" Abner asked Patience.

"Answer the gentleman's questions prettily, Noggin," she commanded.

"Is it a good mill?" Abner asked,

"First-class."

"Busy?"

"Running full."

"Why doesn't it make money?"

"Lord knows. I could run it and make a pocketful."

'Why did you get fired?"

"Because"-it was (Cont. on page 79)



ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. JACKSON



OR YEARS I preened myself because Janie and Peter to college, but salesmen with the solemn statement. "I have religious convictions against insurance." Often I felt shamefaced about that fib, but at least, I reassured myself, I saved the salesman his time. I couldn't be interested in something in which you had to die to win!

One evening, however, friends were living. One of them turned to me and said, "How much disability does your insurance carry?"

The next morning I arrived at one of the leading insurance agencies with the postman and demanded, "What can I get with insurance?"

"What can you get with your savings account?" the manager countered.

"Don't be silly! I'm a busy person." I snapped, "You know as well as I do what I can get with my savings account."

"Well," he answered equably, "that's what you get with life insurance. Life insurance is money for future delivery. You can get anything with insurance that you can get with money. Sit down and I'll tell you about it."

Now, I was no different from thousands -perhaps millions-of other folk on the subject of life insurance. I believed it was useless until one died; that it was solely a form of protection for one's de-

Occasionally one thought of endowments and educational policies to send

I consistently defeated insurance those were for the Upper Brackets, The average man had all he could do to pay the milk bill and the interest on the mortgage!

This ignorance is as unforgivable as it is unfortunate, for one of every two of us buys insurance. There are more than 60,000,000 policyholders in the United States, They carry \$110,000,000,000 worth discussing all the horrid eventualities of of insurance-seventy percent of all the insurance written in the whole world. The vast majority of these policyholders are men and women of moderate incomes. Eleven percent of them earn less than \$1,000 a year; fifty percent earn more than \$1,000 but less than \$2,000; thirty percent earn more than \$2,000 but less than \$3,500; seven percent make between \$3,500 and \$5,000; and only two percent have more than \$5,000.

Nevertheless, few of us know much about it. We do not know how to buy to the maximum advantage; to what uses we can put insurance; what precautions we should take

In this article, then, we shall learn what life insurance is, and find the streamlined methods for making it serve our

Now, there is nothing mysterious about



insurance. We talk about buying insurance from this or that company, Actually, we don't buy anything. Some 60,000,000 of us agree to pool comparatively small sums each year for our mutual protection and future security. We designate a certain insurance company to take this money for us, and to invest and conserve each year a sum sufficient to pay the claims as they occur, and provide a reasonable surplus for

If we don't die but live to celebrate our fifty-fifth, sixtieth, or sixty-fifth birthdays, then we find our systematic saving not only has provided protection for dependents during all the years but also has built up a sizable cash reserve. All this time we have been part of the world's greatest co-operative institution.

In the past, it's true, you had to die to win. Today there is a great deal more to it-many advantages for the living. In the early days of life insurance, you paid your premiums until you died, and your heirs were the beneficiaries. Life insurance was sold on the basis of dying. You had to die early in order to win.

Nowadays, you buy insurance on the basis of living. Your income lives on after you have died, or after you have passed

MO NEY Lor Luture delivery

wife in the sunset years.

Say you are a man twenty-five years old, taking out your first policy. You buy \$3,090. This means you've paid the com- You have paid for protection, and you \$10,000 worth of ordinary life insurance, pany \$5.14 for each thousand dollars of have saved a portion of your annual earn-

the peak of your capacity for work, In- \$175 a year. If you die next week or in your family would have \$10,000 in the surance either provides for the wife and five years, your wife will receive \$10,000, event of your death. The remaining children after their breadwinner has gone, If, however, after twenty-five years you \$123.60 a year was simply a deposit, saved or provides ease and security, freedom are still able to play eighteen holes every exactly as it would have been had you put from financial worry for husband and Sunday, and to bully the board of direc- it into the bank, tors on the first of every month, you have a policy which has a cash value of about for which you pay premiums of about insurance, or \$51.40 a year to make sure ings-indeed, the (Continued on p. 123)

That statement is slightly oversimplified, but in essence those are the facts.





sport to begin. Everybody's horse was quiet but Mary's. and she was riding back here, and Suzy was fussing. Oh. God, she thought. One little buck from this horrible monster

I'm riding, one little shy from this insane brute, and I'll be hanging under her belly with my foot caught in the stirrup. I'll be dead-I, Bill's Mary, will be dead.

yard. She's got her ears cocked, and she's going to shy. I can feel her crazy heart beating through her ribs. She's going to shy, God, but don't let her bolt. Don't

The beautiful four-year-old leaped high into the air. Mary sat tight and reined her in quietly.

"Whoa!" shouted a couple of friendly

Bill turned round, saw the filly buck again, said "Whoa," and laughed. He put his palm on his horse's rump and leaned back, enjoying it, "Whoa, there, Suzy-Devil. Whoa.'

After all, they were just starting off. This was a big country, big fences and lots of foxes and a small field. No use worrying about hounds till they reached Hiver's gate. After that big stone wall beyond Hiver's, Mary's filly would get into the swing of things and give her a great day. Gee, the little devil could jump,

at that, if she put her mind to it. Should he tell Mary not to hurry Suzy too much at that big wall? Maybe one stopped dead, her stiffened legs sliding of the grooms ought to take Mary around and down those fields so she could join them without jumping.

any woman to ride. That was why he was getting Mary to ride her now, Break a horse in with a woman, sidesaddle, and any woman can handle 'em. They'd get a good price for Suzy-the-Devil. He and Mary would go up to New York then in summer, so they could take in the Long Island polo.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS

The master set his horse at the stone

Mary let the whole field go first. The filly, her neck churned white with lathering excitement, danced stiff-legged, reared slightly, and at last made a rush at the wall, Too fast, At the last, right under the towering wall, the four-yearold's little heart failed her, and she out before her. She just didn't fall, She was cat-nimble, and she stood up,

No, the filly had to learn. One more shoulder and turned into Ridersneck's ple's eyes leave her and travel up front to

season, and Suzv would be splendid for Woods. Mary was all right. One of the grooms could take her around.

> The filly shook so that Mary waited. With her own shaking hand, she patted her. "It's all right, baby," she said, "I'm scared to death myself. Let's try it once more, what?" For one second she almost liked the filly Except, of course, that the poor brute was crazy.

Now they were standing in the woods. Hounds were working, and Bill had his eye on them, but still he watched Mary with interest. He gave her a look Did you get Suzy over the wall? And she nodded back at him.

Everyhody turned interested in Suzy Everybody had young horses that had to be made. But mostly it wasn't a wom-

Mary could see several people looking at her and thinking. That's not a woman's The master gave one look over his job. And then she could see several peoPatricia Wentworth. There was Patricia Wentworth riding along beside Bill.

Patricia Wentworth rode astride-one of the few women who went well astride. But her old hunter took care of her, the way a nursemaid takes a child in tow. No worries for Patricia Wentworth, on her million-dollar nags with her perfect stable. With her perfect head groom, who schooled each horse till it was fit for a

Patricia Wentworth was never ice-cold with terror. No. Patricia was keen and warm, and her heart beat only with the excitement of pleasure as she galloped lickety-split after the master. Day after day she stayed out till the end, Day after day she was there, keeping behind Bill, When hounds were running, she kept up

Patricia's father was rich and Canadian. Patricia wasn't married, and Canada hored her. So she was down here on one of the biggest farms going. Patricia was a plump dark-brown goddess, the pliable type that can fall without breakage.

In the evening Patricia was beautiful. She glowed. She was round-cheeked and dark-eyed and exuberant and cheerful. and the men gathered around her. At her table at the big club dances you'd see the men clustered in their scarlet coats, and it was funny how Mary Marshall didn't seem to care that Bill was one of them.

Bill Marshall waited, giving the hounds a chance. The field stood, packed close to Bill. Patricia Wentworth trotted back to the rear, shouted for her groom.

"Pat-hey, there! Go back to the car and get my sandwiches and flask, the one that has the port in it. I didn't have time to get 'em." She turned her horse again, let her look float over Mary and started back, wedging her horse forward again.

"Good morning," or having manners of any kind.

"Don't bungle it, Suzy." Mary

whispered as she took the jump.

It was cold. These were November woods. Everything was stiff and bare: everything was stark-naked and gray and cold. And the sunshine, diluted and cold, shone through black branches and made shadows on the riders, who walked two by two along the road, talking in subdued tones, like mourners.

These were friends of hers and Bill's, all of them grand people. And they had made Bill their master because he was the best man down here; because he was the best man in the horse business. and the best to hounds.

They were swell people. They laughed and got drunk and told stories and enjoyed life to the full. And she, living down here with them, enjoyed them, too, But not out hunting.

Out hunting they were her enemies, because everything became false. She hated hunting; she hated it. She was here among these brave swell people and if they could see how she hated this, how she was thinking of those three big chicken coops ahead-those giant gray boards built over wire fence, like the roof of a house-and a young mare so apt to be

frightened, so apt to bungle and go down. The master's wife, Out hunting and

scared to death. Well, why not stay home on the little farm, then? Why not fire the colored

Patricia wasn't much good at saying couple and get some half-trained maid, instead of helping Bill sell horses? Why not get a job in the bank in Leesburg?

The story of a woman who had to live dangerously to keep up with her husband

> Because it was his income, and his pride, too, to have her ride, Because, when he'd proposed to her, a deb in a wide white skirt, he'd said, "You'll be co-master with me," meaning: You'll help me and he part of everything T do

> If she failed him, if she didn't go out with him, Patricia Wentworth would still be out here with him. Day after day they'd be out together.

> Now they jogged along, and she could see Bill's horse, keen old Fouracres, his head up, his ears cocked, listening to his favorite language, the hound music. You could hear it off in the woods there together with the sharp hoofs of horses and the crack of dry leaves. And Bill trotted patiently, giving the hounds a chance, listening, too, just the way his horse was listening

> He's strange, she thought. He never thinks things out. He never reads. He is a horse, too, and he feels what they feel and knows what they know, and it's a language closed to me. I'll never feel and understand it, But Patricia does

> And a feeling rose inside Mary and went through her like a terrible pain.

Here was the first coop now. She saw the huntsman streak by, scarlet and white, and saw his horse sail over, silent as a deer. And then one scrambling hound, and then Fouracres, with Bill, and then Patricia Wentworth, collected and slow, and then the field,

"Don't bungle it, Suzy," Mary said out loud. And Suzy gave a gigantic leap, big enough for two coops. Thank God I ride sidesaddle, thought Mary.

Kaki Brewster was standing close to where she (Continued on page 70)











college career, Because right now I'm pretty mad-pretty mad and pretty scared.

Ten weeks ago, dressed in a long black robe with a mortarboard on my head, I was handed a piece of parchment informing all who read Latin of my right to place after my name the magic letters B.A. -Bachelor of Arts. Why, less than three months after this supposedly starry-eved event, am I mad? Why am I scared?

Well, I'll tell you. I'm mad because I spent four years of my life and a good deal of money under the impression that I was preparing myself for an intelligent, useful, remunerative career. And I'm scared because right now I seem unable to convince anyone that I am prepared for anything of the kind.

Look at me, Russell (Rusty) Parnell, B.A., 1939, of Danforth University. Take a good look-there are thousands of others like me, shiny new intellects just off the assembly line and not broken in yet. Some, no doubt, are getting along well enough, But others, including myself, have not been so lucky. And we're the ones who have had time to ask ourselves whether college was worth while.

Take my own case. I had a swell time for four years in college; I'm not denying that. But as a college graduate, am I any better off, really, than I was when I left high school? That's the question I keep asking myself nowadays, as I watch this year's crop of boys and girls go off to college with hope and faith and high resolve shining in their faces.

In one respect, I am distinctly better off. At Danforth I found the girl I want

OOK, MY FRIEND, you've chosen a any man's life, but in a way it makes my remuneration is three more or less square ■ bad time to interview me about my situation worse. It makes me want a job even more desperately.

But do I know exactly what kind of job I want? No. Do I expect, after landing a the year. job, to be able to make enough money to get married within, say, a year? No. Is the girl willing to wait for me? Well, she thinks so.

Now do you begin to see why I'm mad and why I'm scared and why so many Bachelors of Arts, 1939, feel the same way? It's not that we have inferiority complexes or are afraid to face the harsher realities of life outside the cloistered walls. It's just that during this long, hot too?" summer of job hunting we have been made so painfully aware of the dreamy inadequacy of our preparation.

Well, I can hear certain academic voices help it if, like the cricket in the fable, you preferred to sing all summer and then complain because winter comes? Knowledge was available to you. If you did not absorb it, you have only yourself

Have I? That's a question I do not intend to answer just yet. Rather, I intend to tell the story of my college career as completely as I can. Then you can judge whether it has been a failure, and if so, where the fault lies.

stood, a tall gangling kid of seventeen with hayseeds almost visible in my hair, on the campus of Danforth University. I victims almost at once to Rush Week, the had very little money, but that didn't worry me unduly. After checking my highschool record, the college authorities had agreed to hold a "board job" open for me to marry. That's quite a step forward in (a waiting-on-table job for which the afford it), I (Continued on page 84)

meals a day). They had also promised me a tuition scholarship, provided I maintained a certain scholastic average during

I'll never forget that first day at college. or my first impression of my roommate, one of the largest young men I had ever beheld.

"Hello," he said, holding out a hand the size of a brief case, "I guess we're roommates. My name's Elmer Jackson, but they call me Butch."

"Mine's Rusty Parnell," I said. "Glad to meet you. Are you a self-support man

"I guess you might call it that," said Butch. "I have an athletic scholarship, Some old alumnus who likes to see Danforth win football is paying my tuition, asking, "Whose fault is all this? Can we and the college has appointed me janitor of a couple of classrooms at forty bucks a month."

I blinked once or twice. No forty-bucksa-month job had been offered me. But I consoled myself with the thought of my tuition scholarship.

"Well, Butch," I said, "with my brains and your brawn . . ."

He grinned at me, and I knew I was going to like Butch Jackson.

"We'll get along," he said.

We did, But those first few weeks of It's exactly four years now since I first freshman year have a nightmarish quality when I look back on them now. Perhaps that's because at Danforth freshmen fall period when the Greek-letter fraternities (like the Royal Canadian Mounted Police) strain every nerve to get their man.

Financed by my family (who could ill

How real are social barriers in these days of cafe society and informal living? A brilliant novel of contemporary America by the author of "Too Young to Marry"

THE STORY SO FAR: Barbara Ferratin, only child of wealthy Christopher Ferratin and his divorced wife Iris (now Mrs. nue in early November had the Day of a ground in which to hide. Deaths in China Lexington Bock), decided to leave her Debutante pictured before him. It was and in Spain could only be estimated. home in Dunster and visit her mother in a narrative that amounted to pantomime, Citizens fied in terror over the frontiers New York. She said she wanted to try to sing professionally, but in her heart she knew that she wanted to postpone her feet the cleverly posturing dummies told ratin came to New York to stay with her marriage to Wedgely Slade, wealthy young lawyer to whom she had been engaged before she was graduated from Miss Carew's finishing school,

wedding plans was due to her equally sudden interest in Dick Gavan, a poor of Harvey, Slade and Hawkins.

Dick, for his part, was in love with hers. So completely obsessed, in fact, that slipper visible under her long coat. he had almost forgotten Anne Holley, who had been "his girl" long before she finished her course at business college and both Wedgely and Dick worked.

HAT WAS the autumn when anyone Countrysides were scarred where good done in show windows, the fancy of a that had once been their safety. window dresser. For almost five hundred what the society girl might be up to after mother for six weeks, and the same she finished her breakfast in bed.

shirt before she went to a committee the crash to end crashes. The fragments Barbara's sudden lack of interest in meeting. At lunch in a restaurant she was could never be put together again. The dressed in green wool. She was modeled as world will have to eat out of another dish she would look at the cocktail hour, sit- if this one breaks." but promising young lawyer in the office ting at a mirrored bar with a fur jacket tilted off one shoulder. In a farther win- kept and earmarked in the old way. So dow the debutante sat in the theater, and sail for Europe, buy the sables, let the girl Barbara in spite of the difference between the last display showed her entering the have her big party (it may be the last). his social and financial background and door of a night club, a rhinestone-edged But money mattered, too. Four years now

That was the autumn too when the shrinking the appropriation. diplomats, those clever repairmen of the world, began to wonder if the job wasn't the crowds of the world wherever they became a secretary in the office where beyond their skill and if they had the were. And the way it affected a great many right tools. The whole world was worry- people was to make them laugh excitedly. ing for fear the repairs had been let go

who walked along upper Fifth Ave- men and women had dug holes in the

It was the autumn when Barbara Ferautumn when Lexington Bock said, with-She exercised in shorts and a sweat out a smile, "If it does happen it will be

Wealth mattered less. It couldn't be since work relief began, and they're

A tremor, a shiver of fear ran through







She waited less than a minute. "Thanks, Walton," she said to the man who admitted her, "Has my mother come in?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Bock are both in the library.

Barbara went past the great room with the famous tapentries, into the library whose paneling had been made in England four hundred years before. "Hello,"

she said, "Here's little Lord Fauntleroy." Bock laughed, "You have a good time making fun of this house."

"I'm continually awed," said Barbara. "How did you come out?" asked Iris. "Did they hire you at the night club?" Barbara let her delight ride openly. "They really did! Isn't that grand? Of course I know it's all because of you. I mean, they wouldn't have considered me if they hadn't thought it would help to get you and your friends to come there. But it's a start."

"Start of what?" inquired Bock.

"I'm going to sing at the Moth Club. They're letting me fill in for Birdie Walter,

It's the most amazing piece of luck that she should be going on a honeymoon just now. I'm to take her place while she's gone. I've never been so scared in my life. I can hardly wait! And when the time comes, I'll probably pass out."

"You want to do it as much as that?" "Why. I'm crazy to!" she exclaimed. "I just can't believe it's happened. Girls wait years for a chance like this. And it just dropped into my lap. I have to have some new photographs-with action, they say, And somebody wants to interview me for

The Coming Week. What can I say? I don't know anything."

That should be copy," said Iris, "They probably have never had an interview with anyone who admitted it."

Bock watched the girl. He saw her objectively, for he had come to see people as well as things that way. The restless figurine in the glass case, he thought ironically. Young, beautiful and crowdhungry. She wants the show window, the spotlight, the staring strangers. Girls like Barbara didn't want that kind of thing before. But now society is publicity, and the newspapers keep it going. Iris should have left the girl where she was. It must be more wholesome and natural in Dunster.

But Iris was thinking in triumph that Barbara liked being here, and that it proved that she and not Christopher was right. It paid Christopher off again.

"Did I get any letters?" asked Barbara,

seeing that her mother had some opened envelopes beside her.

"Walton just brought some in for you with mine. They're on the secretary."

Barbara went to look them over. Some advertisements, some invitations—they were coming in fast now; a letter from Wedgely. And another from Dunster that excited her. Dick had written, though he had said he wouldn't.

She opened Wedgely's letter first. "It's from Wedge," she said, reading it, "and the weather's cold; the lovely brown mare is sick; the vet's a fool."

"Is that what you call a love letter?" asked Iris ironically.

"It's right from Wedge's heart," answered Barbara.

She was reading to herself now. The rest of it wasn't about horses.

Your friend Dick Gavan put over a fast one in nailing the New York business that might have taken me down next week. Get him to tell you how he did it. It's all right with me.

It evidently wasn't quite all right. She tore open the other letter, written on the stationery of the same law firm.

"This is news, A man I know is coming to New York."

"From Dunster?" inquired Iris, quickly on her guard.

"Yes. He's a lawyer. Why, you met him.
The one who came to my commencement last June with Wedge Dick Gayan"

"I remember," Iris said. "A big unfinished fellow, not quite sure where he was. Is he coming to see you? Does Wedge encourage competition like that?"

"Dick's coming here on business. He says it's a job for the firm and is quite important and by some stroke of luck—he put that in to be modest—he's been picked to handle it. Of course they're sending him because he's smart. You'll like him."

You do already, thought her mother. That's obvious

The butler brought in a card and offered it to Barbara. She picked it up from the tray and laughed, again with delight.

"Oh, Lord, they're here already."

"Who? The young man?"

"No, somebody from a newspaper to see me. Is it all right to do it? You don't mind?"

Iris and Bock exchanged a glance which was not in full agreement.

"I ought not to get the papers down on me," said Barbara eagerly. "Publicity is terribly important."

"Where is the man?" Bock asked the servant.

"It's a young woman, sir. I told her to wait in the hall."

"Show her in here after a couple of minutes, Not through the drawing room, And no cameras, Walton,"

"No, sir."

Lexington Bock turned to Barbara. "Some of these newspaper people are apt to be overcurious about a few things I've picked up. Will you see this reporter in here instead of in the drawing room?"

"Of course, Anywhere,"

Bock picked up his newspaper. He went to a door near the fireplace—one that opened into a rear hall. He moved slowly as he always had to, one foot dragging. He looked at Iris and held the door open for her to precede him. It was a courteous gesture but there was authority in it. He wished her to go with him.

With careful timing, the newspaper reporter was shown in and Barbara gave the young woman, whose card read Helen Maloy, a friendly hand. Miss Maloy looked firm and hard and fully informed. It had taken her ten years to make her way up to the writing of feature stories like this. She was not pleased to find Barbara alone. Mrs. Bock was the real subject for a feature story. This girl was a beauty but unknown, and looks alone didn't make a story. Miss Maloy got down to work.

"We want a little personal story about you, Miss Ferratin. Tell me, have you

made your debut yet?"

"Ages ago. Two years ago last Christ-mas."

Miss Maloy studied the angle from which she would write the story. A pretty girl, daughter of the current Bock wife, riding into the big-time social news on the Bock name, was what she saw. She said, "I suppose debuts in Dunster are different from New York debuts?"

"From what I've seen, I think they're pretty much alike everywhere."

"No difference? Do you manage them the same way?"

"Well, in Dunster we grow our own. Here they seem to come in cans, already put up."

That's not a bad phrase, thought Miss Maloy. Somebody smart must have said that the first time. Debuts from cans. Fancy social groceries. I should be able to get a headline from that.

"Let's talk a little about your opinion of the modern girl," she said, aloud.

"I wish you'd do the talking. I'm dumb at this."

"Does the society girl of today still want romance? I mean, is the modern girl waiting for love to come into her life, just as her mother and grandmother waited?"

"She's not as patient, maybe. But it seems a silly subject for the newspapers."

"People like the human side," Miss Maloy told Barbara. "You do think that the debutante wants love, don't you?"

"Sure she does," said Barbara

"And does she find it?"

"She does if she's got any-

"Or if Prince Charming appears."

"Sometimes there's more than one prince who's charming enough. I mean, the girl who thinks the world is just one man is kind of a ninny, isn't she?"

Pretty wise, thought the reporter. They're hard, these brats. They don't know what it is to care for a man so you'd do anything to get him and put up with anything, too.

That was on Tuesday. The story appeared on Saturday night, and thousands of men and women read it and believed it was true. Iris Bock read it in anger, and then looked at Barbara's bewildered face and did not show her anger. She was careless in comment.

"They distort everything,"

she said. "I suppose, as publicity goes, this is all right."

MODERN DEBUTANTE WANTS MORE THAN ONE PRINCE CHARMING, NEW YORK DEBUTS COME OUT OF CANS, SAYS PROVINCIAL HEIRESS. FANGY SOCIAL GROCERIES

Get a job, says Barbara Ferratin, the daughter of Mrs. Lexington Bock. In the palatial home of Lexington Bock, the house which holds the world-famous Gobelins and other treasures, Barbara Ferratin advised other girls—and herself, too—to get a job.

"But that wasn't what I meant," protested Barbara, "It makes me sound like an awful fool." She recalled Lexington Bock's avoidance of the reporter. "Did Lex see this? What did he say?"

"He's gone to Washington," said Iris.
"There's another damned investigation.
But don't worry about what he thinks.
He's been in headlines often. Once they
wrote him up as the modern Bluebeard."

Iris never seemed to flinch at anything. She took things as they came, holding them at a distance when she didn't like them. But there was one paragraph in that interview which seemed larger than all the others as she looked at it, It read:

Barbara Ferratin is the daughter of Mrs. Lexington Bock, who has been said to be one of the most beautiful women in New York. Mrs. Bock's beauty and wit created a sensation in society several years ago.

As if it were over, thought Iris; as if it were a thing of the past. That's the way it sounds. And watching Barbara, with all her youth yet to use, she couldn't help the jealousy that leaped in her. To sit back and watch was horrible; to remember things that had happened was a horror. They must keep on happening. There was no peace in getting older. People who talked about compensations were hypocrites and liars.

She thought, I'll get that Russian woman to give me a massage today. Definitely she does something for me. What happens to you when you really are oid?

"Maybe I'll send (Continued on page 95)



FAIRS-

It's Fair Time throughout the country, and here a confirmed Fair addict tells why she prefers the truly rural model

ALL THE gates but one at the Long Is-land entrance to Flushing Meadow's pass, I felt as if I had done this before. World's Fair were jammed with perspiring men, women and children bent on getting a glimpse of royalty. Guards were warning everybody away from the reserved gate but I plowed through the crowd and, trying to be casual though I felt like a duchess at least, produced my press pass with its fantastic likeness of myself,

In two seconds I was bound, not for London, like the pussycat in the rhyme, to visit the Queen, but to the World's Fair Federal Building to see the Queen. The Queen of England, of course, and the King, too, though I wasn't thinking of him at all. It was the Queen I had to look at close up in order to achieve peace again.

For days her picture had been maddening me by its resemblance to somebody But to whom? I could not think. You know how it is when a name or a face has slipped your memory, Until you get it back, you can't go on with anything else.

I had a red, white and blue armband and a ticket to the press box to help me on my way, and eventually I landed in a railed enclosure directly in front of the great crimson-and-gold room where Their Majesties would be received. Upon every rooftop were guards and, one of the re- freshment stands under the amphitheater. porters said, hidden guns, too,

There was a chair and a table reserved for me in the press box. Round about were the press-already, though it was only a little past nine in the morning, pecking at typewriters and shouting into telephones. A short distance in front of me guards were grouped around the little jitterbug train, newly upholstered in gold and canopied in royal blue, which the King and Queen would ride in as part of their tour of the grounds.

The sun had gone under a cloud, but it was hot and I was thirsty. If I only had some sody pop, I thought wistfully. And then wondered what put sody pop into my head. Then it came to me and I knew why. when I walked proudly through the re-

I had done it before, and had known the same sense of sinful pride, too, Only then I was a little girl in a dotted-swiss dress, with a brown pigtail looped up in the back and tied with a pink bow. The fair was also pretty different: just a dusty plain with some wooden sheds in need of painting, an amphitheater, a few tents, sody-pop and popcorn stands and a merry-go-round, The Monroe County Fair, held every September!

I had a pass because Papa was a director of the fair-and it's a wonder Anna Lois. Sallie Joe and the other little girls I played with had anything to do with me during fairtime, I was so stuck up about

I went to our fair every day and all day long. It was every bit thrilling-first the pass, then the merry-go-round with its galloping horses, and finally the sody pop. ice-cold from the bottle; cotton candy, pink and white, like wool rather than cotton; the taffy, popcorn and ice-cream cones. Trash, my father called all that, and with an indescribable inflection designated as "fair people" the men who guarded the merry-go-round and the re-

But those men were gods to me. The minute I got inside the grounds I ran for the merry-go-round; that is, if I had a nickel. And if I was still in funds after my regal ride on a prancing yellow steed, I bought first a bottle of sparkling sody pop, then a balloon, a whip or a realistic snake of paper which you could blow out at perfect strangers because it was fair-

Fair, but across the Lagoon of Nations.

opposite the press box, was a super-colosthere the crowds would already be paying their quarters to ride on the longest mov-Coming off that, guards would unexpecta huge doughnut inside the Perisphere The reporters, probably having no

sal merry-go-round, the Perisphere. Over ing stairway in the world (120 feet). edly put them on the merry-go-round, a sidewise moving platform suspended like I hadn't seen any snakes at the World's and one after another they'd say "Ooh!'



taffy and sawdust-all but my lovely Aunt Anna Maud.

merry-go-round comparisons to amuse themselves with, were roaming out of bounds. Then some pessimist handed in a report that the royal pair would be an hour late, so I began wishing I could see the luncheon table arranged for the Queen in the state dining room close by.

Dozens of bluecoats surrounded the entrance, but a friendly policeman standing by the press box admitted that he had a friend among them. He and I strolled in their direction trying to look as if we were expected. Before I knew it I was making mental notes of the little powder room the Queen was to use, pink as the inside of a seashell, with a mirror wall reflecting a mural of pink-and-white tropical hirds

Then I was in the state dining room concentrating upon (Continued on p. 77)



AL WALKED up the street frowning, went out, which was not unseldom. Mamie Harley's sibilant whisper, Terence slapping the newspaper against his Widowed Strom was 1 slapping the newspaper against his leg. The early June air was soft: it bathed the street in a golden light. He hated the row, three-storied, sour affairs, Children played noisily, colliding against his legs.

Al smiled a little, walking past them. The newspaper slapped rhythmically, But the frown returned. How, he wondered, just how in the hell was he ever going to tell them? It would be easier if they were alone, he thought. Just the two of them.

He walked into the area, took a key from the ring and quietly opened the grilled gate. The inside doors were open, There were no lights in the long tunnel of a hall, none in the dining room, but in the wash of evening light his eyes discerned the vast bulk of his mother-in-law, asleep

He paused, irresolute. The tarnished

Widowed fifteen years, blessed with a merely grunted. house "free and clear," a fireman's pension, she had what she described in others row of houses he passed. They were nar- as "the gallivant." Her increasing weight and indomitable traipsing to the contrary, she was not a strong woman or a well one -or so you were led to believe.

> Terence wandered into the room. "Helmother: "Got the sport section?"

> "Here." The paper slid apart. "Oh." She lifted the fallen section, tentlike, with

"How'd the Brooklyns make out?"

"Lost," said Al absently. "Three-one."

ritual, and the average extent of their conversations. They were not enemies; it was

merely Terence's way. Terence was unemployed Oh, damn. Al cried to himself; damn it

all. damn it all!

It had been a mistake moving in with the Harleys, but they couldn't do anything else. That had been the only basis on which Goldie had been permitted to marry. Someone had to be there to look lo," he said briefly to Al; and then, to his after the house. With Mama in poor health . . .

Only she's not, Al told himself. Goldie can't see it, but she's not, "She's an old liar," he muttered, rounding the top flight

Goldie was standing at the new little "Got a cigaret on you?" This was a stove, wearing a starched apron printed

with roses and green leaves. She was a pretty girl with soft brown-gold eyes-eyes that were, if anything, a trifle too round, too innocent. She had

world and a little place of their own THEY'RE LIVING WITH

A story for every young couple who, like Al and Goldie, ask just one thing of life—a door to close against the

Hor Folket

by LESTER ATWELL

his watchful reflection: smooth brown lar, undistinguished features; neat stiff collar, neat tie, broad sweep of shoulder. The liquid brown eyes that looked out were steady; a little puzzled, a little dazed.

"You dope!" he said to himself. He tried to tiptoe across to the stairs, but Mrs. Harlev awoke, caught him.

"Hello," he said, dropping his hand from the newel post. "I-didn't want to him. "God help us! What happened?" wake vou up.'

"Oh"-she yawned expansively-"hello, Al." Her hands went up to her disordered gray hair. She scrambled her feet into her run-over black shoes. "You got the evening paper with you?" He hesitated a moment, walked into the room and gave it to her. She snapped on a lamp. "Terence, you out there?"

Terence cleared his throat, "Yeah." "Well, turn down the light under the potatoes.'

Mrs. Harley glanced at the headlines. She was a stout, comfortable woman, slovenly about the house, but she made

mirror attached to the hatrack gave back twenty-two, tall, spare, laconic. He had a shining hair, the color of her name. They white, bitter face, already lined; a tousled had been married three months. She was hair; a city-pale, patient face with regu- mop of black hair that was slicked down nineteen; Al was twenty-four, tight when he left the house.

> Al held out his package of cigarets, caught it as it was tossed back. He hesitated, looking at the mother and son, his in-laws. They were engrossed with the newspaper. His tongue parted his dry lips.

"I-I was laid off today," he said. "Wh-wha---" Mrs. Harley stared at

Terence looked up over the sports page. squinting one eye.

"Oh, they been letting guys go all along. I guess my number was up, that's all. They-they been letting them go pretty regular down on the Street." Al's voice began to sound thick.

"Well!" Mrs. Harley rallied nobly. "Well, that's certainly terrible, but don't you worry, Al. You'll get somethin' else, An' in the meanwhile, the right side of the house is out. That's the best of livin' with vour in-laws '

It sounded reassuring, but he was not taken in. Going up the dark stairs, he

"We have lamb chops," she said, punctuating each item with a kiss, "and spinach and string beans and cake. Wait till I show you the cake." She went to the closet, took it down. "Look, Al, strawberry shortcake, I---- Al, what's the----

"Oh, I was canned," he said wearily. "I was laid off."

She stood holding the cake. The chops sizzled, the alarm clock ticked, and everything gleamed in the freshly painted kitchen: the walls; the linoleum; the dishes.

"Oh. A7/"

"Yeah."

"Oh, but what are we going to do?"

"I-I don't know," he said.

Mrs. Mamie Harley did. Or thought she

Al and Goldie were washing the dinner dishes, talking over plans-and after the first shock, after dinner and a cigaret. it didn't seem so hopeless. He was smart, wasn't he? And he had never been out a rather impressive appearance when she heard their whispering. Rather, he heard of work before, All through the recession he had held a job. He'd surely get another. There was always room for a good accountant, and they had given him a fine recommendation and two weeks' pay.

Mrs. Harley climbed the stairs. They could hear her labored wheezy ascent, and Al was annoyed to see Goldie dry her hands hurriedly, run out and assist her mother up the last few steps and along the hall.

She came in panting and sat beside the kitchen table, the crumpled newspaper clutched in her hand.

"Phew!" she gasped. "Them stairs!"
There followed a few minutes of deep breathing, hand on the bosom. "Was—was the cake nice, Goldie?"

"Oh, it was grand, wasn't it, Al? Here's a piece; maybe you could eat it."

"Oh, not such a big piece. Wait. I'll save half for Terence." She pushed back the plates and began to eat with a spoon she had taken from a used cup and saucer. "Yes, nice—very nice." she said, tasting. She scraped a little blob of cream from her bosom and licked it off the spoon.

Al had to look the other way. He wanted things—nice. He was a fanatic about cleanliness, neatness. There was something slapdash and careless about Mamie Harley that grated on him.

"Well," she said a few minutes later, sitting back. Her mission was made clear, "I been lookin' through the papers. Hereno, wait a minute, Al; there was somethin' else. Now, let me see—where was it?" As she read, her hand went up to her hair, feeling for a hairpin. "Yes, here it is." She punched a hole with the hairpin and gave him the paper, "Now I marked them all. There's six or seven things you can look after, an' if I was you, I wouldn't waste any time."

She gave him the Want Ad section, stabbed with ragged holes.

He stood there reading it. A line gathered between his eyebrows. "But these are all salesmen's jobs—canvassing, selling magazines, ice-cream bricks." He looked up. "I'm an accountant," he said.

"You'd take anything to get in out of the rain, wouldn't you?"

Goldie looked at him, troubled, and then at her mother. As if, Al thought, she didn't know an accountant didn't go peddling ice-cream bricks in a white suit!

"Don't worry, I'll get something," he



said, and Goldie smiled reassuringly at her mother.

"Well, I don't know." Mrs. Harley sounded ever so faintly doubtful, offended. "I only thought I could help." She stood up, balancing herself, holding the plate with the piece of cake. "Of course it's none of my business, I know."

"Oh, now, Mama." Goldie ran across and hugged her. "Of course we know you want to help. Al knows it, only he—he—." Her eyes sought his, beseeching him to add to her protestation. He turned, plunged his hands into his pockets and walked into the darkened living room.

Every morning he left the house at exactly ten of eight, just as he had for years. Shoes gleaming, suit pressed, hat brushed; everything careful—a little more so than ever before. He returned around five He was still unworried, consciously so, the result of definite effort. There was still something left in the savings bank -the money put away toward a little car. enough now for a few weeks. There were still places to go and ask. And he had promises: from Danby and Kirkell; Stair Sloan; from Mr. Hengel, who had known his work and was now partner in O'Connell, Ramsay and Co. "I'll do what I can for you, Al," Mr. Hengel had promised.

But two and a half weeks passed, and it became something of a strain to keep unhurried, unruffled. To act as if nothing had happened. To suppress the terror that lay coiled deep inside him; that, once admitted, would scream out that there were thousands as smart as he unemployed; that he had a wife to support, rent to pay. There had to be money for food, for rent, for clothes, insurance, the payments on their furniture.

He knew by what narrow margin people in his station lived, barely escaping oblivion. You either found a job in a hurry or slipped back and down. How far down, he refused to admit. But he saw them on the corners of Wall Street, of Broad and William; others like himself who had gone down, standing in shabby groups, talking about Home Relief, laughing, dying inside. He went past them hurriedly, trying to ignore his fears.

If only at home they understood the necessity for calmness, He tried to explain to Goldie that once you became excited, desperate, pleading . . . But her mother had already been at her. With a sort of relish, Mrs. Harley had taken, unbidden, his load on her own shoulders.

"Look, darling," said Goldie. She was sitting on the arm of his chair one evening. She twisted a lock of his hair around her finger and spoke with difficulty. "I was looking through the Want Ads—just by accident—and I came across this. It was in yesterday's paper." She showed him the page. "Down there at the bottom. Men... Are you Ambitious? I can use twenty-five real live wires." Beside the space was a ragged hole made by a hairpin.

"Listen, sweet, I can find my own job.
I've looked for work before, Hell, I don't
need your old lady to tell me. Why doesn't
she help Terence if she's so good at it?"

"That's no way to talk about someone who's only trying to help."

"I know, but it's bad enough as it is, without some old busybody butting in telling me what to do."

Goldie's back was turned, and her voice sounded choked. "Yes, but you'll never find anything sitting here."

"Who's sitting here?"

"Yesterday."

"Yesterday it teemed, and you know Terence lost my raincoat. Two only got one suit. Do you want me to go walking my feet off in the rain? What would I look like coming into somebody's office—"

But Goldie was standing there crying. "Oh, for God's sake!" he shouted. "What

are you crying about?"

"N-nothing."

"Well, then, stop it! I've got enough to worry—_"

"And how about me?" she cried, turning on him.

"Oh, Goldie!" he said, walking over to her. She turned her back again. "I'm sorry I yelled (Continued on page 65)

The Story That Was Too Big to Print

THE HUMAN SIDE

In which a young feature writer uncovers the dramatic story of the woman in a great man's past and how her love changed the course of history

BY IMM



N THE DAYS when the thirteen states were young, and our frontiers not so wide, stout tables bore a glorious dish. This was chicken noodle soup, pride of those patient wives who made it; joy of the stalwart men who ate it. Again and again this dish brought its cheer to spacious candle-lit rooms. And down through the years has come a national liking for chicken noodle soup!

broth has the same proud glisten; its egg noodles are as abundant and hearty. And through the soup are morsels of chicken meat—inviting, and tender, and good!

And so today, in millions of dining rooms, an old American scene is being

reënacted. The settings and costumes have changed a good bit, but the soup and the smiles are the same. Perhaps because it's so essentially American; perhaps because it's so downright good, Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup makes friends wherever it goes. Indeed, it's growing faster in popularity than any other soup in the country! When will it be on your table in delicious, golden platefuls?





Their grain won first prize...for you!

WHAT BECOMES of this country's finest rye, corn and barley-the kind of grain that wins prizes at Fairs?

We don't know what happens to all of it. But we do know that a goodly share of it comes to our distillery . . . to be made into Four Roses. In fact, that's the only kind of grain we buy.

True, it costs more. But without it, Four Roses just wouldn't be Four Roses. Without it, Four Roses wouldn't have the flavor that has made it so famous.

But even the finest grain, before it can be used for Four Roses, must season-until the moisture is gone, until the grain is dry, flinty, sound. For only then can the rich, clean kernels impart their full goodness to the several whiskies that eventually will be combined to make Four Roses.

Eventually? Yes-for these straight whiskies

must slumber and slowly mellow in their oaken casks for at least 4 years before they may share the illustrious name Four Roses! Then these superb whiskies are combined into one whiskey that is finer than any of them could be alone.

Four Roses is ALL whiskey-America's finest whiskey . . . made for you from America's finest grain. Try it today! Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.





A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES-90 PROOF . THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

(Continued from page 62) at you, I didn't mean it," She shrugged his hands from her shoulders, "Look, we'll go to the movies. We been hanging around here so long."

'No! I don't want to go.'

"But why not? You said you'd like to see the picture, Come on." He took her in his arms

"No!" She struggled. "Go away."
"Oh. all right!" He strode over to the chintz chair and stood looking down at the newspaper with the hole made by the hairpin. He grabbed it up, crackled it into a ball and flung it toward the wall. It missed, fell short, struck a lamp shadeset it tilting dangerously. In his effort to reach the shade, he slipped on the waxed floor, his hands shot clumsily forward and the lamp fell, smashed to pieces,

"Oh!" Goldie cried, going down on her

knees. "My lamp."

Mrs. Harley's voice floated up the stairs. "What happened up there?" They didn't answer. "What fell up there?"

"Nothing. Mind your own damn business!" Al shouted, and slammed the door. The pictures rattled on the walls. The little living room with the open bookshelves he had made and painted, with Goldie's ivy plant in the white holder, became-as he looked at it, with his wife kneeling crouched over on the floor-intolerable; a prison, a mistake.

Things like that, And the constant en-croachments of Mamie Harley.

Like forcing Goldie to accompany her to the cemetery that Sunday afternoon. Asking him to paint the back storm shed and spade over the grassplot, though Terence was sitting there reading the tabloids. Questioning him every morning when he left the house, and again when he returned. Where did he go today? How many places? What did they say? Nothing? Guess you're not going to get anything over there, are you? Tommy Skelly. she informed him, had just landed a fine position. It was strange. Some people could do things, and others just couldn't seem to help themselves at all

Now, though he knew it hurt Goldie, he could not keep from groaning when Mrs. Harley lumbered into their apartment. He grumbled remarks which she, in her deafness, did not catch. And now he caught himself jiggling his foot constantly when he sat down, drumming his fingers on the

arms of chairs.

"Oh, stop it!" Goldie would cry, breaking the silence.

ONE MORNING when he was downstairs in the bathroom they shared with Goldie's family, Mrs. Harley rattled the door,

"Hurry up there," she said, "I have to clean that place up."

"I only just got in a few minutes ago!" "You'd think," she mumbled, supposedly to no one at all, "he'd be out lookin' every minute. Beats me the way some people .

"You know I've got an appointment to see Hengel at ten-thirty." His voice had thickened with rage. The injustice of it! She had never been anxious to clean any place before in her life, much less at a quarter to nine in the morning.

"Appointment!" she said, toiling up the

Al opened the door as he shaved, and he could hear their voices-Goldie's and her mother's-in whispered consultation. Sometimes Mrs. Harley's voice was loud enough to be heard.

"Now, you go ahead, Goldie. You listen to your mother." Al's hand slipped, and

the razor cut him.

He was upstairs. He had just put on his underwear, his socks and shoes; he was

buttoning his shirt when Goldie came in and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Al, if-if nothing comes of this appointment with Mr. Hengel, I think I'd

better try to get my job back again."

His heart began to pound, "Nothing

doing," he said. "But Al!"

"No. You're not going to! Do you hear? I said when we got married I didn't want my wife working-and I still don't. What ever put it into your head?"

"Oh, nothing, Only it-it wasn't such a bad job, even though it was in the bakery. It was only part time, and it was so near home. And ten a week-well, it's-

"Look," he said, hugging her, "don't say anything more about working. Please. I'm ashamed to have my wife working where everyone can see her-and see that I can't suppor-

He stopped, caught himself. But there it was, face to face with him now, screaming at him. You can't support her. She's got to work. You're a swell guy. The old lady will let you stay here, rent free; your wife will make ten a week; you'll live on

"Please," he said, "Don't do it-not for a while. Just give me a week, Goldie, will vou? It's-

It was so important. It was, though he couldn't explain how, everything he believed in.

That night when he came home Mrs. Harley was in the kitchen talking to Goldie.

"Oh, Al," She indicated a seat opposite her at the kitchen table. "Sit down here." He remained standing. "I was just tellin' Goldie, I been down this afternoon to see the Currans on Forty-seventh Street, an' I was tellin' them about you. It was Mrs. Curran I was talkin' to, but she says her husband will be home tonight at sixthirty. He was the one who got Tommy Skelly that job down on the docks. An' if you'll just sit down here-Goldie has your supper in the oven." She cleared a space on the cluttered table. "Now, go ahead an' get finished with it right away an' get down there as soon as you can, I told her you'd be down around seven.'

"But I don't want that kind of work."

"You're strong, aren't you?"

"Sure I'm strong, But it's-well, I'm an accountant, see, and I didn't go to school and study to go working on any dock." "Beggars can't be choosers," she said. "Who's a beggar?" he shouted. "Who

ever asked you for anyth---- And who the hell asked you to go looking for work for me, anyway? I don't need my motherin-law to help me. I don't want it advertised all over town that I'm out of-

"Too bad about you! The likes of who doesn't want it advertised all over town!' She got up and walked down the hall.

In the silence she left, Al looked at Goldie. She was standing beside the refrigerator biting her lip, her head lowered.

Why didn't you help me out?" he cried. Why didn't you tell her where she got off, coming up here butting in?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks. She just stood there.

He went into the living room, sat in the dimness, stared out the window. Gradually the night obliterated the small houses in the back, the tiny oblong city gardens, the clotheslines and pulleys. Finally Goldie turned off the light and went downstairs to her mother's . .

He tiptoed into the kitchen at nine o'clock, ate a cold chopped-meat cake, a few slices of bread. He went to bed, to watch the shadows of ruffled curtains cast by the street lamp onto the ceiling. He listened for voices below, but heard none, Hours later, Goldie crept in beside him.
"Al." she whispered.

"Wh-what?" he asked, pretending drowsiness. "What time is it?"

"It's after one. Al, are you hungry?"

"No, I had something."

"Al—oh, Al, I——" She burst into tears.
"There, sweet. Don't, Goldie. It's all right, Look, we're not going to fight any more, no matter what happens, Don't cry now; everything's going to be all right. I saw Hengel today. He's going to try to put

"He's got a partner named O'Connell. and this O'Connell's got someone he wants too. But Hengel's going to see what he can do. So it's—well, it's a tossup. And I stand a pretty good chance."

 ${f B}_{ t u t m}$ Mr. Hengel was sorry the next day. "You see, Al, I'd like to help you."

To Al, Frederic Hengel was one white guy. He was a heavy-set, good-looking man approaching forty. And rich. When they had worked together for Beaton and Hoyt, he had taken Al out to lunch two or three times and invited him up to his summer place for a week end.

"It's just that O'Connell's son is coming down from college this week, and when I spoke to you before about the opening, I hadn't realized that the kid had studied Accountancy and Business Administration. Not that I put much stock in that. But-well, you can't blame a man for looking after his own. You know how it is."

"Yeah, sure. I know how it is." Al turned his hat around in his hands. Onlywanted to say-this O'Connell kid won't stick at accountancy more than a couple of months, and then he'll be shifted some place higher in the firm. He smiled. "Thanks, Mr. Hengel. You certainly been mighty nice to me. Thanks. Well, so long."

"If I ever hear of anything," said Hengel, shaking hands with him. "How's the little girl you were going with? Still see her?

"Sure. She's f-fine." He hadn't said he was married; he wasn't asking for pity. "Well, good luck, Al. Drop in."

He stood outside in the hall, leaning against the marble wall, feeling a little sick. He had been everywhere else. He wandered toward the elevators, rode down, stepped out slowly onto the hot street, lighted a cigaret. There were only two more in the pack .

His feet climbed wearily to the apartment, and he sat in the kitchen watching Goldie as she opened a can of cornedbeef hash, a can of tomatoes, emptied the contents into gleaming utensils. Goldie didn't seem to notice his silence.

"Goldie," he said, "I think tomorrow I better go down and see that guy. You know, that Curran-down on the docks." "Oh!" She spun around. "Al, will you? Oh. I knew, you'd--" She threw her arms around him and kissed him. "I'm so

glad. I better run down and tell Mama to call up Mr. Curran."

"No.

But she had gone, happily. She returned later, flushed and smiling. Mrs. Harley had fixed everything. Al was to report to Mr. Curran first thing in the morning.

"And I have something to tell you, too." She was breathless from running up the stairs. "Al, I——"
"What?" he said.

She stared at him; then her eyes moved away. "Well, I-

"What is it?" He found himself standing up, his knees weak. "Quick! We're not—You're—?"

After a long while she spoke, "I-I went back to my job today.'

"Oh." He sagged back onto his chair. The breath went out of him very slowly. "I hope you're not going to be mad at

me, but Mr. Stroever saw me passing by, and he came out and asked me if I'd come back again-part time, you know." He could tell when she lied. "Just to help

him out for a while. Al, you're not mad?"
"No." he said: he felt dull. "I thought it was something else." His hand, resting

on the table, shook.

When he stood up five minutes later he was still trembling. Goldie was saying that Mr. Stroever was going to pay her eleven a week. With that, and what he'd make on the docks . . .

Suddenly the air, the light in the room seemed to change. He felt that he was falling down a long black chute, losing everything he believed in, in the world.

THE MORNING sunlight was warm. The woman next door spilled a pail of water on the sidewalk and began to sweep. Mrs. Harley picked up her rubbish bag. Al stepped out of the area,

"You're not goin' down in them clothes,

are you?"

"What's wrong with them?" He looked

down at his gray-striped suit.
"Nothin'—only they're goin' to think you're a pretty fancy-looking dock worker. You ought to have on some old clothes."

"Yeah? Well-" He lifted his hat, started to walk down the street.

"Al!" He turned around, "Don't forget, You tell him you're Mamie Harley's son-

"Yeah, Yeah, I know,"

When at four-thirty that afternoon he came up the street, his clothing was as neat as it had been in the morning. There were no blisters on the palms of his hands, no grime beneath the nails. His collar was white. His face was white. A nervous sickness burned in the pit of his stomach.

Turning into the area, he slipped his hand into his trouser pocket, felt for the key ring. He tried the other pocket, his vest and coat pockets. He remembered the key ring lying upstairs on the dresser. He could hear Mrs. Harley's voice speaking into the telephone-the voice of a deaf woman.

"Yes?" she was saying loudly. "What was that? . . . Yes, well, I tell you—" He pressed the bell slowly. "Mr.—what is it? Oh, yes, Mr. Hobble—Hengel? Oh!

Well, my son-in-law-Al was suddenly galvanized into action. His face lighted up. He pressed the bell again, rattled the locked area gate, "Hey," he shouted, "open the door! Hey!"

"Yes." her voice went on, "my son-inlaw has a position . . . He what? Well, I don't know about that; I only know he started to work already . . . Yes, a very fine position."

"Open the door!" Al shouted. He

pounded against the gate with both fists.
"Let me in! That's for me!"
Mrs. Harley said, "Well, good-b...
What?... Yes, you better let the other young man have the position . . . Not at all. Thank you very much. Good-by." She hung up. Al heard her padding toward him in her old felt bedroom slippers. "What is it?" she said angrily. "Is that any way to ring a person's—Oh, it's you." She unlatched the gate. "How did you make out with Mr. Curran?"

Al brushed past her, slid the length of the hall on the linoleum, picked up the telephone. He began to dial hastily. His hand stopped, The final number had com-

pletely left his mind.

He snapped on the dim hall light. snatched up the telephone book, began to look with feverish haste. There it was! Again he dialed the number, waited. "Hello-hello, Is Mr. Hengel there? It's Al Edwards calling."

"If it's the one who just called up, I told

him you had a job," Mrs. Harley explained.

"Hello. Yes? . . . He—he what? He's not in? But he is! He just called me Oh, he left. He was just talking to O'Connell, you say, and he won't be back till next Wednesday? . . . No. No message." He hung up and sat the".

"I don't know what you were so excited about. I told him. He said somethin' about his partner's son was goin' to take the job tomorrow if you didn't, so I told him to go ahead. 'He has a very fine position,' I says. It never hurts to do a little braggin' about your own. An' he says he was glad to hear that, an' to wish you—"

"Oh, for God's sake, shut up!"
"Is that Al?" Goldie called from up-

stairs, "Mama, is Al down there?"

"Yes, he is—an' you better come down here an' get him. I think he's drunk."

Goldie rushed down the stairs, "Al-Al, darl--- What's the-

"Let me alone," he said. He stood up,

burst out crying.
"Al, come on. I'll take you upstairs." Goldie sounded frightened.

"I don't want to go upstairs. Damn it to hell! If the whole pack of you'd only mind your own business for a change!" Tears blurred his eyes.

"Say, what's bitin' him anyway asked Mrs. Harley, "You been drinkin'?

Is that what you've been doin'? If you have, you got some nerve comin' into this house, I got a good mind to-

"Oh, go to hell!" Al brushed his knuckles across his eyes. He stood with his back toward them, looking down the long dark hall toward the screen door that opened into the back yard.

"I swear I don't know what he's so excited about," said Mrs. Harley. "He gets a nice job, an' then he——"

"I didn't get any job." he said. "I didn't go down to the docks. I took another shot at seeing Hengel, and he told me he'd see O'Connell again, and I was to wait till I heard from him."

'Well, you're a beauty, you are! After I go phonin' an' makin' a show of myself. What's the big idea? Why didn't you go

down the docks?'

What business is it of yours?" "Well, it's this much my business: I have to meet my taxes, an' to do that, I got to get my rent out of my upper floor.

Al turned around. He saw Goldie's face. indistinct in the darkness, something

woebegone, forlorn in her attitude.
"I'm getting out of here," he said,
He hadn't meant to say it. But there it was, He hoped Goldie would cry out. She didn't move

"If you walk out of here," Mrs. Harley's voice threatened, "you don't need to come back-ever!'

The gate shut behind him, He stepped out into the slanting sunlight.

Later, he sat in a lunch wagon. He ate voraciously but tasted nothing. When, halfway through the meal, he became conscious of his surroundings, of the food, he pushed the plate back, stood up, looked at the clock. It was twenty to eight.

He went out, walked a few blocks, saw a subway station-paused. A train was coming in. He rushed down the steps.

At ten-thirty he hurried up the street to the Harleys' house, turned in the area and rang the bell.

"Oh." Mrs. Harley came to the door. "I thought as much." In the darkness they faced each other through the grilled gate.
"I came to see Goldie."

"Well, she doesn't want to see you." He kept his voice down. "Open the

"Listen, you. This is my house, an' I don't take orders from-

"Open it."

"Mama!" Goldie came quickly from the hall into the little vestibule.

After a moment the gate swung open.

Al stepped forward.

"You got to apologize," said Mrs. Harley, blocking the entrance. "Before you take another step, you're goin' to apologize for the way you acted this after—

His eyes swung away from Goldie's face. I didn't come here to apologize, I want

to speak to Goldie."

"Well, you might as well know right here an' now we're not goin' to stand for any of your nonsense. If you're prepared to turn over a new leaf-

"Listen." he said. "I'm going to do the talking for a change—and it's not going to be to you. I want to talk to my wife-

and I mean alone."

Goldie touched her mother's arm. They moved into the hall, Mrs. Harley turned her back and walked into the dining room. In the light that streamed out. Goldie's eyes were red and puffed. Al closed the folding doors. They stood in darkness. He drew a deep breath,

"I haven't much time," he said. "I'm going to find out something in a few minutes, but first I want to ask you something, and I'm dead serious." He strained his eyes to see her. "I want to know if you'll come away from here tomorrow.

She burst out crying. "I can't," she said.
'I can't, I wouldn't leave Mama, and I—— Why, you don't know what you're saving."

You've got to." He reached out, found her shoulders, drew her close. "You've got to decide. I know you love her, and she's your mother and all that, but I'm not going to live here. It's not the way I want to live. It's not my place, don't you see? It's always hers, and it's not what we planned. It keeps getting worse—fights and arguments all the time. If we didn't live here it wouldn't be like that. We could get a couple of rooms-

"But we can't!" she cried. "We haven't any money. How can we go any place?" He kissed her. "That's up to me. A mere

a mere bagatelle, as they say.

He released her, walked to the telephone, turned on the light. He took a card from his pocket, sat down. His finger began to turn the dial.

"I just been over to see Hengel at his apartment," he said as he waited. "I told him about us, and I guess I never talked co hard and so fast in my life. He called up O'Connell while I was there, but they were out to the movies. He said to call him back around ten. He's going to pitch it to them . . . Hello? Mr. Hengel's apart-ment, please."

GOLDIE CAME over and stood beside him. He wondered if she could hear the thumping of his heart.

"Hello? Mr. Hengel?" Al's voice became very loud, "Mr. Hengel, this is Al Edwards bet I will, Honest I . . . Good night."

Goldie leaned against him, took a lock of his hair, twisted it around her finger. "You know," she said, as he sank limply back against the wall, "that time upstairs in the kitchen when I said I had something to tell you? When I went back to the job?

"Yes." he said, his eyes closed.

for the first time in weeks.

"Well, I-well, I have. So-so there!" It took a little while for the news to sink in. His other arm went around her and held her tight, He felt the ground under them solidifying. He felt safe again,

Voted "Most Glamorous"... Debs who take this Woodbury Facial Cocktail



CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

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"At coming-out parties and other gala society events, certain debutantes I know always steal the show. Their beauteous complexions, kept lovely with a 5 o'clock Woodbury Facial Cocktail, make them magnets for admiring eyes."

Tonight Attract Men's Admiring Glances...Take this Exhilarating Beauty Treatment with Woodbury

If You would win your heart's desire, take the advice of glamorous debutantes. Give yourself a Woodbury Facial Cocktail whenever your skin looks haggard with fatigue. Face to face with a man, your complexion must be lovely!

Many of the fairest debs take a beauty cocktail before every date. This simple cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap helps revive your tired, end-of-the-day complexion, makes skin softly enchanting.

Long before this year's crop of lovely debs was born, Woodbury Facial Soap was used by the belles of the '90s. Its famous formula has helped millions of women to 'A Skin You Love to Touch''. Now a skin-invigorating Vitamin in Woodbury's creamy lather aids the skin's vitality.

Before dinner tonight, give your complexion a refreshing Facial Cocktail with Woodbury. You'll fascinate men's eyes!



CONTAINS SKIN-INVIGORATING VITAMIN*
*Produced by ultra-violet irradiation...Pat. No. 1676579

Hollywood Social Secretary (Continued from page 33)

other names indicated the undependable ones whose glasses Flanders was supposed to watch.

It was my duty to arrange all dinner parties, and I was given two lists. The first was a general one, composed of names involving return obligations and also "studio politics." This list was elastic. In almost any social order one's position is established by birth, but in Hollywood there is a new kind of caste system created entirely by box-office popularity. Men and women are exalted for a few seasons to a dazzling world fame. On this eggshell balance depends the acceptance of society.

The second list was composed of intimates of the master and mistress, among whom were Ellin Berlin. "Rocky" Cooper (the former Veronica Baife). Paulette Goddard and Loretta Young. Other lists prepared for me were of bridge men and women and tennis men and women. The bridge list was considered important; upon it depended the success of many dinners. It contained "preferred" names and "substitutes." For instance, when Constance Bennett was invited—and by the way, she is one of the best bridgers here—if for any reason her preferred partner, Gilbert Roland, was unavailable, you looked at the substitute list for a happy second. Hollywood takes its bridge seriously, and the stakes are high.

A remark that will go down in bridge circles was made the evening George Kaufman was playing opposite Herman Mankiewicz, the noted scenarist. "Yes, Herman," said Kaufman scathingly, "I know you learned to play bridge this afternoon, but be definite what time this afternoon."

Sunday tennis parties were the master's hobby. Among the names on this list were Alfred Vanderbilt, Robert Riskin, Ronald Colman, Ginger Rogers and Charlie Chaplin.

Still another list given me was composed of "Extra Men." These were unattached males who could be relied on. On it were the two dazzling young bachelors of the moment, Howard Hughes and Johnny Swope, Gerard Swope's son.

THE SERVANT problem is particularly acute in Hollywood, not because of insufficient wages or uncomfortable quarters, but because contradiction of instructions, irregularity of schedule and hours, and lack of executive ability on the part of the mistress of the house result in a confusion which well-trained servants will not stand.

When a story conference is called and the master decides to work at the house, delirium reigns. The phones ring madly, constantly. The meeting often lasts all night. Schedule is disrupted, and the next day the servants go about looking holloweyed and sulky.

Perhaps the most significant fact of the moment is that every servant engaged is fingerprinted and required to pass a physical examination.

When the racing season is on, the pulse of Hollywood is like machine-gun fire and the blood pressure of every servant in the house mounts, Meals are irregular; the cook, butler and under servants are aroused any hour of the night to prepare food or serve drinks, and life is lived on the line. "They're off!"

No better example of the lack of systematic planning could be found than the dinner for a Wall Street celebrity which climaxed the last Santa Anita season. At this affair were famous figures of the turf, all the film industry's executive moguls and a parade of the most stunningly beautiful stars in the colony.

Three days before the event, I sent the usual telegrams. "Will you come to a party for Balmain Carruthers (that's not the real name) Thursday? Dinner at eight—black tie..." Invitations are invariably issued by telegraph. Noel Coward arrives for a week, let us say, or Lady Mendl stops over on her way to Honolulu. Dinners are decided on suddenly, and so the telegraphic dinner-at-eight-black-tie has become Hollywood Emily Post.

The Carruthers dinner was arranged but a few days in advance; even so, in most households on so large a scale even such a distinguished party would have been accomplished with smoothness. But not in Hollywood! This is what happened:

First, the day before the event the menu, which was exquisitely embossed in silver with each guest's name, was rushed to the printer's. Second, the mistress made a last-minute decision that the drawing-room rug, enormously expensive and rare, needed cleaning. Third, the butler found no suitable tablecloth in readiness. Fourth, the dinner table was found too small to seat so many guests.

For two delirious days we moved in a torrent of orders. A new table top was made by a miracle man and a point de Venise banqueting cloth, discovered in an unused closet, was sent to the cleaner's at a cost of two dollars a yard for rush work. But, as the great hour drew near, it was discovered that the place cards and menus had not yet arrived. Also, Madam, who had chosen to manage this important party herself, had forgotten to order the floral decoration!

I rushed out to the gardens, which were massed with California blooms, among them white and pink camellias. Filling two wine coolers with sand, I piled each with camellias in a pyramid effect, one pink and one white, and that obstacle was overcome.

A hasty review of the pantry disclosed everything in readiness. Next came a consultation with the chef, who had been with a royal house and whose caviar blinis (tiny pancakes filled with caviar and creamed lobster) were his specialty. The white-and-silver menus having finally arrived, I checked with him the following: minestrone, blinis, roast squab with wild rice, carrot soufflé, fresh peas with mint, romaine salad with Roquefort, café bombe. The last was another of the chef's specialties: coffee ice cream in meringue, thinly frosted with vanilla, served with hot chocolate sauce flavored with brandy. I had already checked the four wines with the butler,

Dinner being called for eight, I asked the chef when he would begin serving. Five years' experience in erratic, brilliant Hollywood houses had given him an immovable composure.

"I weel send in the soup at ten-thirty, miss. My blinis wait for no one."

From seven on, I reminded the mistress at half-hour intervals that the place cards, which she preferred to write herself, had not been prepared and, even more important, that the seating of the guests had not been decided.

In the hostess' dining room that night was the royalty of the biggest kingdom in the world, whose faces are better known than those of any historical personages of the moment. That can give anyone a thrill!

After coffee and liqueurs came the rite of every big Hollywood evening—pictures in the projection room. This room was spacious, beautifully paneled, and upholstered in vermilion leather, with deep

sofas for theater seats. At the far end of the room was the screen, which when not in use was concealed beneath the floor. At the pressure of an electric button it rose slowly to eye level. The latest releases and important foreign pictures were shown here.

After the pictures, the guests settled down to the real business of the evening. Hollywood lives on excitement, and its peak expression is gambling. High-salaried film folk will bet any amount on anything, from the number of gallons of water in the new swimming pool to the sex of someone's expected baby.

One evening I entered the rumpus room to find a group swirling excitedly about Carole Lombard. They were betting on the number of diamond baguettes in her emerald bracelet. When the brilliant Argentine poloists, the Reynal brothers, played in the international championship matches at Midwick, Constance Bennett, who presented the trophy—a huge gold loving cup—bet a white peacock on the outcome and won. It was a regrettable wager, for the bird aroused the neighborhood and had to be sent away.

WHEN HOLLYWOOD sends flowers, it's not just two or three dozen roses, but a florist's exhibit. Another Hollywood mood is the monogram Everything is monogrammed, from underthings, bed-clothes, linens and the soap in the bathroom to swimming-pool chairs.

The Hollywood social world is composed of two distinct sets. One includes the stars, the successful producers, ace directors and their wives; the other, dovetailing with it at times—in it but not of it—consists of women with Social Register backgrounds who have married into the film colony. In this latter group are Veronica Balfe Cooper, Mrs. Henry Fonda, Ellin Berlin, Mrs. Fred Astaire, Whitney Bourne and Madeleine Carroll—who has been presented at the British Court.

Jock Whitney leans to the cinema people. He is doing big things out here, and he loves Hollywood at a short-range view. His wife, "Liz" Whitney of racing fame, steers a middle course between the two sets, but occasionally one will see them together at a Hollywood party. Liz engaged an entire night club, La Conga, for the dinner she gave in honor of Jock's last birthday, and for that one night she "went Hollywood," which is a synonym for "cockeved."

When she learned that her husband and Herbert Bayard Swope, who were hurrying out on the Streamliner from New York, had been marooned by the California flood and could not possibly arrive in time for the dinner, Liz brought in her stable mascot, a tiny mule on whose back was a blanket in her racing colors with the letters J-O-C-K, and placed him in the guest of honor's chair.

No one tries to be reasonable in Hollywood. Everything is too hectic. That is not to say that Hollywood hasn't its moments of enchantment, but it is keyed in an exaggerated mood which makes it unstable and bewildering. The formula for living is: "anything for a thrill." Out of this evolves the plan of the moment.

"Let's give a beachcombers' party for Doris Duke Cromwell," my employer said suddenly one day. "She's going to Honolulu." I was instructed to send the inevitable telegraphic invitation. "Come to the South Seas, Sunday at nine—beach costume only."

For this occasion two Hawaiian bands played on the long terrace, which had been decorated as a lanai, and here a

Among the Social Light BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

Star of Society Pages-Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young

member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.

But they both praise the **NEW** "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* a famous cream maker aives today

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

"If 'special' means complicated and expensive-no! But I do use 2 creams, I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin and now it contains Vitamin A.

I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT.

How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up-it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream.

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry, Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin,' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT: What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

"Yes!-I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.







Between Rehearsals - Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook-Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 5-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Fond's, Bept. 5-CVR, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream,
Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream
(quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7
different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I
enclose 10t to cover postage and packing.

Name		
Street	 	

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Modern Mansion-Mrs. Roosevelt graciously ses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

Frequent Hyde Park Visitor-On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats 'Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.

native feast was served by Hawaiian boys

in island costume.

This fabulous dinner will always stand out as one of the most fantastic ever given in Hollywood, A telephone call to Hono-lulu brought by China Clipper to San Francisco, and thence to Hollywood by chartered plane, leis of ginger blossoms and hibiscus for the women and feather headbands for the men, bottles of okolehau and a shipment of taro, dried squid and red-salt condiment. A model of the Clipper over four feet long, made of gardenias, decorated the table.

Plane service is utilized without a moment's thought for any desired specialty. At a dinner given in one home for a distinguished woman visitor, terrapin especially prepared by a Maryland Club chef was sent by air from Baltimore. The transcontinental airways are used on the slightest pretext, just as the traveling

public uses busses.

The most sybaritic gesture of one establishment I worked in was the telephone. The house resembled an Associated Press room. Long calls were made with breath-taking casualness to Paris, London, Vienna, Buenos Aires, Sydney— often to ships at sea. Many times the

monthly bill totaled a thousand dollars.

Gifts? Hollywood doesn't send giftssends storefuls! Paying one's dinner obligations with flowers has become commonplace. Madeleine Carroll paid hers to one hostess by sending a case of fine French wine, A Shetland pony left at the door for the small heir of the house was one of last year's occurrences.

Hollywood's women are obsessed with the idea of keeping slender. The scene I encountered one afternoon in a certain great lady's bedroom is a sample of this heavily accented Hollywood fear.

Dresses lay in heaps on the bed. The cleaner who had been sent for was being reprimanded for shrinking the lady's gowns. He attempted to convince her that they had undergone no change.

"Nonsense, don't tell me that! I'm the same weight I've been for years," said the lady, and swept from the room.

The man turned to me and said, "Confidentially, miss, I don't dare tell her, It's true she's the same weight-but you see, her cargo has shifted,"

In terms of personalities and money, Hollywood is today the amusement center of the world. It invites the individualists of every guild of magnificent trivia.

The Duc di Verdura, who designs for Flato, will make individual jewelry for you, but like the painter Sargent, only if he finds you interesting enough. He devised as dress clasps for Kay Francis a pair of tiny bare gold feet, the toenails of which were matched rubies. For a noted producer's wife, he designed a quivering spray of her favorite flower, the fuchsia, made up of amethysts and rubies tipped with diamonds.

Hollywood is the largest buyer of individual perfumes in the world, Paris excepted. In one house I know the perfume cabinet is a three-foot satin-lined pagoda lighted by small colored bulbs. Many perfumes in it cost fifty and sixty dollars an ounce, and it is the first thing in the room the owner's friends rush for,

The Hollywood arena is a gigantic and incredibly ostentatious scene. It may be summed up in the answer of Beatrice Lillie to José Iturbi when, having been escorted by one of the Hollywood magnates to a set of impressive beauty and costliness, he turned to her and said, "Is all this art for art's sake?"

"No," was Miss Lillie's memorable reply, "not for Art's sake, but for his big brother. Jack!"

Anything but This (Continued from page 51)

landed. "Hey, watch out," he said. "Why doesn't Bill give you something you can ride?"

"Watch out, yourself," said Mary. "Why don't you get off your horse and lie down under the coop?" Mary didn't get angry

But Kaki Brewster knew how to be mean. He wanted to be master, and wasn't. Mary saw that Patricia was looking back. She'd caught the whole scene. Her black eyes, malicious, shot straight at Mary, and she smiled. Mary kicked Suzy and wedged her way forward and got right next to Patricia and Bill,

But when she got up there, what was there to do? She was so nervous now, so angry, so scared, she could have cried. And then Bill turned around, and his small bright blue eyes looked at Suzy.

"Look at those shoulders," he said.
"That mare's a jumpin' fool."
Patricia leaned over and put her hand
on Fouracres' back. "Listen," she said. You're tops, and you know it. Your horses are tops."

Mary saw the way Bill looked at her. He's falling in love with her, thought Mary

Somebody said, "They're off!" And now the music swelled with the excited overtones, the clear high pitch of running hounds, Bill was galloping down the road. He flew at the next coop, flew over it.

Patricia went over next, and then, here

was Suzy ready to go.

Mary was angry now; her spirits were up. She was angry, and she didn't care. She steadied Suzy and let her go at it.

he steadied Suzy and ret rice why I'm Patricia Wentworth—that's why I'm breaking my neck, she thought. then. I'll break my neck, I'm here behind them.

A lovely savage feeling went all through her, warming her from head to foot. Suzy, feeling no nervous hand at her bit, steadied herself, took the next big coop and galloped hell for leather.

I must stick on, Mary thought. Suzy

must stand up.

The field was behind. Ahead was Bill, with Patricia, Bill checked for an instant You could hear hounds to the left. Bill kicked Fouracres and went scrambling up a steep bank, and Patricia and Mary followed him.

The field was gathered in the road

watching them, wondering what to do, deciding to go around.

You could just hear Kaki Brewster: Bill's too reckless." You could see Kaki Brewster now, leading the field around.

They came to a jump, a little wall with loose stones—a horror of a jump, with blind, tearing branches, Bill went over, Fouracres scrambling on loose stones; Patricia's hunter went next, the old expert, taking it from a standstill.

What will poor Suzy do? I don't care. Mary thought, I don't care, Suzy gave a running spurt forward, and Mary banged

her leg against a tree.

She sat tight and didn't know what Suzy did. But she felt Suzy jump, struggle on the rocks, slip down.
"I don't care," she said. "I don't care."

They galloped over three rolling fields, across three fences. The huntsman and the whip were well ahead, two scarlet coats. The three of them were alone.

The fox was ahead, just out of sight. And then they saw him, running for his life, running with his brush high, a slim pale auburn streak on the gray fields, with the dappled hounds strung out behind.

Oh, you could see how it was. The glad hounds and the desperate fox.

Here was a fence: the sky showed through it and the earth was far below. A terrible drop for a horse. The huntsman galloped over to the left; Bill looked over the fence, trotted Fouracres back,

"There's quite a drop and a ditch!" he yelled. "If you girls want to, follow the huntsman."

Fouracres galloped slowly at the jump. and next Fouracres lay on his back with his legs kicking the air.

It seemed like hours and hours before they got the truck across the field and laid Bill in it. Hounds went on alone with the whip and with the rest of the field behind. You could still hear hound music. "They're in the woods again," said Bill.

He tried to get up on his elbow, and then he turned white.

"I broke something," he said.

Mary saw the huntsman with his anxious face. She saw him take off his scarlet coat and put it over Bill; heard Bill saying, "No, no, get going with hounds," and sounding angry. She saw Patricia being efficient, sending the huntsman for a farm truck. She saw Suzy and Patricia's

chestnut tied to the fence on the other side, and on this side Fouracres tied,

Mary was down beside Bill, and she had the silver brandy flask. She tried to take Bill's hand, but Bill in pain pushed at her hand. And she rose and stood calm. pale, ice-cold, waiting for the truck.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "please forgive me. I'm a pig. I'm selfish. I've thought of myself. I'm punished, God, but don't punish me too much-not too much."

The farmhouse was fetid with the glowing wood stove. They chased the children out, and Doctor Hamlin was there. Doctor Hamlin had heard it from the whip, and so he'd pulled out.

"Three cracked ribs. I guess," he said. He bent over Bill, who was on the sofa. And this time you stay off a horse until they're mended. Do you hear that, Mary?"

Patricia was there in one corner. She gave Mary a lovely, pleasant smile. "Don't worry, Doctor Hamlin," she said. "Mary's glad it happened. She hates fox-hunting. and now she's got an excuse.'

Mary, white as a sheet, said nothing. If she looked at Bill now, he'd know. He'd be able to tell that it was true. He'd take one look at her scared face, and he'd see that he was married to a little cheat who pretended things she didn't mean, He'd see her eyes and understand everything she'd tried to pretend these three years. Even while they stood here in this room he'd remember a million little things that proved what Patricia had just said. And then he'd see that he was married to somebody who didn't belong in his life at all.

Oh, he'd have proof now! She mustn't look at him, Instead, she raised her eyes and gave Patricia a smile.

"I think you're overwrought, Patricia." she said gaily. "Perhaps you ought to go home and lie down."

Doctor Hamlin got up. "This is a poor time to pick a fight, Patricia," he said. "You'd better not wait around here. I've fixed everything up, so there's nothing for you to do but get back on your horse and chase after Kaki Brewster.

Patricia started for the door. Her beautiful face was still pleased and mean. She turned and said, "I know. Nothing's as nasty as the truth." And then the door slammed,

"Well," said Doctor Hamlin a moment

How do you arrive at the cost of life insurance?

ALOT OF PEOPLE ASK THE QUESTION, "How do you figure out what my life insurance will cost me?"

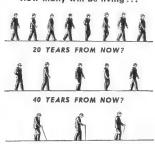
As you may know, life insurance calculations are made by Actuaries—men skilled in the science of life insurance mathematics. But you don't have to be an Actuary to understand the basic facts about the cost of life insurance.

Three factors enter into the cost of life insurance. They are: (1) mortality; (2) interest; (3) expense.

First, let's take up mortality.

In insuring a group of people of a given age, a life insurance company must be able to approximate how many of the group will die each year—and, hence, how much money will have to be on hand to meet the claims that will fall due each year.

How many will be living ...



60 YEARS FROM NOW?

Knowing approximately how much money will have to be paid out in death claims each year is an important factor in figuring the cost of life insurance.

To determine this, the company uses a mortality table adapted to the type of risk represented—a table which is based on the number of actual deaths as experienced in past years in similar groups.

The company could, of course, collect just enough money in premiums each year to pay the claims expected for that year and to cover the cost of doing business for the policyholders. But this has not proved a satisfactory method in the past.

As adults in a group insured at a given age become older, the death rate increases. Hence, the claim rate also increases. Obviously, the number of people in the group left alive to pay those claims constantly decreases ... and the cost to the

survivors eventually would become pro-

A life insurance company, therefore, works out a "level" premium to be paid by each member of the group each year. This "level" premium amounts to somewhat more than is necessary for claims in the early years, when the death rate is low... and somewhat less than is necessary in later years, when the death rate is high.



Most of a life insurance company's money is busily at work earning interest from diversified investments—one type, for example, is first mortgages on desirable apartment buildings. This interest belps to pay for your life insurance.

Two things are done with the money collected in early years. First, the company pays current claims. Then it seaside a "reserve" fund so that in later years, when premium collections are less than is necessary to pay claims, money will be on hand to make up the difference. This "reserve" is scientifically calculated and is required by law. It assures the policyholder that his premium will not increase as he grows older.

If the company did not accumulate this reserve, it could not maintain the level premium. Nor would it have the funds to pay cash, loan, or other non-forfeiture values available under legal reserve life insurance policies.

This reserve is not held as cash in the vaults. It is invested to earn interest, which is the second factor entering into the cost of life insurance. When calculating the premium to be paid, the company assumes the obligation to add interest to the reserve each year during the life of the contract at a definite rate... and thus enables the policyholder to pay a lower premium than he would otherwise have to pay.

The third factor to be taken into account is expense—the cost of doing business for the group insured. This cost includes taxes, maintenance of office and field force, and the expense incident to all the transactions that are necessary each year.



This is one of the automatic check-signing machines at Metropolitan. More than 7.000.000 checks in payment of obligations to policyholders and beneficiaries were issued in 1938.

These are the basic principles involved in computing life insurance premiums. And Metropolitan does just what you would do... if you had to provide for something to be delivered in the future, perhaps 2,000 A.D. It figures conservatively, allowing a margin for contingencies. Then, if the cost of life insurance does not turn out to be as much as was assumed, the difference is paid or credited annually to the policyholders as dividends.

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This is Number 17 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, Chairman of the board • Leroy A. Lincoln, President

1 Madison Avenue, New York, N, Y,



barn here."

Mary and Bill were alone. She came and sat down beside him. I mustn't excite him, she thought, It isn't fair. But he's already excited and worried. Perhaps I ought to put his mind at rest.

She said, "Darling, disregard what Patricia said. That was because she doesn't like me. She's all for you. Maybe she's in love with you. If that's so-and if you feel the same way-I won't make a fuss. I'll make everything easy. I'll get out of your way. After all, it's true what she says. am a ccward. I'm the biggest coward in Loudoun County.

"I'm scared to death. I'm scared out of my wits. Today I was scared of Suzythe-Devil, Are you listening? I was scared, Bill, scared! I hated it. I hate it most days. I—I——"She swallowed hard. "I know it's a funny time to say this, Bill. But things have got so I had to talk. You see, I don't want to make you unhappy. I'll go and see if the car is here."

But she couldn't go, because he held her hand,

"I'm surprised at you," he said. "You don't have to say all that stuff about being

later, "guess I'll put these horses in the scared. That's no grounds for divorce, not even in Loudoun County. I know you get scared, and that's what makes you so brave, sweetie. You're much braver than Patricia, I'll bet she wouldn't ride Suzy -she'd never get Suzy to go like thatright behind the master. I guess that's why she's jealous."

"Look, here, Bill. There isn't any need to make jokes or try to spare my feelings. It's better to say the truth right out. I won't be angry, and I'll understand it. I want you to say that-you're in love with her, Say it! Because you are!

She jerked her hand away, so that he held his breath with the pain in his side. And he looked at her and saw her sitting

there, proud as Punch.

He noticed her tall silk hat and her veil and her white stock, and he saw how correct she looked and how straight she sat. There was all her pride and her courage. and her foolishness. The things that made her ride horses for him and share her life with him, even though she was scared.

"Sweetie," he said, "Oh, my old sweetie, You look like a blond Snow Queen sitting there. You look—as if you didn't have any feelings. But you go hunting every day, and you ride my young horses for meand you won't believe me when I tell you that you're brave. And you're brave all the time-just for me.

"Sweetie," he went on, "Patricia's awfully pretty, isn't she? And I'll tell you the truth, now. I did fall for her a little bit. Look, only this much." He measured an inch in the air with his fingers.

"Until just now, when she was mean to you," he added, "And that queered her with me. Because I love you so much I can't even measure it. Not here in this room, or outdoors either. Look at me, sweetle, I love you more than all Loudoun County and all Fauquier County and all the world and all the sky. And more than any girl I ever met, or any horse I ever met," he added, smiling, because he saw that she was going to cry.

He saw her winking her eyes. He was awfully tired, and he'd talked such a lot for him, And his ribs hurt. He saw that she was getting dim.

And then she was in his arms. She crushed his ribs; but he held her tight.
"Oh, darling," she said, "If that's true—why, I'll never, never be afraid again. Or, if I am-why, it's worth it!"

They didn't have to say any more. They just stayed very close together.

Lovelorn Columns (Continued from page 19)

people thought the way you did, and she said I could have my baby and she promised to take care of it till I could get work, She's going to let me keep him! I won't have to marry that horrid old man, either . . . My baby's gaining every day, and I'm sending you a snapshot of him. Isn't he lovely?'

Would you advise a crippled girl to marry? This one wrote me when she was stricken with infantile paralysis six months before her wedding date. Her fiancé, a physician, insisted that she go through with the marriage. "I can't let him marry me," she wrote. "He says I'm all he'll ever want, but please tell me how I can make him see that marriage with me would ruin his career!"

What would you have advised her to

do? I told her to marry,

A year later, on her first wedding anniversary, she wrote me how grateful she was that with my help she had found the courage to become this man's wife, "He says I'm just the inspiration he needs. We both want you to know that this wonderful year is only the beginning of a mar-velous life together." And he signed the letter too!

"That married man I told you about I've sent back to his wife, because you showed me it was the only decent thing to do," confesses a twenty-one-year-old. "Now I already feel that spiritual peace you

promised me would come."

"My flancé died a year ago, Anne Hirst," says a woman of thirty. "I thought only of dying too, until your answer to my letter appeared. I've tried to do as you said, and when I weaken I pull out that clipping and read it again, and so far I've come through."

These few examples indicate the sort of letters that come to the desk of a lovelorn editor, I could fill this magazine with vignettes as dramatic, as moving: husbands and wives who agreed to have another try at marriage; families persuaded to bear and forbear when they'd been tearing each other's nerves to bits; mothers explained to their daughters (and what a problem that is), and growing girls brought closer to their parents; the age-old problem of married men playing about with young girls.

The eternal triangle outnumbers all other problems put before me. Next comes

the in-law question. How would you try to make a young wife see that her motherin-law is really interested in the hap-piness of the newlyweds and is offering the testimony of her years of marriage only so they may avoid tragedies ahead?

"Do men write to a lovelorn column?" When my column was started nine years ago, at least a third of the letters came from men, The figure still holds, Mostly they are from men over thirty who find themselves disappointed in their wives; or from men of forty-odd, restless, tired of humdrum living, seeking youth, preferably with a pretty face. Fathers whose children have shocked them into articulate protest turn in their bewildered anger to a professional adviser.

Many of those who read lovelorn columns, and all who don't, are convinced that only silly girls and boys write in. But out of all the letters that come to me, only seventeen percent are from the youngsters; the rest come from men and

women over twenty-five.

"What kind of people write to a stranger?" Well, one day I found my next-door neighbor had written me, not knowing I was Anne Hirst, Schoolteachers by the hundred, business women, socially prominent matrons; physicians, ministers, psychiatrists (who sometimes get all tangled up in their personal affairs), eminent businessmen-all reveal intimate details of their love or family lives which would amaze you. The first letter that ever came to me was from a young man of twentyseven, and when the column started in New York, a prominent broker wrote me before anyone else.

Men often seem to feel that I'm on the woman's side, while women accuse me of taking the man's part. That happens because I try to explain that no crisis can be wholly charged to either sex; each writer has presented a one-sided case.

"Why do 'nice' people write to someone they don't know?" Because they have nowhere else to turn. They know what their families and their friends would say if asked, so that's out. They believe that no one knows their secret or ever will; but one fine day they are driven to the point where they just must tell somebody, so they write to an anonymous woman.

Whatever counsel I give is based on ethics and common sense. I try to be

tolerant, and I admit to a deep compassion for human frailties, I put myself in the mental state of you who write me, and try to phrase my advice in words you might be using to yourself.

I could not, of course, have made what has been called a phenomenal success with such an intimate column in nine short years if I hadn't been given an entirely free hand, I am permitted to deal with sex, religion and other emotional situations as I please, and I please to face them frankly. I must be the surgeon who operates with a clean knife, lest infection spread and my words do harm instead of good.

The editing of a lovelorn column cannot be approached with the conviction of superior judgment or knowledge. True, you cannot listen to thousands of problems without evolving certain basic rules of conduct and learning many ways of imparting solace and instilling courage. But you must have real humility, the consciousness of grave responsibility, gratitude for the chance to be useful to the less fortunate.

I wouldn't give up my work in this cosmopolitan world for any other work I know. I almost never have a week end to myself, and there is little time for my friends. There's a lot of collateral reading to be done; and I must get about town pretty regularly to see what the youngsters-and oldsters-are doing and thinking, for you can't direct a column like mine from an ivory tower.

I should add, in all honesty, that if I ever have any more serious problems of my own, I'll probably crack to little bits, I'd be ashamed to, but I don't know The influence of a patient husband who married me a dozen years ago, and who still thinks I'm fun to live with, would

save me if anything could.

And I have another reason to look ahead serenely. Most women with graving hair get panicky, in the dark hours of the night, wondering what will happen to them if they should lose their jobs. Mine is almost the only work I know in which a woman is supposed to grow more valuable with the years, And I am so grateful for the opportunity it gives me to be of some small use in this large troubled world that, so far as I'm concernedheaven can wait.

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"After all, the Clapp people should know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"



"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups —Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens
Fruits —Apricots • Prunes • Apple

Cereal -Baby Cereal

Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch.

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly —never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."



"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in haby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups -Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners —Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables
Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables — Carrots · Spinach Beets · Green Beans · Mixed Greens Fruits — Apple Sauce · Prunes

Desserts -- Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children, Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

HE WAS MY

T WAS an ordinary street accident.
The usual screeching of brakes: the cars stalling; the crowd that arrives from nowhere; the cop shouting to move on there; the clanging bell of the ambulance. There was nothing unusual about it at all, except at the very beginning-the halfdrunk hobo who had been panhandling his way up the avenue, who suddenly took charge of everything. Who got the poor woman into an easier position; who called for handkerchiefs to turn into bandages; who sent someone into the nearest drugstore for water—to whom the woman clung gratefully until the white-garbed ambulance surgeon elbowed him aside and moved her into the ambulance.

The hobo slouched away. Being a sucker for things like that, I followed. He didn't go far—only over to Ninth Avenue, where he ducked in through a pair of swinging

doors, with me behind him,

He paid for one drink and drank it quickly, then set about talking the bar-tender into giving him one on the cuff. He was rewarded with a fish-eyed expression which said more clearly than words: Pay for your drink or get out. It was then that he let me buy him a drink.

After we had three apiece he began to After we mad three space the began to talk, "I saw you back there in the crowd," he said. "I know why you're buying me a drink, too. Did you think I didn't?" "No," I said. "I figured you

ILLUSTRATED BY

MARSHALL FRANTZ

could guess."

"I can guess, all right. You want to hear about me, to get my story. You want to know why I, an educated man, am running around in these clothes, cadging

drinks, acting like a tramp," "On the contrary," I said brutally, "I want to know why you, a tramp, were acting like an educated man back there

Like a doctor, to be exact."
That didn't make him mad: it made him laugh. "I'll tell vou." he said. "I'm really a you," he said, "I'm really a big shot. A Park Avenue specialist. A big success all my life, but now, in the middle of my career, I'm in trouble. The trouble is—I've got to write a book. Why, no doctor's worth his office rent nowadays until he's written a book about himself. His early days, jackknife surgery, kitchoperations, riding fifty miles in the snow just behind the stork-you know the sort

of thing. All the queer things that have ever happened. And there's my trouble. Nothing queer ever happened to me."
"No, of course not," I said. "A rich fam-

ily, a fine medical college, a good practice and so forth."

"You're close;" he said. "Everything's always worked out well for me—good school, good home, good practice, rich wife, rich patients. I can't write a book about that! You can see that, can't you?"

JOSEPH Sty

MARY

"Oh, yes," I agreed. "Yes, I can see that." "So here I am, dressed as a hobo, living on the city streets, looking for adventure: children being born in taxis, twins preferably-anything exciting that would make good reading. And what do you suppose happens? Nothing. And when it does, the ambulance gets there in such a hurry! What does a doctor do nowadays? How does he have those adventures?"

He looked at me over the top of his glass, drained it, put it down, I motioned to the barkeeper.

"You're not amused, are you?" asked the hobo mildly, "Well, I don't blame you. It wasn't very funny. But you've bought me a lot of drinks, and you want to know my story. So what the hell, I might as well tell it to you."

I had a friend once (he began), a friend and a patient. A bad combination, you know. He was my friend first, and then he became my patient-and a very sick one. He had diabetes. You're not a doctor, are you? No? He had a pretty wife, too. Gloria. They were both my friends; both my patients. Did I tell you what I was? No? I forgot. I was the most successful doctor in the city where we lived. Not a big city, but big enough. Call it any name you want.

So he was my friend, and he had dia-betes. You can do a lot with it now, you know. Insulin. You can stave off death



TIME FOR A MASTER STROKE



A MASTER STROKE is required when the situation is critical, whether in a friendly game of golf or in the more serious business of living.

If your family should ever have to go along without you, would they be forced to get back on the fairway of life the hard way...or would they have the dependable help and "follow through" of life insurance to lift them out of a difficult situation?

There is a John Hancock plan especially designed to meet such an emergency. It is called the readjustment income plan, because it carries dependents smoothly through the readjustment period. It is the master stroke which gives them the income that they need while they plan to get along without the full financial support of husband and father.

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ARRANGE a John Hancock readjustment income plan to meet your personal ideas of an adequate readjustment income for your family... A popular use is to maintain income at the accustomed scale for a year and adjust payments gradually downward for another year or more.

Its cost? Probably no more than you spend every day for some minor luxury which means far less to you than the peace of mind a readjustment income plan affords. Ask a John Hancock representative to tell you about it or write Department D-10 for a descriptive booklet.



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GUY W. COX. President



HOT WEATHER keeps your feet steaming in perspiration. During the day your socks stay hot and damp. This irritates the skin -causes it to crack open-makes you an easy prey to painful Athlete's Foot!



ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI actually feed on that dried skin and stale moisture until the skin cracks open. Then they get under the surface of the skin through that crack and spread through the tissues. Soon red, itchy toeswhite, blistering patches of skin peeling offmake you realize you have Athlete's Foot.



Drench it at ONCE

Don't wait till Athlete's Foot has this start. The very instant you see a tiny crack between your toes, drench it with Absorbine Jr.

- I. It dries the skin between the toes.
- 2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
- 3. A powerful fungicide—it kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. 4. It soothes and heips heal the broken tissues.
- 5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against re-infection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

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for years-forever, if you're careful. It's a balancing act, you might say. Too much sugar in your blood, so you take insulin. If you get too much insulin, take a little sugar. A very delicate balance—to be maintained constantly. It's not hard if you're careful. He wanted to live, and he had good reason to.

We planned his life carefully, he and I. Nothing left to chance. Twenty units of insulin, eight hours apart-three shots a

day, every day.

We used to go on hunting trips together often. Al was a big fellow, and he liked the woods. We never went too far from civilization, and we took along everything we might need: lots of insulin: extra needles; extra lump sugar for Al to carry in his pocket.

Why sugar? I said it was a balancing act, didn't I? All diabetics carry sugar. No matter how careful you are, sometimes something goes haywire and you take too much insulin, maybe, and then use up your energy too fast, burning up your natural sugar-and there you are, un-

balanced the other way.

Insulin shock, they call it. It's as bad as diabetes, in its way. Works just as fast. You go into a coma, stay there a short time, and there you go. Years of care undone in a few minutes. So, as I said, they always carry sugar-a quick temporary

So we'd take along lots of sugar, lots of insulin, lots of needles, for Al. It wasn't risky, his going off like that, After all, I

was there. I was his doctor.

Well, we went on this trip, It was the big trip of the year for both of us. Down the Sanoochie River and into Lake Mabaco-canoe all the way, and camping in the woods at night. It was a swell trip, and Al enjoyed it a lot. Everything went fine until we started home, and then, in just one minute, everything went wrong.

We hit a rock. The canoe went over, and we went over too. I got banged on the head, and Al was damn near drowned, and we lost our canoe and all our supplies,

It could have been worse, of course. We weren't too far from a town. Preston was only about twenty miles away, and the road, as near as we could figure, came within ten miles of us. We could walk it.

Al didn't worry much about losing the insulin, He'd had a shot not long before we tipped over, and he figured that would last him till we got to Preston. We were cold and wet, and we started walking.

We walked damn near three hours before Al began to notice anything wrong. I'd noticed it already, but I wasn't saying anything. It came on him quickly. One minute he was walking along behind me, and the next he was down on the ground, going into a coma.

He didn't know what had happened for a minute. Just before it hit him, he started yelling for his sugar-and naturally, there wasn't any sugar. Most of it was at the

bottom of the river.

You see, he was a big fellow—there was an awful lot of him to keep moving. And we'd been stepping along pretty fast. Cold, we were, and hurrying. He'd burned up energy awfully fast-and it hadn't been long since he'd had that last shot. He shouldn't have walked so fast so soonany doctor could have told him that. Sure, I could have told him that.

Did I mention his wife before? I did? Gloria, his wife. She was awfully pretty.

So there was Al dying, in a coma. Two hundred pounds, dead weight. No, there wasn't anything I could do. I couldn't carry him. If I ran to the road and stopped a car, the chances were it would have been too late when I got back with help. A shame, wasn't it? And that pretty wife . . .

You've heard of sadism? You know what the word means? Yes, you know what the word means, but did you ever experience it? Feel what it's like to hurt someone, to kick him when he's down?

No, it doesn't bother me to talk about it. Not now. This was all a long time ago.

I knelt beside him, looking into his expressionless face. In back of the staring eyes a light still shone; a light of comprehension, the mind plodding on; unable any longer to control the body, but not quite blotted out.

Al was trying to move now, thought he was moving, pushing against the dead weight of his body, breaking his heart with the effort. The mind was plodding on alone for just a little while longer.

"So that's that," I said. "You're on your way out, are you? You're doing what you should have done five years ago, and I'm damn glad of it!"

I thought I could see a flicker in his eyes, some effect of my words reflected in the dying body. I spoke loudly, clearly.

"You might as well listen to me," I said. "It's the last thing you'll hear, so you'd better listen. You're through, see? You're finished. And I finished you. Just as neat as you please; just the way I planned I would when I got good and ready. Well, I got ready, I could have done it any time, but I waited till now. And believe me, I know how to do it. Who'll ever know?

"Sympathy, lots of sympathy I'll get for this—lost my best friend in such an awful way; such a slow, harrowing way. Sure, they'll cut you up and find out why you died—and what'll they find? Just a nice case of insulin shock, brought on by an unavoidable accident. So much nicer than just drowning you; so much neater."

I sat back on my heels, shaking. Then I started talking again.

"And why did I kill you? You might as well know that, my friend. Anybody but you would know by now, would have known years ago when we first started anybody but a cluck, a dope like you. You get a wife like Gloria, and you think you've got her for keeps. Hell, no! You haven't got her at all; never had her the way I've had her for years. We didn't want a divorce. Why should we bother? And all the time I knew that any time I wanted to I could get rid of you just like that—just like I'm doing."

Al's tortured eyes were darting around. I could see the effort, the horrible effort, to get through; I could see the anger welling up, quick and consuming.

"You had to beg her to let me be her doctor," I went on; "had to beg her to come to my office. Remember? Didn't want a strange man taking care of her-remember? That was good, that was. Didn't want her lover taking care of her like that, that was all. Well, it's all over now, I've got Gloria, and I've got rid of you. What have you got to say to that?"

His face twitched suddenly, a hand jerked, a muscle in the jaw started swelling. I bent down and slapped him on both cheeks, across the mouth.

Al was mad, Madder than you've ever seen a person get. His anger boiled and seethed inside of him. After a time it burst the bonds that had been holding him, and he got up and went after me,

It wasn't serious. He couldn't catch me. He was a sick man, a dying man. I could run faster, That is, I could normally, But

Al wasn't normal now, He was berserk, You're not a doctor? No? I forgot—I asked you that before. Well, fierce anger is a funny thing. It does things inside of you. It did things to Al. There he was, a diabetic, dying because he had too little sugar in his blood. Then his rage started, and his adrenal glands went to work sending out adrenalin. And adrenalin mobilizes sugar. Then, for a while, he had all the energy he could use. More than he needed. More than I had.

I said I was faster normally. I wasn't now. I was trickier, smarter, but not faster. Finally we began a chase that was like a nightmare. I was running, with Al right behind me. I dodged, I turned, but still I couldn't shake him off.

Well, it didn't last long in point of time. It was a lifetime to me; it was forever. I'm running still, sometimes, in my dreams—but it wasn't long before Al gave out and was down again, this time for good.

You know where we were? We were on the road towaro Preston, and a car was coming. I signaled, and it stopped. I told them it was an accident; that we had to get this man to the hospital. We got him there, all right. They got me some dextrose and I got it into him. It was a near thing, but he made it. He came around.

Where is he now? I don't know. I haven't seen him for ten years. I don't think we'd have much to say to each other, do you? Except he'd try to kill me, and for some reason I don't want to die. I'm dead right now, you might say. Been dead for ten years,

He stopped, I saw the story had ended, "That was a pretty smart trick," I said. He came back from a long way off and said, "What was?"

"Getting him mad. Telling him all those things and getting him on his feet that

way. That's what you did, didn't you?"
"Yes," he said slowly. "That's what I
did. It's funny that you believe it, though.
Al never did. He was my friend, but he
never believed it. And he ruined me."

Fairs

(Continued from page 59)

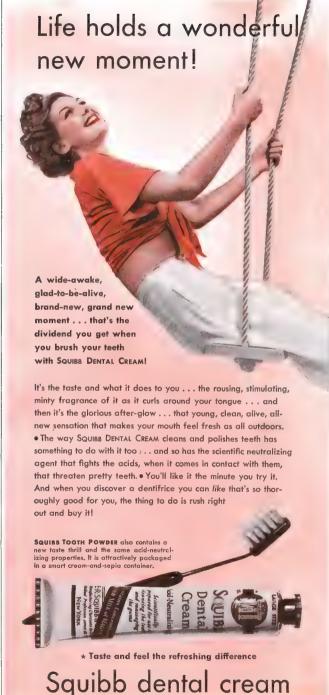
the thinness of the linen doilies on the polished pine table, upon the lavishness of gold plates at each place and the June loveliness of roses, red, white and Talisman, in crystal vases.

By great good luck, I found an old friend in the frock-coated chief of preparations. His firm has supplied scores of multimillionaires with party food for years but this time he was a little uncertain. Suggestions had come from all sides and he had redone his menu again and again, trying to give the King and Queen a real American meal.

I voiced a complaint because he hadn't included fried chicken with cream gravy. He admitted that there might be better choices than the capon he was serving but pointed with pride to his dessert—ice cream frozen into a log, to be served with cherries flown overnight from Oregon.

Little did either of us suspect then that because of the hour's delay, dessert and coffee, though favorites of the Queen, would be skipped entirely. Thinking of the sleepless nights the master caterer must have gone through worrying about the food, I was reminded of the frenzied days in our neighborhood before our fair opened. Show-offs were usually deplored in our country community but it was all right to show off at the fair! Not yourself, but your beautiful cakes or light rolls or yellow butter.

T suppose I'll never again see such superb food as Floral Hall held on opening days of our fair. I saw diamonds, rubies and emeralds spotlighted like prima donnas in the House of Jewels at Mr. Whalen's World's Fair, but they did not surpass the emerald, ruby, topaz and amethyst jellies that had been strained through flour sacks and jelled proudly in clear glass. The loaves of bread with their delicate brown crusts had risen until they threatened to leave their pans. The



"They kept me IMICE and let others

"... principally because I was a LaSalletrained man. My salary has more than doubled and I expect to go right on from So says one recent letter in our file that is typical of many.

During times of recession or depression, LaSalle-trained men and women often have real reason to bless their foresight. And they may be repaid many times for their effort in learning "the job ahead of the job you've got."

Like the graduate quoted above, they not infrequently keep their jobs while untrained fellow-workers must go job-hunting. During hard times they may even win promotion-at increased salaries!

Sometimes the mere fact that you have started training makes the difference between being "let out" or being retained.

If you wish, your employers will be notified of your enrollment—even given progress reports if you so desire. Thus you become a marked man or woman—stand out as espenies. cially ambitious, earnest, deserving of en-

No wonder that in times of uncertainty LaSalle training often pays large dividends. Yet your investment is never largepaid on most liberal terms and over a generous period.

Why not find out how you can add LaSalle training to your business assets? The coupon below may mean your start toward job security, more salary, the difference between success and failure. Coupons just like it have helped revolutionize the lives of thousands before you-over a thirty-year period.

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Name_____

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rolls were individual poems of finegrained perfection. The cakes—but they deserve a paragraph to themselves.

I can see them now-angel food with thick cinnamon-colored fudge icing; coconut piled six inches high on a dark devil's food crumbling with its own deliciousness; pink lady cake,

What burdens of hope and suppressed envy were carried to Floral Hall along with those exhibits! It wasn't quite nice to admit you wanted to win. Yet rivalry ran so high that few cared to serve as judges for the Floral Hall exhibits. To avoid hard feelings, somebody had the happy thought of asking people from a

neighboring county.

We had lots of animals at our fairpigs, mules and horses kept in especially built stalls some distance from the amphitheater. The World's Fair has cows (the ones that ride on a cow merrygo-round or rotolactor to be milked), but I found only one horse and it was made of wood. It stands, tall and gaily orangecolored, outside Sweden Square, a relic of the days when Norsemen regarded the horse as sacred.

As a child I held the horse in some reverence, too, probably because of my father. To Papa the fair meant two things: horses and people. In a way, it was his fair; that is, until the time he showed his stallion in the judging ring of the amphitheater and got only a red ribbon. What a time that was!

Like many men of warm nature, Papa also had his black moods, when his temper got beyond control. He had a reckless streak, too, and horses were his passion.

Best of all the horses that he owned when I was a child he loved Lyle, a handsome black stallion and one of the meanest horses that ever lived. Mama was afraid for us children to go near him.

The Theme Center of our fair was the amphitheater. In front of it was the judging ring. Here the horses were put through their paces and the awards made, The day he showed Lyle, Papa started off for the fair full of confidence and pride, He simply knew that Lyle was the best horse of his kind in the county,

When the time for judging came, the whole family was in the amphitheater watching. Papa led Lyle out. The judges went over all the stallions carefully and gave Lyle the red ribbon. I think it made Papa actually see red, for he grabbed the ribbon off, threw it into the ring and stamped on it. Then he thumped out of the arena, with Lyle caracoling after.

Mama and Tommy and I were so ashamed that we got into the surrey and went home with our dinner uneaten. I cried a little, partly at the disgrace and partly because I had looked forward to eating on the fairgrounds a picnic dinner we'd brought in a big shoebox: salmonand-potato salad, cold fried chicken, deviled eggs, hazelnut cupcakes.

Though they eat outdoors a good deal at the \$150,000,000 show in Flushing Meadow, the eating arrangements are rather different from back home. At New York's fair I have dined on lamb on a skewer, in an Oriental patio under black cypresses at the edge of a mosaic court-yard pool (that's Turkey); eaten a chocolate-and-vanilla soufflé that cost its weight in gold in an aerial glass-enclosed gallery overlooking the fountains (that's France); had tamales under bright parasols in the Venezuelan tropical garden; dined to the music of gypsy zithers, Swiss alphorns, Scotch bagpipes and military bands in storybook uniforms.

But as I sat in the press box waiting for the King and Queen, what I yearned for was our dinner from the shoebox! Then I forgot it all, for a band was playing "God Save the King." We stood up. There they were-an hour late, the King tired and serious, the Queen with the soft prettiness of the Queen in a

child's fairy book.

King George and Queen Elizabeth went into the Federal Building, up to the redand-gold reception room. Soon the Queen appeared at a window. She smiled and waved her hand. The wave was so personal and engaging that if you were standing beneath the window, it seemed as if she was waving just to you.

That lovely, friendly smile and the way she used her hand did something to my memory. Suddenly I knew of whom the Queen reminded mc—Aunt Anna Maud! Uncle Tom's wife she was, and the idol of

my childhood.

But even as I recognized the resemblance, I shrank back and began fumbling with the frill of my dress, for so vividly had the memory come that for a minute I almost believed the Queen was Aunt Anna Maud and that I was back at our county fair going through one of the worst moments of my childhood.

Uncle Tom was my doctor uncle, the Family Success, and he lived in Nevada, Missouri, That's where he found Aunt

Anna Maud, I loved her.

"How would you like to be my little girl?" she would say, putting her arms around me. Then she would tell me that if I came to live with her she would make pretty clothes for me and always keep my hair in curls. Though naturally untidy, I always took pains with my appearance when Aunt Anna Maud was around.

But I didn't know that Thursday, the big day at the Monroe County Fair, that

she had come for a visit.

Ironically, as it turned out, the day started with a personal triumph. By dint of much hanging around the first three days of the fair, I had persuaded the man at the taffy booth to take me on as his assistant for Thursday. I felt sure the family would never approve, so I just didn't mention the matter at home.

My duties were to help the man pull the taffy, then cut it with a large pair of scissors and finally wrap it in oiled paper. My pay was to be a combination of money and merchandise-a nickel plus quite a lot of candy.

I had finished my job for the day and was rapidly consuming the better part of my salary, when suddenly I saw Mother coming toward the booth. My dress was rumpled; I was sticky from head to heels, and sawdust had gathered on the stickiness. But it was too late to run and hide.

So I met them head on. My mother; Tommy, virtuously clean; Grandma, dainty as a plump Dresden figurine in her little bonnet and black silk dress. Those I had expected. But who else was that? It couldn't be! It was! Uncle Tom and my adored Aunt Anna Maud!

I can still see her in her white dress with a flounce around the bottom edged in beading through which narrow black velvet ribbon had been run. A Gibson-girl hat trimmed with a feather wing rode high on her dark pompadour and she carried a parasol with a long handle. Mama saw me first, Her cheeks turned a

deep red, and she said, "Be careful not to touch Aunt Anna Maud's dress with your hands, Mary Margaret."

Uncle Tom said in his stiffest tones, "I should think not!" But Aunt Anna Maud smiled, that very smile of the Queen of England, and held out her arms, and in a moment, taffy, sawdust and all, I was crying on her spotless shoulder.

Next Month: Mary Margaret McBride will write about young people hunting jobs in New York and her own early experiences

Power to Tax

(Continued from page 47)

Patience who answered—"Bug-Eye and his son want to marry me, and Noggin seems to be an impediment."

"Is he?" asked Abner.

"Simply insuperable," said Patience.
"You have the look of an intelligent

"You have the look of an intelligent young man, in spite of the size of your fists," said Abner to Noggin. "Have you any ideas about why the mill can't afford a new automobile for Miss Patience?"

"The current story is that it's taxes. I've nosed around. Taxes are backbreaking when you add them all up, but it hasn't got to a place yet where taxes take the whole income. If a shebang is making money, there's got to be some left. But there's something about back taxes." "What?"

"I know that one," said Patience. "At least, I heard Bug-Eye explain it to the aunts. It seems the government wasn't satisfied with the tax returns Bug-Eye made out for a couple of years. It claimed he should have paid more than he did. He told the aunts it was a matter of the construction of a law, and it was constructed against the mill. So the blasted government demanded a lot more money, with penalties and interest."

"How much?"

"It was thirty-six thousand one year and thirty-three thousand another. But the mill didn't have the money to pay, and that made it tough."

"And so?"

"So the mill had to borrow the money. Because in those years Bug-Eye had given a lot in dividends to my aunts and me, and of course we had spent it."

Abner saw a possibility—an opportunity for something new in chicanery. He saw how government and state taxes might create a situation that would prove most interesting to the Wentworths' advisers.

Noggin meantime, had been peering into the car. He did something with his fingers, reached in and pressed the starting button, and the motor roared. "He's wonderful," said Pattence,

"Sheer genius," agreed Abner Abington ruefully. Once again he had found a beautiful girl—too late, "Run along and play," he added. "Neither of you ever saw or heard of me, please."

"I don't get the idea," Noggin said.
"You don't need to," Abner told him.
"Just make hay while the sun shines."

He got into his own car and drove to the village, where he found a comfortable hotel. He registered and went to his room. Having settled himself, he wandered out into the sunshine to inspect the village and become acquainted with its industries, inhabitants and possibilities.

It was one of Abner's attributes that people talked easily to him. There was something about him that made people want to tell him about the mortgage on the house and their wives' relatives and what their sons were doing in the city. So Abner chatted with the hotel clerk and the man in the filling station and a couple of delivery boys and a farmer or so. He bought cigarets and spent half an hour chatting with the proprietor of the cigar store. In the course of the day he learned a great deal and disclosed nothing.

He learned that Lucius Whitney, unaffectionately known as Bug-Eye by Patience Wentworth, was the leading law practitioner of the county. He was vicepresident of the Phoebe State Bank. Abner learned that Mr. Milton Summers was president of the bank and that he never peeled an apple until Lucius Whitney handed him the jackknife. He found out that Harrison Whitney, Lucius' son, was



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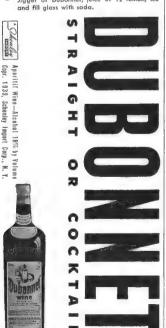
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pestering Patience Wentworth with his attentions—and he became aware of persistent rumors that the Wentworth mill was in trouble

He found out that the mill was the backbone of the town, and that its other leading business was the Phoebe Water and Electric Company, which supplied water to the village and electricity to the vicinage. It was a minor utility that went drowsily along with no great profit to anybody.

After Abner had convassed the local situation thoroughly he went to sit in a wooden rocker on the hotel porch and digest what he had gleaned. An hour of this studious employment moved him to retire to his room, telephone the Harring. ton Trust Company and speak to Henrietta North.

"Henrietta," he said, "tell our boss to deposit fifty thousand dollars in the Phoebe State Bank in my name. Tell him to do it by wire

"Is she beautiful?" asked Henrietta. "Delectable." Abner said fervently, "But

she seems to have been selected."
"Never any luck." Henrietta answered. with what Abner did not recognize as relief in her voice. "I'll give your message to Mr. McNab."

Abner Abington waited until morning. At ten o'clock he called upon Milton Summers, president of the bank, "My name is Abner Abington Bough," he said.

Mr. Summers became effusive, "A substantial sum-er-fifty thousand dollars -was placed to your credit this morning, Mr. Bough, May I welcome you as a new depositor and hope the bank may be of service to you? Are you—ah—considering taking residence in Phoebe?"

"Just looking around," said Abner Abington as fatuously as possible. "No defi-nite object, you know. Just dropped into town. Like to have money handy, in case.

"Before you make any important move." Mr. Summers said, "you should meet our vice-president and counsel, Mr. Whitney. He could be of help to you. A fine lawyer, sir. One of the most acute in the state,"
"Never can tell," said Abner. He did not

wish to seem to desire an encounter with Mr. Whitney. "Sometime."

"I could telephone him to come over." "Another day," Abner said carelessly. What's the big red mill down the river? Summers glanced at Abner quickly, and

Abner caught sudden alertness in the glance. "Woodenware," said Summers. "Wouldn't be interested," Abner said. "No scope. When I put money into anything I like it to have area. Take that mill, It wouldn't represent a capital of more than a quarter of a million, would it?"
"About that."

"Chicken feed," said Abner negligently. He passed out into the main banking room. Just as he did so, a stout man with protruding eyes came through the doorway and almost collided with a prim little old lady.

"Good morning, Mrs. Whittaker," said Protruding Eyes.

"It's not a good morning, Lucius Whitney," she said, "and you know it, and it won't be a good morning until you make up your mind to pay some dividends to us Water Company stockholders.

"The government, Mrs. Whittaker, Demands of labor; unconscionable taxes, I explained these things to you. We must be patient-patient. In God's good time our troubles will pass.'

"If God's got anything to do with when you pay dividends, Lucius Whitney, then He's slipping," said the old lady tartly. "You got my husband to put every penny into this company. Next to you, I'm the biggest owner. And I don't get a cent."

"Nor I, Mrs. Whittaker. We must pray unceasingly for a better day. We must

have faith. We must have faith in God and in our country, Mrs. Whittaker. Not a sparrow falls, you know.

I never read in the Bible that God

fiddles around with taxes." 'Tithes, Mrs. Whittaker, Ordained of God?

Abner Abington raised his brows and moved along. He felt it would be dangerous to pass Mr. Whitney closely, lest he get oil on his coat. Never had he encountered an individual quite so oleaginous, "I wonder," he said to himself, "how one scrapes up acquaintance with Mrs. Whittaker."

Abner Abington went back to his rocker on the hotel porch and chatted with a couple of the village's eminent citizens who sat loafing there. Presently one of hem, with natural curiosity, asked, What's your line, mister? Salesman?" them.

"No," said Abner Abington, "I'm more of a buyer, I sort of represent capital, Idle money looking for a home."

Abner grew confidential, "More money is to be made today by finding a number of small concerns and putting them together in one concern. It saves overhead; it cuts down taxes,"

'Got your eye on something here?" "I wouldn't want to say, but I'm here,

am I not?" said Abner Abington.

Phoebe was a one-street town. Its places of business stretched along both sides of an avenue on which trees were still giving their shade, and from the porch of the hotel one could watch the business district from end to end. Abner saw Patience Wentworth and Noggin come out of the drugstore and saunter down the street.

As they came abreast of the hotel, they encountered a massive young man whose face was somehow familiar to Abner, Protruding eves seemed to be a characteristic of the males of the Whitney family, Harrison Whitney's face was heavy. He looked vicious as he stood in the middle of the walk, blocking it.

"Peters," he said to Noggin, "this town's got plenty of unemployment without you. You're not wanted in Phoebe, and you'd better get out of town.'

Abner was interested; he doted on watching the reactions of human beings to emergencies, so he studied the two young men. Harrison Whitney was bulky of shoulder; he was three inches taller than Noggin and probably thirty pounds heavier. Noggin had a lithe look about him, and Abner saw a gleam of delight in his eyes.

"Why, it's Elephant Ears!" Peters said to Patience in mock surprise.

"You'd better get out of town before you're run out." said Harrison. "You weren't fired just for incompetence."
"No?" Noccit "No?"

Noggin spoke quietly, almost without interest. "No. Father didn't want a scandal, but

if you don't clear out you'll be arrested. I'm warning you!"
"Arrested for what?" asked Noggin.

"Theft," said Harrison. "I'm going to enjoy this," said Noggin

to Patience, and then he struck Harrison on the jaw with his left fist, and as the hulking fellow staggered back, stepped in and delivered a right so accurate that Abner Abington was both envious and delighted, Young Mr. Whitney's shoulders found the flagging, and he lay without movement

"You shouldn't have done that," said Patience. "But I'm glad you did. He's an evil lout."

Harrison raised himself on his elbow. "Don't you hit me again," he mumbled. And then: "You'll get yours for this."

"I guess the entertainment's over," Noggin said to Patience, and he led her around Harrison's prostrate body. He looked up at the porch, caught Abner's eye and winked

"Who is that young man?" Abner asked

one of the loungers. "An engineer who worked at the Went-

worth mill.' "So? I'm going to need an engineer to do some investigating for me." He leaned

over the railing and spoke to Noggin. "Are you an engineer?" he asked. "Yes, Why?"

"Understand about appraisals and machinery?"

"Yes."

"Want to talk about a job?"

"I need one."

"When you can excuse yourself, come to see me here.

"Patience, will you excuse me?"

"Gladly, you rowdy," she said proudly. Noggin climbed the steps as Patience tripped on down the street, and he and Abner went up to Abner's room.

"A very neat right," observed Abner. "Can you be stealthy obviously?"
"With perfect ease," said Noggin.

"I want you to act like an engineer who is secretly making a study of the Phoebe Water and Electric Company, I want you to be so sneaking about it that the whole

town will know what you are up to.' "I thought you came down to look into this Wentworth mill business."

"Lots of times I do my best looking around corners," said Abner Abington. "There's no salary attached to this job. Your wages will be a consciousness of labor well done for the lady of your heart." "Which will be a sufficient plenty," said Noggin.

"What was the dirty crack about theft?"

asked Abner. "I haven't the remotest idea," said Nog-

gin. With which careless rejoinder he left the room. Abner waited a suitable time and then descended to the street. In the

light of Noggin's recent encounter with Harrison Whitney, Abner decided it would be well to advance the hour of his meeting with Harrison's father, lest they take steps against the young engineer.

It was well he did so, For when, in the guise of one seeking information, he entered the law offices of Lucius Whitney. young Harrison was there nursing his jaw and demanding blood. Abner could hear through the door to Lucius' private office.

He gave his name and indicated that time was of the essence of the contract. Almost instantly he was admitted to the presence.

"I am Abner Abington Bough," he said. Lucius extended a moist hand, which Abner grasped with distaste, "The president of our bank has spoken of your arrival," said Lucius. "We are happy that our town has attracted your attention, Mr. Bough. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

"He does indeed," said Abner, "But you were occupied."

"Only with my son." Lucius presented Harrison. "A mere matter of an assault by a rough who will presently cool his heels in our jail."

"For theft," said Harrison,

"I wished to know," said Abner, "if you are free to accept a retainer, in case I require the services of a lawyer, as often occurs in making a large investment. Even more so," he added confidentially, "when one has in view combining a number of enterprises.

"I shall be very happy to serve you," declared Lucius.

"Thank you, I'll not trouble you further today. I shall await the report of my engineer-Mr. Frank Peters.

Harrison leaped to his feet and was about to burst into speech, when his

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ways! Use Mum!



father silenced him with a gesture. "You mean you have hired Frank Peters to report to you on some project?

"He's a tough and a thief!" burst out

Harrison.

"I do not employ individuals without the closest investigation," said Abner coldly. "I am quite sure Mr. Peters is neither a tough nor a thief. I may say," continued Abner in his noblest manner "that any action taken against him will be taken against me. It may be that my presence here will be a distinct benefit to the town of Phoebe. I require Mr. Peters' services. Any charges brought against him will be defended by me with the whole of my resources, which you may be aware are not negligible." He paused. "And if there has been thieving, the crime will be brought home to the real culprit if I have to hire Mr. Pinkerton himself."

"My son spoke rashly," said Lucius, "I can assure you, Mr. Bough, that no action will be taken against your employee."
"Very well," said Abner. "I shall call

upon you when your services are required." As he ambled along the main street of Phoebe he was deducing. Theft had been mentioned. Therefore, there had been stealing. The only possible victim of a theft by Noggin would be the Wentworth Woodenware Company, Obviously, Har-rison's thought was to fasten this theft upon Noggin and so remove him as a rival for Patience's affections. In which case, thought Abner Abington, it was not farfetched to assume that Harrison had done a little discreet stealing with the double purpose of adding to his own spending money and creating a crime of which to accuse Noggin. This assumption might come in handy.

For three days Noggin prowled about the properties of the Water and Electric Company mysteriously—so mysteriously that there was not a man, woman or child in Phoebe who did not know he was prowling. Abner drove once to Enbury a few miles away and once to Rockford, In the first town he telephoned McNab.
"I need Henrietta North," he said, "Send

her right over."

"You can't have her!" snarled McNab. "With a checkbook," added Abner. "Tell

her to go right to the hotel." "You're a nuisance. For a nickel, I'd fire you.'

"For a dime, I'd quit," retorted Abner. On his return to Phoebe he was reprehensibly indiscreet. Among other indiscretions he called on Milton Summers and chatted,

"I dropped over to Enbury and Rock-ford," he mentioned. "Nice little towns. Flourishing." He hesitated. "It looks to me as if a power plant located here could furnish electricity economically to all three. The utilities have got to devise some way of minimizing the tax burden. They can't make money today, with state and nation taking every penny they make.

"True. We are coming into a new era. We must accept the fact of unconscionable taxes. They are here, and in our day we shall never see them lessened. Business must find means to adapt itself to them,

or cease to function."

"I admit that I am looking for some method," said Abner Abington. "I sup-pose one could pick up the water and electric plants in those two towns pretty reasonably. But if I were contemplating any such combination, I'd worry about Phoebe. It's the key town. A man would be justifled in paying a handsome sum for the Phoebe plant. Yes. Yes. As I study the map, it seems to me there are three or four other towns that might be included. But this is only speculation. I'm a man who likes to discuss such possibilities."

"I understand," answered Summers,

who was quite sure he did understand and who relayed the information to Lucius Whitney before Abner Abington had got a block from the bank.

That afternoon Henrietta North arrived and took a room in the hotel. At a favorable opportunity Abner called on her, Ha looked at her approvingly but imperson-ally. Without doubt she had a lovely figure and dressed it with taste. Her face was intelligent, but he did not notice that it was also lovely.

'So Lemuel sent you?" he said.

"Naturally, How beautiful is this Wentworth girl?

"She's—why, she's wonderful! She's-"I get the general idea. So you're in love again?"

"Not this time," he said. "The handsome young man appeared before I got a chance. Drat it, Henrietta, why is it my luck always to have to fix things up so some dumb young spriggins can marry a girl I want myself?"

Suppose we get down to business," she said with a trace of irritation in her voice.

What's my job?"
Succinctly he gave her directions. He ended, "Move quickly. Take it in your own name, and see there's no leak."

"Done and done," she responded, "I

don't suppose we'll be able to have din-ner together?"

"Certainly not," he answered.

When he went out she sat frowning. Then she shrugged, "Someday," she said to herself. "Someday."

As Abner opened the door of his own apartment he heard the telephone ringing. It was Patience Wentworth.

"The fat is in the evil fire," she said. "As how?"

"My aunts Peace and Plenty and I have received a notice from the bank that we've got to pay that money we borrowed for taxes.'



HONOURS OF

The Life Guards

Dettingen Peninsula Waterloo Tel-el-Kebir Egypt, 1882 Relief of Kimberley Paurdeberg South Africa, 1899-1900 Mons Le Cateau Marne, 1914 Aisne, 1914 Messines, 1914 Ypres, 1914, '15, '17 Somme, 1916, '18 Arras, 1917, '18 Hindenburg Line France and Flanders, 1914-18







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"How much?" asked Abner Abington. "Sixty thousand dollars," she said.

"It seems like a great sum." he answered. "Now, go and play with Noggin and don't dare call me up again."

"But you'll do something! Can you do anything? It means we'll lose the mill everything we have in the world."

"You'll find Noggin prowling," he said,

and hung up the instrument

When he went downstairs he saw Lucius Whitney lounging on the porch. It was a reasonable guess that the lawyer was lving in wait for him. Abner grinned. He stepped into the telephone booth which was near the window and, leaving the door wide open, put in a long-distance call to New York. His eyes twinkled as he imagined what his friend Bill Wilkins would think of the conversation that was about to take place.

His call went through, and he heard

Bill's voice.

"This is Abner Abington Bough," said Abner formally.

'The hell you say!" replied Bill.

"I have enough funds to carry on pre-liminary work, but I shall possibly need a considerable sum on short notice. Say, half a million. I'm phoning so that you can stand ready to have it placed to my credit in the bank here on receipt of a telegram.'

"I wouldn't drop a nickel in a slot machine for you," said Bill. "Is your keeper handy? Let me talk to him." "As you know," said Abner, "this is the

key town. I've had my engineer's report, in part. It will be money well spent to pay a decent price. I've done no negotiating, but in the circumstances, and with your agreement, I'm prepared to pay up to double the par value for the outfit. That would come to half a million.

"You're a cockeyed maniac," said Bill. "I'm glad you agree with me," said Abner, "Await my wire."

When he went out on the porch Lucius Whitney was still there, sitting tense with excitement.

"Ah, Mr. Whitney, I was coming to call on you—to apologize," said Abner. "I find it will be impossible to have you represent me legally-to my regret. But it seems you may be a party in interest on the other side."

"Ah!" said Lucius.
"A lovely day. A lovely little town," Abner said as one who desires to change the subject.

"Mr. Bough," said Lucius, "I will put a straight question to you: Are you interested in buying the Water and Electric Company?"

"An improper question, sir. But this I will say, Mr. Whitney: if I were interested in such a purchase, which is a very remote possibility, I would only take action if I could purchase every one of the shares. Not fifty-one percent, but one hundred percent.

"Why," said Whitney, and his chin was quivering, "that could be arranged."

"When and if I consider such a transaction, I will communicate with you. Yes.' Abner cleared his throat. "I recall an occasion when someone wished to make a similar purchase from me. Very well I recall it." He smiled fatuously, "I was forehanded. I saw what my man was up to, and I went out and bought up the out-standing stock. There was a handsome profit-handsome." He paused. "But the occasions are different. I knew my man meant to buy. You know I am only remotely interested—if at all." Whitney's mind was on the telephone

conversation he had just overheard. Five hundred thousand dollars! That was just twice what had been put into the concern, and the plant had deteriorated. If he could pick up the outstanding stock at a bargain, his profit would come to more than a quarter of a million! Already he was counting those dollars. Abruptly, with no display whatever of oleaginous piety. Lucius said a curt good afternoon and sped his car up the street.

In less than an hour Abner saw him come back again. Whitney's face was as black as a mortuary um and as lugubrious. He stopped his car and stamped

up the steps.

"There's—there's just a little hitch," he gasped, "There was a little outstanding stock owned by a woman named Whittaker. The old fool has sold it."

"Stock in what?" asked Abner inno-

"The Water and Electric Company." stormed Lucius.

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The searching story of what happens to two attractive people who marry each other to escape from hopeless loves

Incompatibility

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"Why should it disturb you?" asked

'Why should it disturb me? You ask me that! A woman named North bought it. Who is she? Where did she come from? Why did she want that stock?"

"Can't imagine," Abner said.

"I'II—I'II— -" Lucius was about to pronounce a threat, but could think of no method of making one good, "She's staying at this hotel. I've got to see her.

"I wouldn't bother, if I were you."
"You wouldn't, eh? You wouldn't! Not with a quarter of a—" Whitney clamped his teeth shut and rushed into the hotel. Abner could hear him demanding the number of Henrietta's room. Abner settled back in his rocker and lighted a cigaret. His face was serene and contented. He sat for five minutes, then went to his room, packed his bag, came back downstairs and paid his bill.

His car was standing in front, and he tossed in his belongings. Then he sat down again. In his imagination he was enjoying the negotiations between Lucius and Henrietta.

Lucius rapped on Henrietta North's door. She opened it. "Are you Henrietta North?" he demanded.

That is my name.'

I did.

"Did you buy three hundred shares of my Water Company stock from old Mrs. Whittaker?'

"Why?" inquired Lucius.

"It seemed like a good investment." "What did you pay for them?"

"It really is none of your business. But I paid a hundred dollars a share—exactly what her husband put into them."

"What will you take for them?" Whit-

ney asked.
"I don't want to sell."

"I'll give you a hundred and five, That's

a nice profit for one day."
"Nonsense! You're Lucius Whitney, aren't you? Well, Mr. Whitney, I've done pretty well by keeping my eyes open. When I see certain people—sometimes big operators-show interest in a situation. I get interested myself. I know how big men operate I can guess what they will pay for a thing they want for a certain purpose."

"I'll give you a hundred and ten."
"I happen to know," said Henrietta,
"that certain promoters, if they happened to want your company, would pay double its par value—since this is a key town. If, of course, anybody was inter-ested. And such men insist on a hundredpercent ownership. So there you are."
"I'll give a hundred and fifty," bleated

Lucius.

"I might be sacrificing fifty dollars a share to sell at that price. And of course, if there were a sale in prospect to important people, I'm sitting in the driver's seat. You couldn't make a deal without me. I'm it. So, Mr. Whitney, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you my stock for three hundred, and that's final. Take it or leave it.

"But that's a profit of sixty thousand dollars!" Lucius screamed. "It's robbery!"

"You stand to make a quarter of a mil-lion," she said. "Well, Mr. Whitney, I guess that's all. Good day."

'I'll give two hundred." "Three."

Two hundred fifty."

"Three—and you've one minute to accept. I know what to do.'

Lucius choked, All he could do was nod.
"A certified check," said Miss North.
"I'll go with you to the bank and make delivery."

Abner saw them enter Whitney's car and speed toward the bank. He went to the phone and called Patience Wentworth.

That you, Miss Wentworth? A Miss North will drop in presently with a check for sixty thousand dollars. You will use it to pay your loans at the bank. The Wentworth Woodenware Company again belongs to your aunts Peace and Plenty and yourself."

"Oh! Oh! How did you do it? Where did the money come from?

"Mr. Whitney contributed it out of the goodness of his heart. May I suggest that Noggin looks like an able lad? Why not put him in charge of the mill?"

"And of me!" said Patience.
"And of you," agreed Abner. "Sometime when you see Lucius," he told her, "you might point out to him that the power to tax is the power to destroy. But sometimes it works backward."

"I don't understand yet. I want to thank you. Oh, Mr. Abner Abington Bough, will you come to the wedding?

Abner hesitated. "Yes," he said finally. "The only weddings I ever get to are somebody else's."

"Stick to it," she said. "Someday you'll make the evil old grade."

"I doubt it," said Abner.

He went out, entered his car and drove homeward toward his artichokes. During the ride he may have wondered what Lucius Whitney was thinking when he discovered the truth, but he did not dwell upon it. His artichokes were waiting for him, and he yearned for their greeting.

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IN TINS OR TABLE JARS

College Student (Continued from page 53)

eventually joined a fraternity. I made some good friends, but I might have made more if there had been no fraternity system at all. Some of the best men in the class either were overlooked during the mass hysteria of Rush Week, or else could not afford the expense of fraternity membership. Some form of club life on the campus is inevitable, but sometimes I wonder whether the Greek-letter fraternities, with their outworn traditions and campus politics, are worth while.

campus politics, are worth while.

During those first few weeks, besides learning to balance a tray and to disregard fraternity blandishments, I had to make a start academically. I learned soon enough that there were good professors and bad, some lecturers who could make the driest subject interesting and some who could have qualified as anesthetists at any hospital. In my youthful zeal, I probably studied more than was necessary—that is, four or five hours a day—and so my grades were pretty good.

But high marks are no indication of basic intelligence—of that I am convinced. I have seen too many brilliant youngsters fall exams just because they weren't interested, too many stupid ones achieve high marks by various methods.

One such method, happily rare, is cheating. I remember vividly an episode that occurred during my sophomore year when I was taking a course aptly known as "Gentlemen's Chemistry," in which we had a good many True-or-False quizzes. There was a blind student in the class, and to make things easy for him, the professor had fallen into the habit of reading the questions aloud, whereupon the blind boy, who was a remarkably good student, would type his answers.

But before long a remarkable similarity began to manifest itself between the answers of the blind student and the answers of various others, who had observed that in writing "yes" a typewriter makes one more stroke than it does in writing "no." This went on for quite a while, and then one day the professor announced a superquiz—a test to supersede all other tests.

The test was duly given, and shortly afterward the marks were announced. Then indeed was there weeping and gnashing of teeth. For the professor had privately instructed the blind boy to write "no" whenever he meant "yes," and vice versa, with utterly drastic results.

But there are other ways of obtaining high marks. There was one chap in my class named Taylor (he finally graduated cum laude) whose only ambition in life was to acquire the little gold key familiar to every college student. This man, whose intellectual stature was actually mouse-like, consistently elected the easiest courses he could find. Moreover, he found out which professors were the easiest markers, which were most susceptible to flattery, which gave the broadest hints of possible examination questions.

By dint of these heroic measures he managed to hoist himself into the upper ten percent of the class and so became eligible for his little gold key, which will now dangle forever on his watch chain as a shining proof of his mental adequacy!

Yet despite this sort of thing, the prestige of the true scholar on the campus is undoubtedly rising. The reason for this is plain: since 1929, on the rare and happy occasions when talent scouts come to the colleges looking for promising material, the men they interview are those with high academic rankings.

During my freshman year I had to work so hard that I had no time to notice girls, aside from an occasional date, but the same could not be said of Butch. All during that year he had had a succession of girls, and at the beginning of the next year he fell in love with a coed named Nancy Canfield. He was playing varsity football, of course, but on Sundays he used to borrow the football manager's car and take Nancy for lone drives.

Then, a few days before the season's final game with State, I received a note from Nancy's roommate, a girl named Mary MacKaye whom I knew very slightly—a quietly pretty girl with a reputation for combining scholarship with a sense of humor. In her note she asked me to meet her at the Jigger Shop, a college rendezvous. Somewhat puzzled, I did so.

We faced each other over the narrow table, and I remember thinking that never in my life had I seen such honest gray eyes. But there was no humor in them just then.

"Look, Rusty," she said, "this is about Nancy and Butch. Nancy's in trouble; she's going to have a baby."

"Oh!" I said idiotically.
"Butch doesn't know yet," Mary went
on. "Nancy didn't want to upset him before this last big game. But she's so upset
herself that she's liable to do anything."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.
"They can't get married and stay in college. At least, not openly married. I know of two couples on the campus who are secretly married, but in this case a secret marriage won't do much good."

"Not much," agreed Mary, "but some sort of ceremony seems indicated, don't you think?"

I did think so, and that night I told Butch what I had learned. The big fellow took it pretty well.

"Sure, we'll get married," he said. "Tomorrow night, after the game. We'd have been married long ago if it weren't for that damn rule. What do they think I am —a monk, or something?"

—a monk, or something?"

And so they were married, after the game in which Butch kicked the field goal that beat State 9-7. Mary was maid of honor and I was best man. Butch resigned from college and took Nancy with him to his father's ranch, to wait until the pro football season rolled around.

The rest of that year I roomed alone, and while I had some good times I wasn't entirely happy. There were times when college life seemed all that anyone could ask for—serious moments late at night beside the dying fire in the fraternity house, when the talk turned to the ultimate realities of good and evil, of life and death; moments of hilarious gaiety, of hay rides in the moonlight with laughing coeds, or beer-inspired singing that lasted until dawn.

At such times I sensed the intangible benefits of college life: the friendships begun in formative years, never to be broken; the cultural advantages absorbed almost unconsciously but never to be lost; the friendly competition for nonessentials that makes college such an invaluable proving ground for the real struggles of later life.

But there were moments of depression as well, Studies went along well enough, and I supplemented my board job with a National Youth Administration job in the library. But these activities took up so much time that I had little left for the extracurricular activities that seemed to be the key to campus popularity. While other students made names for themselves in the Glee Club or the Dramatic Society, or on the athletic field, I seemed to be tied down to a prosaic routine of work and study, study and work.

I used to pour out my woes to Mary MacKaye, but got little sympathy.

Mary would listen tolerantly to my complaints and then ask me why, if I wanted to be a campus hero, I didn't think up some new and original contribution to campus life. I always replied weakly that I had no time.

But at the beginning of my junior year that excuse suddenly became invalid. I had a new roommate, one Jerry Smith, a transfer from an eastern college, Jerry was an electric little individual with a shock of upstanding yellow hair that made him resemble a blond porcupine, and within an hour after we had met he had revolutionized my life-financially.

"Tell me," he said, "do freshmen have to wear any distinguishing garments here at Danforth?"

at Danforth?"
"No." I told him. "They used to wear skulleaps, but not any more."
"What a pity," said Jerry. "Two hundred and fifty freshmen, all young and innocent... Say, let's run over to the college co-op and buy all the black ites they have. Buy 'em wholesale—they'll come to about twenty-five cents apiece that was Come on I beaue at dieze! that way. Come on, I have an idea!'

I tried to argue, but it was no use. An hour later, sheepishly carrying an enor-mous box of black neckties. I found myself entering a freshman dormitory behind Jerry, the supersalesman. He said he would do all the talking. He did.

The first pair of freshmen looked rather worried when Jerry asked them if they

had their black ties yet. They hadn't.

Jerry looked aghast. "Think of it," he said to me. "No black ties! Suppose an upperclassman had come along and caught them wearing colored ties!" And he shuddered at the thought.

It was like shooting chickens. Of the class of some two hundred and fifty freshmen (excluding coeds) we found a hundred and ninety-two in their rooms. To these innocents Jerry sold two hundred-odd ties at a dollar apiece. The

profits came to exactly \$153.

And that was only the beginning of Jerry's meteoric career. Next he thought of having a desk calendar printed with all the important college events marked on it. He sold advertising space on this calendar to local merchants, Finally, with my help, he peddled the finished product to practically everyone in college, including the faculty. The resulting profits were scandalous, and I gave up my NYA job. Working for the government was all right, but working for Jerry was like owning a gold mine.

Jerry finally got into trouble, though. He annoyed the college authorities by buying an ancient automobile, festooning it with ads for local movie theaters and driving at ceaselessly round the president's house. After that they were laying for him, and finally they got him. Jerry had conceived the brilliant idea of raffling off a trip to Bermuda. The trip cost about \$150, and Jerry had already sold about \$300 worth of tickets when the authorities stepped in and informed him that they did not care to have their students indulging in such patently illegal activities.

Undaunted, Jerry returned all the money and took the trip to Bermuda himself. For all I know, he may be there yet, happily engaged in extracting money from the inhabitants.

But whatever Jerry's virtues or vices, he rescued me from the treadmill of selfsupport activities long enough for me to have the one idea that lifted my college career out of the ordinary groove.
You remember I said Mary was con-

stantly urging me to make some new and different contribution to college life? Well, one night our conversation turned to the increasing political-mindedness of the undergraduates.
"There ought," I said, "to be some sort



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"Often people need to relax and to enjoy themselves...yet so many now prefer a moderate evening"

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choose just a small glass of Muscatel, full flavored and fragrant. With the appetizers hosts find more and more people now prefer a cocktailsize glass of Sherry.

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or dry, delicate Hock. The enjoyment these good wines lend to dinner is a genial, leisurely kind.

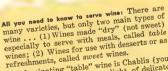
That is why more and more people like to make wine their beverage today. It goes so well with gracious, unhurried living. People do not want to bolt wine down.

Just try it at your house. Serve wine with dinner next time you have guests. Or whenever beverages are passed, give all an opportunity to say "make mine wine."

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The smartest stores everywhere feature this sensational new liquid 'lipstick' in the right shades to go with fashion's newest costume colors for Fall and Winter.

If tonight, you want your lips stunning and sincerely smear-proof, select your best shade of Princess Pat LIQUID Lip Tone today.

Here they all are; at least one is yours!

ENGLISH TINT New giorification for blondes, or young faces with platinum or gray hair. ORCHID Coy, devastating on girls with light brown hair, hazel or light eyes and fair skin. PARISIAN New devilment for red heads; Spectacular on Irish type—dark hair, blue eyes.
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of forum here at Danforth where political problems could be thrashed out publicly; where students of all shades of political opinion could form themselves into parties, with party leaders, and hold debates the way they do in Congress."

There was a pause while we stared at each other with the same thought whirling in our minds.

"You can do it!" Mary whispered.
"Oh," I said, "nobody would listen to

"They would, too!" cried Mary, clutching my arm. "We'll make them listen! We'll go to the editor of the campus paper. We'll get the support of the faculty. We'll draw up a manifesto!"

And somehow, with Mary prodding and goading me at every step, we did it. Every night for a week we worked in the library, looking up the constitutions and records

of other political unions.

"We don't want this to be just another debating society," Mary said, "with the negative side winning on the merits of the debating and the affirmative winning on the merits of the question. This has to be alive and vital!"

And finally one night, or rather, early one morning, I wrote the last line of the constitution of the Danforth Political Forum. I laid down the pen and looked at Mary, and I saw something in her facesomething that had been there all along, I guess, but that I'd been too blind to see.

So I took her in my arms there under the dusty electric-light bulb in the musty files of the old library, and constitutions and forums and politics were all forgotten. Right then and there I asked her to marry me. And the affirmative won on the merits of the question.

Next day we submitted our plan. through the campus newspaper, to the faculty and the student body. Mary had been right; the idea spread like a prairie fire. Within a week eighty-five percent of the student body had joined the forum. Within two weeks the major political parties had taken form, and the first full-dress debate, presided over by the head of the Political Science department and based on the refugee question, had resolved itself into a furious battle.

When the tumult and the shouting were over, the presiding professor said he thought the forum was off to a wonderful start, but that since it was primarily a student affair, conceived and participated in by undergraduates, it should be presided over by a student. And for the first president of the forum he would like to nominate the man who, as he understood

it, was responsible for the whole idea. Then there was a great deal of cheering and before I knew it I was on the platform, making an incoherent speech of thanks. Afterwards I asked Mary indig-

nantly why she let me take all the credit.
"Maybe," she said, with that little secret smile of hers, "it's because I've understood all along the unimportance of

being important.'

The forum took up all my spare time during the remainder of my junior year. but that summer-the summer of 1938-I decided to line up a future job, so I sought out various executives and tried to interest them in my service. None was

particularly encouraging.

"We can't commit ourselves so far in advance," the head of a large oil company told me. "Things are too uncertain. Besides, I don't mind telling you that college degrees come a dime a dozen these days, and B.A.'s are practically worthless. Unless a man is a natural-born salesman, there's no place for a B.A. in modern industry. We need specialists, technicians-not youngsters whose educations seem to have been designed to fit them for the life of a retired business-

When I returned to Danforth for my last year I was pretty worried. I registered with the Personnel Bureau, and they promised to let me know if any talent scouts appeared. A few did, but mostly they were interested in graduate-school products. The only definite offer I received was a job in Burma with an oil company, and I'd have had to stay there three years-in a state of bachelorhood.

So here I am, ten weeks after graduation, still jobless. This summer I held two temporary jobs, filling in for people on vacations. I hoped they'd lead to some-thing permanent, but they didn't. Too many former employees were ahead of

me on the list.

Oh, I suppose something will turn up. Most college graduates seem to get jobs eventually. But what worries me most is that I don't really know what I want to do. And that, I insist, is the college's fault as much as mine. Granted that I did bury my head, ostrichlike, in the academic sands, I think the college should have pulled it out, forcibly if necessary, to face realities. The fact that students can and do come through a modern college education without knowing where they're heading is the most serious indictment that can be drawn against such education today.

The cold, unpleasant truth is that most colleges are not particularly interested in what becomes of their alumni. So long as an undergraduate pays his tuition, ob-serves certain rules of conduct and makes a passing grade, the college is satisfied. Does it try seriously to analyze the capa-bilities and aptitudes of its individual students? Does it survey the economic field and announce which professions are least crowded, which offer highest re-muneration, which have the best future? Does it make any real effort to bring the outside world and its problems within the academic sphere?

Maybe a few advanced institutions of learning do these things, but the majority do not. They leave the student, at a period when he badly needs guidance and advice, to flounder through four college years, in the pious hope that he will eventually learn to keep his head above water in the world outside.

What is needed, of course, is scientific vocational guidance. The whole of freshman year (which, academically speaking, is usually a waste) should be devoted to the single task of discovering each individual's ultimate field of endeavor, and the remaining years to training in the fundamentals of that field, plus enough unrelated subjects to produce a balanced education

Were this done, the necessity for many postgraduate courses would be removed. There is no reason that I can see why courses in law, or even in medicine, should be preceded by four years of undergraduate work as is now customary, Standard pre-law and pre-medical courses of two years would save both time and money for the eventual practitioners in these fields.

Well, I guess your time is about up. There were other things I wanted to talk about, but I've got a good deal off my

chest just the same.

Are you going to be around tonight? No? That's too bad. I wanted to introduce you to Mary. There's a girl for you! She's taught herself shorthand and typing and already has a job. Wish I did. Maybe I'll come around and pester you for one. It must be fun interviewing people for magazines. Anyway, it's been nice seeing you. So long, now.

Soon: The Autobiography of a State Trooper by Karl Detzer

Popular Girl

(Continued from page 37)

June," he said carefully, "I thought that by the time I got back from camp I'd find you'd grown up a little. But here it is almost September and you're just the same as you were on the night of the highschool commencement, aren't you?

"I guess I am, Michael."

"The same moon," he said, "the same girl. Nothing's changed. Not even you.' He slid the car into a parking place, turned off the ignition and settled back against the seat. "Remember all the things we said to each other that night, Robin?

She said, "Yes, Michael, I remember." Their eyes met and held, and she knew that his thoughts, as well as hers, were traveling back to that night in June when she had really wanted for the first time to say to Michael, "Let's not see each other any more." But then, as now, she had been afraid of losing him, because they'd had a lot of fun together. Ail through the last year at Senior High they had danced together and gone skating and sailing and swimming together.

But always there had been something missing. Some tenderness, some concern about her and the things she liked. Michael brought her candy because he liked to eat it. He never sent her flowers, which he knew she loved. Twice he'd asked her to a dance at the last moment.

And on commencement night she had come close to disliking him. Candy Marlow and a boy named Jimmy Reed had sat in the rumble seat on the drive out to Davin's Neck on the Sound where, each commencement night, the graduating class of the Senior High went to watch the sun come up.

Some of them built fires on the beach and sang and talked until the small hours of the morning. But Robin and Michael stayed in the car, because the night had been unusually cool, Candy and Jimmy had crawled into the bottom of the rumble seat. Then there had been only silence.

There was Robin curled up against Michael, her head on his shoulder. Robin's mother had protested about a night spent on the beach like that, but Robin had said somewhat impatiently, "But Mother, everybody goes! What will Michael think of me if I tell him my mother won't let me?" She had added, "Besides, they don't serve us anything intoxicating at the Yacht Club dance, so you needn't worry about drunken driving.

But Mrs. Langley had worried not so much about drunken driving as about the long hours those boys and girls would spend together in exciting solitude. Yet she had wanted Robin's happiness-a gay carefree youth that her daughter could remember with joy all the years to come.

So Robin's mother had given her consent. Only her throat had ached when Robin, so young and starry-eyed, had stood before her finally, dressed in white slacks and a white shirt, her graduation dress flung across the bed. "Well, darling," she'd cried gaily, "we're off!"

Mrs. Langley had stood at the window watching Robin and Michael drive away. She had prayed that Michael might realize how many ideals, how many untouched emotions and shining dreams were being given into his keeping.

That night had been held in silver enchantment by the young moon. Robin had felt herself caught up by it, stirred by it, swept almost too swiftly along strange roads where her feet stumbled blindly. And Michael, with Robin's mouth warm and sweet under his, had been filled with desires that were newborn and urgent. He had thought, I love her! There was no



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one to tell him that he was only a boy: to explain that he couldn't yet know the difference between love and desire.

There was no one to answer the questions Robin had put to herself that night: "Do I love Michael? Is this what love really is? How can I be sure?"

"Robin." Michael had whispered. "Robin, I want you so terribly!"

There had been something suddenly strange, suddenly frightening in his kiss. Neither of them knew what lay around the bend of this road, but Robin, with an intuitive feeling that this wasn't the way love really came to people, withdrew suddenly from his arms.

"Michael, don't. Let's sit and-and talk

for a while

"Robin, listen, People aren't old-fashioned about things like that any more. I mean, men don't think any less of a girl and-and Robin, tonight is so perfect! We won't do anything wrong, only I want to hold you closer than I ever held you before, to kiss you-Oh, Robin, Robin!"

But she had abruptly thrown open the car door and stepped out on the The cool breeze off the Sound beach seemed to sweep away some of her confusion, her bewilderment. After a time Michael, too, had come out. They had walked along the beach for a few min-utes, and when they got back to the car there was Candy sitting in the hollow of Jimmy's arm, Candy's lipstick was on Jimmy's face and the shirt of her overall dress was torn at the shoulder.

Jimmy said gaily, "Hey, what's the

matter with you two?"

Michael had said shortly, "Nothing." But after that night he saw less and less of Robin. He had left for camp and had sent her only one card in two months. That card had said:

I'll be home in time to take you to the last brawl of the season at the Yacht Club, so save a dance for me.

Now she was here beside him and the summer was past, and so, she felt, were a lot of other things. Tonight, dates would be made for fall football games and the Christmas dances, And if she didn't make those dates with Michael, who else was there? Red Hinckle? Sandy Barrows, who was short and plump? Joey Davis, who laughed too much? Not one of them was as nice or as handsome as Michael,

Suddenly Michael's arms slipped about her. He bent his dark head and kissed her lightly. He said, "Look, Robin, about that game at Yale in November . . ." His eyes looked as though he were forcing himself to say something he didn't want to say.

"Let's not talk about it now," she said hurriedly. "It's after nine already. The

kids will think we're lost."

He hesitated, then opened the car door. He said, "Yeah, I guess you're right." He added, "By the way, Robin, you won't mind if I don't have the first few dances with you, will you? Barry Lowden's bringing Candy Marlow, and he still can't dance with that ankle he got smashed up on the tennis court, so I promised to see that she had a good time."

"Of course, Michael." She slipped out of the car, glad that Michael hadn't tried

to kiss her again.

At the Yacht Club, the girls all piled into the dressing room for last-minute touches to crimson mouths and powdered noses. Bea McNeil smiled at Robin and said, almost too cordially, "You look nifty in that dress, Robbie, It's a smoothie."
"And I love your hair," Ruth Bates

chimed in. "But I hate you for those gor-

geous eyelashes of yours."

Why, suddenly, did Robin have the feeling they were saying those things

because they felt sorry for her? It was absurd, yet the feeling was there,

"Thanks, kids, You look pretty grand yourselves—all of you."

Girls in checked gingham and white linen and glazed chintz, Starry-eyed girls who were wondering whether tonight

they'd meet him. "A lot of good our clothes will do us

when our fine false friend Candy Marlow gets here!" Bea observed moodily. "It takes a good fast line and not too many scruples to be able to have your pick of dates in this town.

"I think we're all a bunch of saps my-self," Lily Devine put in. "We try to be nice and decent and good sports, and then a babe like Candy Marlow comes to town and picks up the best-looking boys and twists them around one little finger.

"Except that when a boy kisses you, you like to feel he's really kissing you and not just kissing," Robin said gravely. "Besides, I don't think the really nice

boys like Candy Marlow."

Again she felt a swift undercurrent pass among the girls. A rallying-around of her friends to protect her from—what? "Come on," Lily Devine said, "Let's go

and find our dates before—"
"Before I do?" a sweetly sarcastic

voice inquired from the doorway.

Robin looked up to see Candy Marlow standing there, that condescending smile of hers on her red carnation of a mouth, a cigaret dangling between her fingers. And Robin's heart sank, because Candy looked -gorgeous! She had on a skin-tight dress with a halter neck and no back. Her yellow hair was piled on top of her head in elaborate curls; her long eyelashes were darkened with mascara,

And Robin thought, Michael needn't worry about her having a good time tonight! Candy's gown made all the other girls look like kids. Their gay ginghams and linens suddenly crumpled before the glory of Candy's gown. Their gardenias wilted before her green orchids.

Candy's smile swept up the ashes of their pride and dumped them out the window. "You children look very gay," she said sweetly. "Nice shining faces everything but ribbons in your hair." She added, "Anybody got a match?"

Robin said, "You know we haven't,

Why make the gesture?"

Candy shrugged, "Well, I'll get one from Michael, since I seem to be having the first dance with him." Color flooded Robin's face, but she said nothing. "By the way, Larry Forsythe, the orchestra leader from the Red Mill, is going to be here tonight as guest conductor and he's taking me home.'

"But you came with Barry Lowden."

"He's only a baby! I want to go home with someone who can take me dancing after this brawl ends and you children are tucked in your trundle beds." Candy made a little dancing step. "I have an idea," she murmured, "that this dance is going to be very, very amusing."

It seemed to Robin that the ballroom of

the Yacht Club had never looked so lovely. There were small tables all around the dance floor, and one impressive group of five tables together for a large party. The ceiling was gay with balloons. Through the long French doors she could see the pool shimmering in the moonlight.

Music poured across everything. Gay scintillating music that sounded as restless, as sensuous, as Larry Forsythe looked standing up there, baton in hand, swaying to the rhythms that were pouring out. Robin felt vibrant and alive under the spell of that music. Her darkly blue eyes were shining. Her mouth curved like a vivid flower in her face. Her feet tapped lightly across the polished floor, as Red Hinckle swept her up for the first dance.

She closed her eyes against everything but the rhythm Larry Forsythe was pulling out of the orchestra.

"What are you thinking about, Robin?"

Red asked.

"Nothing. Just loving to dance."

She opened her eyes, though, and saw Michael whirling Candy through the intricate steps of a rhumba. She thought, That's odd. I didn't know Michael could rhumba so well. He couldn't when I danced with him in June. His steps blended perfectly with Candy's. They danced as people do who have danced often together. Robin remembered a week when Candy and her mother had been away. But that was absurd. Michael would have said something. Sandy McNeil, Bea's older brother, cut

in, "You look smooth tonight, Robin, "Thanks, Sandy."

"Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely night..." Joey Davis cut in on Michael, and

Michael cut in on Sandy, "I love that old number, 'Star Dust,' don't you?"

"Ummm! It was one of the first tunes we danced to together. By the way, that

was a neat rhumba you were doing with

"I thought it'd be a good idea to give her a rush at the start. Get the stag line interested." he replied obliquely.

The stag line seemed interested enough without that. There was always a small mob around Candy. She slipped in and out the French doors, always with a different boy. Each one came back rubbing a handkerchief across his mouth, devouring Candy with his eyes. Michael began to look sullen.

Meanwhile, Larry Forsythe's small dark eyes were watching everything. He saw exactly what Candy was doing to these young boys. Playing one against the other, keeping them interested, keeping them hoping for things her eyes promised and she never intended to give.

"What that girl needs," the second vio-linist commented, "is somebody to slap

her down."
"Yeah," Larry Forsythe said quietly,
watching Candy's whirling figure. "And it might be fun, at that."

Robin's gay smile was getting a little stiff, because Michael didn't dance with her again. He stood on the stag line, looking sullen, watching Candy going in and out with one boy after another, hearing the tinkle of her laughter, wanting to kiss her crimson mouth, Everybody saw what was happening.

Robin knew now why she had sensed that thread of pity for herself in the dressing room earlier in the evening. She was like the wronged wife. Everybody but her had known that Michael was through with her! Everybody knew that Michael was bored with Robin Langley and intended to get Candy Marlow if he

The knowledge stiffened her face and made her want to run blindly from all those pitving eyes. Instead, she went on dancing and talking trivialities.

She came back from a long way off to hear Lily Devine say, "So that's who the big layout was for—Cliff Ainslee and his gang. This is the first time Weston's seen him in three years, and he's well worth seeing.

Robin's eyes followed Lily's and saw a tall, yellow-haired boy with gray eyes and a sun-tanned skin that looked startling above a white mess jacket. Cliff Ainslee whose family owned a huge house on Mill Road, Mr. Ainslee was chairman of the board of directors of the Mammoth Broadcasting Company, and Robin's fa-ther, as president of the local Rotary, had got him to speak to the businessmen of a the town.

Weston hadn't seen much of Cliff Ainslee since he finished high school. Each summer he went abroad, and he returned directly to Princeton. Robin remembered him as a fair-haired boy riding a horse superbly around the bridle path, being pleasant to everyone and intimate with no one. Apparently he hadn't changed, Tonight he had his own party of friends at the long table, with one vacant chair at his right for a late guest.

"Now, my idea of heaven," Lily sighed, "would be just one dance with him!

And suddenly hurt pride stung Robin into thinking daringly, Yes, one dance with Cliff Ainslee would be any Weston girl's idea of heaven! And if he'd dance with me, they'd stop pitying me. They'd see that someone thinks me attractive.

Johnny Nichols said in her ear, "Dance, Robin?" She threw back her head and smiled. "I'd love it!" She tried to look as though she were having a wonderful time as she swept past Cliff Ainslee, whose table was right behind hers. She laughed at something Johnny said and the last flicker of her smile rested on Cliff Ainslee, But he gave her only a brief glance.

As Johnny danced her past the French doors that led to the pool, she glanced out. So did Johnny, They both saw Michael take Candy Marlow in his arms and kiss her as though he meant it.

Johnny said, "It's almost eleven o'clock. What do you say we grab a hamburger?

Robin sat almost directly in front of Cliff Ainslee, with Johnny beside her. One by one, the rest of their little group joined them, but Michael remained conspicuously absent. Robin told herself hot-ly, I hate Michael, but I'll get him back. just to show them!

Lily Devine said, "I suppose you've made your date with Mike for the games in November, Robin, Red Hinckle just asked me down to Princeton.

"Oh, we haven't done anything defi-nite about it yet," Robin returned. "Where is Mike, anyway?"

But no one had to answer. He was coming into the room with Candy's hand linked through his arm and the last faint stain of her lipstick still on his mouth. Candy's shrewd eyes leaped over everybody in the room and settled in astonished surprise on Cliff Ainslee,

Michael was saying, "I'm sorry you won't sit with us, Candy."

"But of course I will, angel. I'd simply

adore it!" She sat two seats away from Robin and let her gaze and her smile wander languidly over to Cliff. Michael saw that and

decided to do something about it quickly. He hit his glass with his knife, "Hey, kids," he announced loudly, "the

undergraduate body of Yale is about to he bowled over! Candy's just promised to go to the games with me in November and to the Christmas parties, haven't you, Candy?"

All the color drained from Robin's face Michael couldn't do this to her in front of everybody.

Candy smiled straight over Michael's head at Cliff Ainslee. It was true, she had promised Michael she'd go to the games with him, but she hadn't known then that bigger game was waiting right inside. She wanted to show Cliff her power, her popularity, and she did so-cruelly

'I'd love to, Mike, but I couldn't bear to leave Robin high and dry like that without a date all winter.

There was the swift sound of indrawn breaths, It was—unthinkable! Everybody looked at Robin to see how she was taking this deliberate insult,

From somewhere she found the courage to smile. "That's terribly sweet of

"SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"



susan: "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?".

MATILDA: "It is, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"



susan: "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

MATILDA: "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha make all the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."



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2. "That drain is stuck-and so am I!" groans Nan. "Bah!" snorts Andy. "Wait till I go get a can of Drano!"



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you, Candy," she returned, "but after all, Michael and I aren't engaged. He can take

anyone he wishes to the games."
"And who will you go with?" The question was direct and insolent,

Candy sat back, watching Robin with narrowed eyes, a mocking smile on her mouth, This was her show, Cliff Ainslee wasn't missing a word of all this, and attention from him was worth sacrificing Robin's pride or anything else for.

She saw Michael glance at her swiftly, but that didn't disturb her. She knew he was crazy about her; had been ever since that week she and her mother had spent at his camp when they were visiting a cousin of Candy's. She slid her knife into Robin's pride and then turned it deftly. "Well, who are you going with, Robin?"

Robin's head went back, and if her mouth was not quite steady, her voice was. She was conscious of Cliff Ainslee's eyes on her. Oh, to be made to look such a fool in front of him!

"As Michael has suggested," she replied steadily, "this is his night to howl. We'll talk about my plans some other time."

Sandy McNeil said with loud joviality, "You're certainly a fast worker, Mike. Nice going!" Other voices picked up Sandy's cue and covered Robin's humiliation. The music struck up again. Candy's shoulders moved with the rhythm.

With the cool insolence for which she was famous, she turned and said brazenly to Cliff Ainslee, "That chair's been empty a long time. Obviously, she isn't coming, whoever she is. Won't I do?"

No man had ever refused Candy. But Cliff Ainslee glanced at her and glanced away again. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I've already made plans for this dance." He stood up and touched Robin's shoulder. "You can't avoid me any longer." He smiled down at her. "And you promised me at least one dance you know." at least one dance, you know.

Robin's shame was complete. She stumbled to her feet, and his arm about her steadied her. She knew he was being

kind, trying to save her face. "You're Robin Langley, aren't you?" he

said against her ear. "I know your father well, and I remember meeting you on the bridle path once or twice."

She smiled up at him, "You're terribly nice to do this for me."

"I've wanted to dance with you all evening. I didn't remember that the Yacht Club had such a good orchestra," His voice went on, talking about school, about travel, about a dozen unimportant things. And Robin felt herself relaxing, gathering self-confidence and poise again.

She thought, He's the kindest person! I'll probably never see him again after tonight, but I'll never forget him.

Candy was thinking the same thingthat she'd probably never see Cliff Ainslee again after tonight. That he was the richest boy she'd ever met. That she wasn't going to let him slip through her hands.

The rest of that evening, for Robin, was a nightmare never to be forgotten.

Candy went a little wild. She danced so madly that her dress twirled up to her knees. She asked Larry Forsythe to play her favorite song, and she sangrather well—with the orchestra. All the boys mobbed her—all but Cliff Ainslee.

Everybody began to talk. Candy's play for Cliff was obvious. She was making a sap out of Michael Shane. In the locker room, some of the boys made side bets as to whether or not she'd make Cliff Ains-

"She's a good neck," Sandy McNeil said. "He'll probably find that out before the evening's over.

But apparently he wouldn't. Some of the crowd drifted out to the pool to watch those who had decided to swim. As the room emptied, Candy grew desperate, And

then she played her trump card. She'd show Cliff Ainslee that she didn't have to play around with kids. She smiled at Larry Forsythe and nodded toward the terrace that led to the pool. Larry handed his baton to one of his musicians and strolled over to Candy, who was sitting with Michael.

Everybody in the room saw her rise and slip her arm through Larry's. They left the room together.

Michael got up and asked Robin for a dance. Cliff cut in on them.

"I hope you don't mind?" he asked Robin,

"No," she said, "I don't mind. I only danced with him because I know what it's like to be—hurt, especially by some-one you care about or think you care about. Even though it was only my pride, it hurt just as much as though it had been-something else. And I hated to see Michael feeling the way I felt a while ago."

Cliff glanced down at her, "You're a nice person, Robin Langley. I'd like to

know you a lot better.' His arm tightened about her, and because he was a superb dancer, he led her

expertly through the intricate steps of a tango she had never done before. Robin's heart was pounding. Cliff had aid he wanted to know her better; perhaps to see her again sometime. If only she could be sure how he felt about the person wnose vacant place beside him had

not been filled. Probably he was in love with her They finished their dance at the doors that led to the pool, Half the crowd were swimming now, their laughter and gay

voices floating back on the still night air. Cliff said, "What do you say we go out and sit by the pool and talk, Robin? There are lots of things I'd like to know about you. And then I'd really like to take you home when this thing breaks up, if I may." The stars swam giddily before Robin's eyes. Her "Yes, of course," was breathless.

They walked out on the moon-bathed terrace. Of course, she told herself, being taken home didn't mean a thing, really.

They sat at one of the painted tables beside the pool, and Lily Devine and Joan Trueman shot Robin surprised, envious glances when they saw who was with her. Most of Robin's crowd were finding seats at the tables around the pool, and the outdoor air, the laughter of the swimmers, seemed to make the boys forget Candy and kissing and necking. They felt more normal, more contented, here by the pool.

Robin sensed that immediately and so did Michael, coming out a few minutes later to look for Candy. He felt out of things. Awkwardly he moved toward Robin and Cliff Ainslee.

He said self-consciously, "Hi, Robin. I suppose three's a crowd, but I thought maybe we could have a lemonade or-

He stopped, and Robin, following the direction of his gaze, saw why. Candy was running across the lawn, away from the thick woods at the outskirts of the club grounds. And she ran full into the brilliance of the floodlights around the pool.

Robin uttered a cry. The shining curls that had lain against so many masculine shoulders all evening hung about Candy's face in untidy tendrils. There was a long rent in her skirt, and as she ran toward them, she was sobbing

She looked up and saw them sitting there watching her. Immediately she made an effort to pull herself together.

"Hello, there," she called out, but her voice cracked a little. "I fell over somebody's boat and just about ruined my dress, I don't know why they let people drag those rowboats practically onto the middle of the lawn! And my hair!" Her hand made a futile effort to smooth it.

Michael said, "You'd better do something about your dress before you go inside,"

"I'm not going back," Candy said swiftly. "I mean, I'm pretty bored with it, anyway," Her eyes flew to Cliff's face, Her crimson mouth curved in that appealing way Candy knew so well, and Robin's heart sank. "Since your date didn't show up, you wouldn't mind being a boy scout and taking me home, would you, Cliff?"

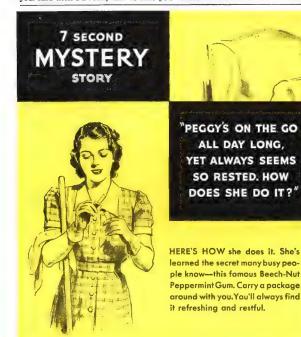
A smile flickered across Cliff's face-a smile just for Candy. A smile to let her know he understood exactly what she was trying to do; a smile that sent two spots

of color into her cheeks.
"Sorry, darling," he said lightly, "but I wouldn't think of cutting in on the home talent that's been giving you such a rush.

Besides which, I'm busy this evening."
"Think nothing of it," Candy returned coldly. She smiled quickly at Michael. She slipped an arm through his and put her golden head against his shoulder. "Come on, Mike, let's go places and do things. The night's hardly begun, has it?

Her face was tilted up to his, waiting for his answer. There was her warm mouth and her slim boneless body: there were all the things he'd wanted so terribly earlier in the evening. But at the moment Michael felt that he never wanted to see Candy Marlow again. He felt sick inside. because over Candy's shoulder he could see Larry Forsythe walking slowly toward them, and he knew how Candy's dress had been torn and why. He could see the game Candy had played with every boy in town, just to be popular-letting them kiss her and maul her; promising things she never meant to give. Things—Michael knew now-he didn't want. Not that way, This was awful! It made a guy feel cheap and-and soiled.

The flame of desire that Candy had awakened earlier in Michael had turned





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to ashes. Gosh, imagine asking a girl like Candy down to college. Why, she'd make a sap out of a guy, a laughingstock.

"Look, Candy, I'm sorry, but I brought Robin and I'm taking her home if-if she'll let me. And about the games in November, Candy-you see, I'd already asked Robin and-and sort of forgot about it. You understand, don't you?"

Candy's crimson-tipped hands tightened on the dress she was holding together. And Robin thought swiftly, Poor Candy! She touched Candy's arm.

"Michael isn't taking me home, Candy. I've made another date. So he-

"I can't take her home," Michael said doggedly. "I'm sorry, but for a lot of reasons I can't, that's all."

Candy's gaze slipped around at the dozen or so people who had come crowding up to see what was wrong. She read triumph, revenge, pity in the eyes of the girls. And she thought, This is how they've felt. Well. I can take it!

Her yellow head went up. "Of course, darling," she said. "I understand per-fectly. You're still crazy about Robin. fectly. Well, why not? As a matter of fact, Larry Forsythe's been begging me all evening to let him take me home, so I guess I'll make him happy by telling him he can.

Larry came up and touched her arm. "You shouldn't try to ditch me like that, sugar." he said, "You and I made this date

a long time ago, didn't we?

Her blue eyes slipped across his face. A hard face that had been around, that knew all the answers; Larry wouldn't buy a girl green orchids for nothing. The sharp edges of fright pricked at her, made her want to turn and run. But Larry's gaze held her, went deep down into her soul and found a weakness there that sudden-

ly clung to his strength.
"Yes," she said slowly, "we made it a

long time ago."

A long time ago, when she had thought she could go on promising and teasing and lying without ever having to face the results of those things. A long time ago, when she had made up her mind to be the most popular girl in town, no matter how. When she had first learned how dangerously far along that road you can travel and pull back from the precipice at the last minute.

She knew she couldn't pull back this time. This was going to be different. But she could handle Larry. Maybe they'd even get married someday. Larry wouldn't leave her. No, he couldn't leave her!

His hand tightened on her arm. "Com-

ing, baby?"
"In a minute, I want to fix my dress." "Okay, sugar. There's no hurry."
"I'll go in with you," Robin said quickly.

"I want to get my wrap."

Michael hurried after them. "Robin,

I'm sorry about the way I acted tonight.' That's all right; forget it. I have.

"Then you'll let me take you home?" "Sorry, Mike, but I told Cliff Ainslee that he could take me."

She left him and slipped into the dress ing room which was mobbed with girls digging frantically for hats and wraps. As Candy left Robin to get some thread and a needle, she said, "You quiet ones just slay me, darling. But personally, I think Cliff's a swell guy. Lots of luck.

Lily Devine asked, "What was she say-

ing about Cliff Ainslee?"
"Nothing," Robin said, "except that he's taking me home tonight.'

"You lucky devil!" they chorused.

Robin slipped into her wrap, ran a comb through her dark hair. When Candy was ready to go, she swept back into the big room and waved a hand at them,

"Ta, ta, children," she said, "I'll think of you while Larry and I are dancing at the Shingles or the Red Mill.

She smiled at them, but Robin noticed that the finger that went up to smooth her lipstick trembled. And Robin and Candy both knew that this night would be different from all other nights in Candy's life. But as she rose to go, she wrapped the last remnants of gay recklessness about her.

"Think of me when you're in your

trundle beds, children!"

Robin did think of her. Driving home with Cliff, feeling warm and protected and cared for, she thought of Larry's shrewd eyes and the way Larry's hand had rested on Candy's arm. She thought of that look of terror she had glimpsed in Candy's eyes, and she knew that whatever happened on that date with Larry Forsythe, Candy Marlow would never be quite fresh, young and starry-eyed again.

So many boys had kissed Candy, and it had always been Candy's boast that they didn't mean a thing to her. The boomerang of that, Robin saw now, was that she didn't mean a thing to them, either! Not one boy of all those dozens who had kissed her really loved Candy or cared what happened to her tonight,

"Why so quiet, Robin?" Cliff asked. "I was thinking about Candy, I feel ter-

ribly sorry for her, Cliff."

"Oh, don't worry about her! Girls like Candy can take care of themselves, There's one in every town, and when the boys get fed up with her, there's another of the same kind to take her place. It doesn't mean a thing to a man to kiss a girl like Candy. But it means a lot to be kissed by someone who really thinks kisses are worth saving for the right person."

His car drew up in front of the Langley door, and he had Robin's hand in his

and was smiling down at her.

"You, for instance," he said. "Someday, when you know me better, I think I'm going to kiss you often, Robin."

"But the girl you were waiting for tonight?" She had to know!

He stared down at Robin's hand in his. "That's a long story. You see, we had a violent disagreement the last time I saw her, and apparently she hasn't changed her mind and I haven't changed mine. I happen to be crazy enough to want to be a playwright starving in an attic, if necessary, and she wants me to be vicepresident of Mammoth Broadcasting Company."

"But there's no choice!" Robin said quickly, "I mean, if you have to be a playwright, you couldn't be anything else even

if you wanted to."

'My argument exactly! You and I are going to get along, Robin! And as for the vacant chair, it's always going to be vacant as far as she's concerned. It was really over last summer, but I'd already asked her down for the week end, and of course I had to go through with it, just in case she put in an appearance, It's sometimes hard to be sure, too. You keep thinking maybe you're making a mistake."

"I know," Robin said softly. "I felt that way about Michael. But now I'm very

sure, as far as he is concerned.

"Good. And you'll come to Princeton for the game in November, won't you? And maybe the Junior Prom if somebody doesn't snatch you away from me.'

"And you'll come up to Smith, and may-

be I'll lose you." "Not a chance!"

They laughed then, and Mrs. Langley, waiting up for Robin as usual, thought she had never heard anything as lovely as that laughter. Young, carefree laughter; laughter with the whole world before it, ready to be met with lifted head and candid eyes. Youth's world, that they sometimes rushed too swiftly to meet, not knowing the value of what they were leaving behind them forever.

The Man Hitler Fears

(Continued from page 25)

the Nazi party, "amputated" the army high command and loosed a pogrom with fire and sword against the Jews. But these were mere practice sessions; his greatest work is just beginning. For instance, his Gestapo has just taken over the "economic policing" of Spain, deciding what factories and steamships shall run. The "colonial divisions" of this private army now reinforce Mussolini's army in the Savoy Alps, in case France strikes in the passes in the opening days of the coming war.

The bases of Himmler's power are unique. In the first place, he is Germany's "invisible man." He looks less like the bad man of Germany and the ogre of Europe than like Caspar Miquetoast. His hair is thin and of indeterminate color. His eyes behind unrimmed pince-nez are small and lackluster. His mouth is weak, his chin receding. It was his commonplace exterior that first led his colleagues to entrust him with lethal powers, and it still serves him in good stead: he is the one towering Third Reich figure whose accurate measurements the world finds it innossible to take.

Greedy of only one thing, power, he has a national reputation for incorruptibility. This has rocketed him up faster than any other factor, for few other powerful Nazi figures have failed to rush the trough of graft. The Himmier terror reigns as definitely inside the corruption-ridden Nazi party as among "enemies of the Reich."

He hoasts of having read every book extant dealing with either the Soviet Ogpu or the Ochrana—the murderous secret police of the Czars, and calmly declares his organization incorporates all

their "best points."

His real genius is twofold: for organization and for fanaticism. Systematic, remorseless, Himmler is the soul of all three major persecutions in the Third Reich those of Jews, Protestants and Catholics. This triple-threat fanaticism is recognized by the German public, who call him "the only two-hundred-percent Nazi."

Himmler's career must appear to normal men that of a double-crosser. He was the son of an inconspicuous Catholic schoolteacher in Munich and received a Catholic education. Today his heel treads the Catholic Church more ruthlessly than any other in Europe except Stalin's. He volunteered for the army in 1917, but managed never to get to the front-line trenches. He took part in Hitler's tragic Putsch of 1923, but turned up in the detachment which surrendered "honorably" and was not even held for trial.

His first big job was that of private secretary to Gregor Strasser, then Hitler's deputy-Führer. Strasser had rescued Himmier from a job in a fertilizer factory, and he finally argued Hitler into making the promising youngster Black Shirt chief.

Then, in 1934, at Himmler's express order, Black Shirts pumped bullets into Strasser during the "Blood Purge."

Ernst Roehm had been a buddy, too, in the early Storm Troop days, Roehm and Himmier surrendered side by side the night of the Putsch. But Himmier watched his men riddle Roehm with bullets on the "Night of Blood."

Himmler got a degree in Agriculture at Munich University, next an education in human slaughter with the *Freikorps Reichskriegsflagge*, which gained fame by its "private executions" of Lettist leaders.

Himmler's streamlined success story began in 1929, however, when Hitler appointed him to reorganize his personal bodyguard. At the end of the year, that

Up and at ém in 2 hours

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Jack was going to wow the world—his little suburban world, anyway—with his golf, this morning. But after last night's party and the way he's feeling now, he'll get the consolation prize unless...



Yes, here's Mrs. Jack to the rescue with a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. You see, Sal Hepatica helps two ways.



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bodyguard (the S. S.) was 100,000 strong. Then, when Hitler seized power in Berlin, Himmler rocketed into the undeclared dictatorship of south Germany. He took over the city police of Munich, then the state police of Bavaria; created the Gestapo; invented the peace-time con-centration camp and filled the camps with pre-Nazi leaders, Soon he had the southern third of the Reich in his hands.

In November of the same year, 1933, Göring called on Himmler to take over the police, secret and regular, of all Germany. At thirty-three, the former agriculture student was given a harness to buckle

on a nation.

Himmler found 138,470 police in the Reich in the spring of 1933. Today he is chief of no fewer than 437,000 policemen —or one to every 135 people in the nation. The "political police" have been stepped up from 760 to 18,000 inside Germany and 5,000 abroad. But their executive staff, or Gestapo, was limited inside the Reich to about 4,500 picked men.

For all their melodrama, these streamlined secret police have the striking power of a modern business machine. Contact men are placed in every club, factory and residential section. Liaison secret police sit in the offices of the army, the air ministry, the revenue department (customs inspection), the Foreign Office, et cetera, All produce reports daily,

These are tossed into the hopper of the civil service. In twenty-four hours they have been broken down among all the Gestapo departments and filed in dossiers. These dossiers of death grow faster than any other crop in present-day Germany,

The secret-police sieve through which all mail passes has never, to my knowledge, been described in America. First, letters are checked against lists of "suspect" addresses, All letters to these-addresses are examined. In the majority of cases, they are carefully steamed open; the contents are photographed, then replaced, and the original seals reaffixed. If this last is impossible, the torn envelope is marked "Damaged in Opening for Foreign Exchange Inspection" and sent on. one in every so many hundred envelopes is subjected to "candling"—laid on a special luminous screen, then opened if the contents appear noteworthy.

THE FAVORITE method of cleaning out "opposition centers" is to send a Gestapo operative into a restless factory, for instance, and have him grumble and distribute anti-Hitler handbills. When When sufficiently accepted as leader of the dissatisfied group there, he organizes a protest, usually a minor sit-down strike. The next day he disappears. And so do the workmen who joined him.

The best recent job of agents provocateurs was the mass arrests last April at the Adler works, the armament factory in Frankfurt. Workmen pulled a "slowdown" as a pacifist demonstration. Over a hundred were arrested. In fourteen cases, relatives were later informed simply that their father or husband or brother had been "taken seriously ill" while under examination and had "died."

The cruelest method of operation is the "suggestion system." An instance of this is the case of Wilhelm N., a tradeunion official in pre-Hitler days. He was astounded one night to be yanked out of bed and thrown into a concentration camp-without the usual "hearing." without mistreatment and with no explanation of why he had been seized.

In camp, though harried like everybody else, he got no personal abuse. Then, just as mysteriously as he had been arrested, he was released and sent home.

Two weeks later he was picked up

again, and the cat-and-mouse game was repeated. Eventually the secret-police boss of his district summoned him.

Herr N. no longer had a job, for no German will chance hiring a secret-police suspect; his friends were afraid to be seen with him socially. The boss suggested he go to work for the secret police, spying on groups he knew best. It was intimated that refusal would mean "real" incarceration this time.

Herr N. refused, went doggedly back to camp. A year later, with one kidney out of commission and most of his teeth gone, and with his family unheard from, he begged for the opportunity "to serve the Nazi state." It was now the turn of the secret police to refuse—mainly for the practical reason that Herr N. was not likely to live long enough to be useful.

One of his colleagues. Fritz C., a former member of the Reichstag, erred in the opposite direction. Black-listed for his pre-Hitler work for Communism, and unable to get employment, he went to the secret police office and volunteered.

Suspicious, they would not accept him, but they did put him instantly under surveillance. Even his friends had to desert him now. Before, he could obtain neither a job nor welfare relief; now, anyone who aided him was doubly suspect. By the time the Gestapo was certain he was not plotting but simply starving, he was ready for the undertaker. Fritz C. hurried the end; he opened his wrists with a razor.

Both cases are authentic. They make clear why the Gestapo is well equipped

with stool pigeons.

Himmler's right-hand man is Reinhard Heydrich, a famous fanatic four years younger than himself, Heydrich is simultaneously Gestapo chief and commander of all old-style police in Germany. He is the picture of a thriller-story villain, with a swarthy complexion and slit-eyes of Oriental slant. Germany abounds in tales of his enjoyment of cruelty.

The left-hand man is Eicke, commander of the "Death's-head Battalions" and chief warden of all concentration camps, The chief figure in political bombings, Eicke was not in Germany when Hitler took power.

The best torture device of the concentration camps is the old-fashioned "solitary cell," which is pitch-dark and has a floor of wet mud. Its occupant is flogged or beaten both before entering and upon his exit. A refinement of long-drawn-out pain, however, is the "writhing cell"—s box three to four feet square, too small for the prisoner either to lie down, sit normally or stand up, Several hours' confinement racks a man's body with cramps.

The latest estimate of the Home Ministry on the population of Reich concentration camps-since the occupations of Austria, Czecho-Sloyakia and Memel-is about 175,000, the largest in history.

For the Gestapo's activities abroad there is a special staff. It is UA-1 and is the largest of all the Gestapo departments, numbering approximately 5,000 busy men and women. They and their drafted workers are active in every nation on the globe, including the United States.

If the proper co-operation is not forthcoming from the German in New York or Rio or Shanghai, then people he cares for back home are threatened. He will usually toe the line to get them out of a concentration camp.

Long reports and money are what the Gestapo wants from these drafted helpers ahroad

But Police Chief Himmler is first and foremost commander of a "private army," the Schutzstaffel, or "Guardian Staffs." Its bizarre rules, "Nordic mission" and systematized sex life are still unfamiliar to America, Its 350,000 members today are

the cream of the nation—tall, strong young men in trim black uniforms.

Applicants must present a "Family-Tree Pass," certifying pure Aryan ancestry back to 1750. They must be at least five feet seven inches tall, in good health. eighteen years old, and must pass a rigid examination on their "wholehearted Nazi beliefs." The tallest are immediately sifted out for Hitler's honor guard. These giants average six feet three and are the most impressive body of men in Europe.

All fiancées of S. S. men must produce the same 190-year certificate of German ancestry. They must further pass a strict physical examination, mainly for sturdiness, and be certified as "100 percent Nazis." Then, after formal approval from Adolf Hitler, marriages may take place.

All S. S. recruits are mustered formally into ranks in a ceremony unique in the world. Exactly at midnight on each November ninth, anniversary of Hitler's tragic Putsch, they take the solemn oath to the Führer en masse, standing out under the stars and before flaming altars -the many thousands swearing everlasting fealty in a nation-wide chorus united by radio hookup. Their service period is from twenty-one to thirty-five. Then, until the age of forty-five, they are retired to the "S. S. Reserve."

HIMMLER'S CHIEF problem is to keep his black-shirted "executioners" from succumbing to normal human influences such as friendship, religion, domestic love. The regimen of the crack troops is accordingly unique. No battalion is allowed to serve in its home area. Thus, Munich men may be stationed in Silesia or Berlin or Hamburg, but never inside their own province of Bavaria, so that when ordered to fire on civilian populations, they may be as heartless as their leader. Similarly, in emergency periods they are not allowed to remain in any district long, "lest they fraternize too thoroughly with the masses." S. S. transfers currently take place on an average of every three weeks.

This shuttling to and fro, plus the wait for a special marriage permit from Hitler, is enough to cut weddings to a minimum. But every official effort is also made to provide these strong, handsome boys with sufficient entertainment of a less confin-An official article in Das Schwarze Korps makes this clear:

Illegitimate children can be a firm bulwark of the nation. Priests and pastors insist on condemning them as "missteps" and provide no protection for unmarried mothers, But the peas ant, particularly, has a sound instinct in these matters. In many valleys in the Tirol, this even goes so far that girls who have not yet borne children cannot find a husband, since all earcannot find a husband, since an ear-nest suitors want proof that their wives are able to produce offspring before they will lead them to the altar. The nation must give all legal and financial aid to illegitimate children

Consequently, the S. S. supports-and supplies—maternity homes for unwed mothers throughout the Reich. Most famous Black Shirt baby center is Lebens-born (or "Well of Life") near Garmisch. which may accept "only such unmarried mothers-to-be as can be proved about to bear children of extreme biologic value."
Likewise, all S. S. men are now required

to resign from church memberships. Christianity is considered "weakening."

Himmler's little-known S. S. training schools, however, tell a different story. They reveal a side of his character which the world has seen nothing of. In the most beautiful portions of Germany-on a mountaintop in the Rhineland, on a lake-girt peak in the Alps, on a cliff over-looking the Baltic—he has built what are

called the "Fuhrer Schools of the Third Reich." Into them go the "pick" of the nation; out of them are to come "the leaders of Germany when we are gone.

These monumental barracks, built like forts of the Middle Ages, are organized carefully after the famous fighting fraternity of the old Teutonic Knights who overran Poland in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The chosen inmates are termed "The National Socialist Order of Virile Soldiers." They drill, read Nazified history, work in the fields to learn sympathy with the farmer, memorize "Mein Kampf," and learn proficiency with horse, sword and rifle. They are taught three cardinal virtues: loyalty, honor and courage—with "blind obedience to my Führer" as crown of all training.

Heinrich Himmler is not only chief policeman and secret policeman of Germany; he is also chief fanatic. When Hitler dies, he will be the only man who can carry on all the Führer's fanatic drives, and Hitler knows it. He leans on

him today as never before.

Yet while making a demigod out of Hitler, Himmler has made himself into the personal devil of Germany. Where Hitler commands the Reich's respect, he commands only its fear-and its hate.

When Hitler dies, ambitious Himmler will have a difficult choice. He probably could elevate himself to the Führership, but he would be easy to tear down. For all the deeds that gave him power as Hitler's lord high executioner have made him a Führer-in-reverse-the villain, not the hero of the nation. Yet any popular figure, backed by Himmler's machine, could seize power upon Hitler's death and hold it. The Crown Prince is apparently fated to remain a crown prince all his days.

Out in Society

(Continued from page 57)

this to Wedge. It will give him goose flesh!" said Barbara, regarding the interview.

"Wedge isn't coming to see you in your act at the Moth?"

"No. I guess not, I think he would have, but you see, he and Dick are in the same firm and they're sending Dick, I don't suppose Wedge would want to come down and just hang around."

"That's the old Harvey and Slade outfit?"

"Yes."

"Wedgely fell into that at birth, This other young man must be clever to beat

"Yes, he's clever."

"And in love with you, too?"
"Oh, not that," said Barbara. "We like each other a lot. He knows I'm going to marry Wedge. Everybody knows that But being engaged doesn't mean you're dead and buried and never can speak to an-other man. As far as that goes, Dick's just about engaged himself. At least, there's a girl he goes around with in Dunster.

"How does she feel about you?"

"She's not in our crowd. Not that she isn't perfectly fine. Wedge likes her. She works in that office," Barbara added, "I feel a little queer about her. She hasn't very much and-well, maybe Dick used to care more about her than he does now."

"Before he met you?" Barbara nodded, "It's bothered me a little."

Iris said carelessly, "It's not your bother. She's his problem, not yours, Do you like this Dick?

Barbara looked straight at her mother



"Imagine Me flying to Hollywood!"

> 1. My land, Sara, but I was excited when I received my Barbara's telegram telling me she was to be married! "Fly to Hollywood for wedding," she said. Why, I wonder what Pa would have thought if he was alive!



2. At the airport everyone was so nice to me, especially the hostess of my plane. I was so proud I couldn't help telling her about my Barbara being in pictures. And before you know it, Sara, we got right friendly.



3. Before we landed, the hostess served a bite and some delicious iced coffee, "Lands sakes, child!" I said, "Don't tempt me so! I love coffee but I'm one of those folks who can't drink it . . . seeing how it never lets me sleep."



4. "Don't you fret," she said. "This is Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free. So it can't keep you awake." Well. Sara, it was grand coffee! You see, it's REAL coffee ... with only the caffein taken out . . , all the flavor left in.



5. Next morning I woke up in my hotel feeling fit as a fiddle, Bless that hostess. I thought, for introducing me to Sanka Coffee-it really lets me sleep! Soon as I get home I'm going to send her one of my own special apple pies!



6. And when she wrote thanking me for the pie, she told me the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.



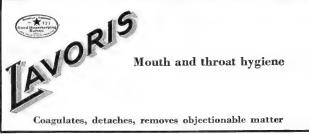
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and said, "Yes, I like him. It seems to me that you can like more than one person."

I hope that someday she says that to

I hope that someday she says that to her father, thought Iris. She's found it out for herself already. But Iris didn't say that. She asked, "Do you think Wedgely Slade will make you happy?"

"We'll get on all right, I guess," said Barbara. "We like the same things."

"He was a prudish young man," said Iris, "full of prejudices, as I remember him."

She said it impatiently because she never forgave a man who resisted her, and during that season when Barbara had come out, Wedgely Slade had resisted her, All the boys in Barbara's crowd were dazzled by Iris except Wedgely. And she knew why. She remembered distinctly the night when, at a party, he had come upon her in the embrace of a man who pleased her for an hour. It hadn't amounted to anything, but Wedgely had Judged her as Christopher used to.

It would serve him right, she thought, if Barbara showed him that a husband doesn't own a woman. It serves him right to have this Gavan man get his job and come after his girl. Barbara might as well have her fun, thought her mother.

"When is this young man coming?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. He might turn up any time. I wrote him about the show, so he'll know when I start. Anyway, I'd better get going. I have a rehearsal with Tommy Sled, no less. I belong to my public now!"

Barbara's public gathered late. Once in a while some stranger or tourist made the mistake of coming to the Moth Club when it opened for the evening. But anyone who did that ate and drank in isolation.

It was the night of Barbara's first appearance, and she was frightened. Twenty times in the last two days she had laughed at her dread of standing on that low platform with the beam of light on her, singing to the people who would be at the tables. Just ordinary people, she told herself; the kind who went to night clubs, who were out for a good time and not expecting opera. They wouldn't be very critical. But she didn't believe that.

Her make-up seemed to be all right. She had tried it under the spotlight. She hoped her dress made her look older, or at least as if she knew her way about.

Pizzato the manager, a dark, active litthe man, stopped her as she tried to kill time by going into the dressing room to have another look at herself. "Not nervous? No. You have only to give pleasure. That should be easy. To make them say, 'We must hear that pretty girl again."

Barbara said, "I hope I'll do it well."
Pizzato trotted away.

People were beginning to come in. The theaters must be out. Barbara went back to the little table which was set behind a couple of artificial treelike decorations near the orchestra. She saw the patrons arrive, merry and high-pitched.

There were some girls and men whom Barbara knew. She didn't want to talk to them now. She wished they hadn't come. Pizzato passed her. "Mrs. Bock is here."

he said. "Would you like to join her while you wait?"

"No, thanks, I'll see her afterwards."

Tommy Sled was conducting the orchestra, beautifully graceful as he gave the music to the crowd and the crowd to the music. People were dancing. Then the lights went off, the spotlight came on, and Barbara thought in panic, It can't be time to go on yet!

Tommy Sled nodded to her, held the orchestra poised, began. This was where she came in. She moved because she must. Incredibly, she was singing.

"Waiter," said a man in a loud whisper, "who's that? That's not Birdie Walter. "No. sir. She's taking Miss Walter's nlace.

That's what I call a gyp. They advertise Birdie and-"Hush!" said one of the women with

him

"Who's that?" at another table. "It's that society girl. You read about her in The Coming Week, didn't you?" "One more of those? I thought so."

"I don't think she's so bad."

Barbara sang in the cabaret manner, the impudent words, the exaggerated accent, the trick of sinking her voice to a provocative whisper of the tune. She did all that very well, as far as it went. It was what she did not do that many of the listeners missed. She didn't know and they could not have explained why she put up a little barrier between her audience and herself. It was not just shyness. She showed how she had been brought up, what she thought of herself and of the public. It was different from the freshness and ingenuousness that might have made a new singer more charming. For that they would like her.

But there was something else. It was something that had been bred into Barbara—the admonitions and habits of childhood and schooling and restricted living. Under the spotlight it was evident. Don't be familiar with strangers. Never be cheap. This is Barbara Ferratin

They felt it. The people in the club who had similar backgrounds missed the leap over the social fence which Birdie Walter gave them. The others knew that this singer didn't belong to them. They felt it with the sure instinct of audiences, When Birdie sang, "Fellow, you're going to be my man!" women knew that they could have rivals and men that they could be tempted. Tonight the song went flat.

But Pizzato liked the crowd. It was classy. His glance sorted out the rich, the fashionable. He saw a scholarly-looking man come in with a small party and hastened to find a table for them near Iris Bock's table. For the scholarly-looking man was a columnist.

"Scotch and plain water," said Dick Gavan, at the bar at the end of the room. He had just come in and he had no table. He looked very sober, but he was excited and rather tense. He turned away after giving his order, to gaze at the figure of the girl in the bright circle. She was doing all right, if they'd shut up and listen. Lord, she was beautiful.

Dick thought of her and of himself. too. because this was a big night for him. He had a right to take a drink now and put

his chest out. He had put over the job. The whole thing had been tricky, and it might not have worked out at all to his advantage. Hawkins had said to him ten days before, "What do you know about the legal setup for an organization like American Travelways, Gavan?"

"You mean as it affects interstate com-

merce laws?

"Yes, and there's a question of the holding company and what the rights of a subsidiary at this end would be. Are you up on that kind of corporation law?"
"I ought to be. That was what I studied

most of my last year-the restrictions and possibilities of organizations under different state laws. Is there any point you'd like a memorandum on, sir?"

Hawkins said, "No. But I'm glad to hear you're informed on that phase of the law. Somebody's got to be ready. They want action in New York, and some of our clients have a lot of money tied up in American Travelways. It's going to be set up again on a different basis. I may not be able to get to New York for the organization meeting, MacMichael's flat on his back, and several of our other men are tied up in court. Probably you are as up on that law as anyone else in the office.

Wedge Slade was also up on it. But Mr. Hawkins had either forgotten that or else was ignoring it.

Should I drop a hint to Wedge that he'd better get right after this if he wants the job? Dick asked himself. And then he thought, Why should I? It's not up to me.

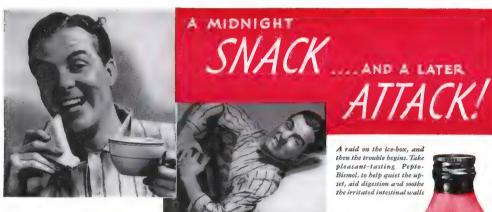
But it wasn't absolutely necessary, either, for him to put a subsequent memorandum on Mr. Hawkins' desk, showing the changes in the 1938 corporation law that would directly affect Travelways. It was a neat, concise job. It showed that he was informed and ready. He did not speak of the incident to Wedgely. After all. Wedge might not want to go. There was a risk of failure, certainly, which was probably why Hawkins was dodging the task himself.

Still, even with the rationalization, it made him feel queer under his jubilance when Hawkins told him he was to go to New York.

He'd made good, all right, He'd paid his way. It was over now. The meeting had gone on all day. It was a consolidation of several transportation companies that shipped by truck, and while the big money came from New York, Dunster had a lot of capital tied up, too. Also, it was a key point, both as a railroad and lake ter-

Dick had made an effective argument of that in insisting that Dunster get the concessions it wanted. He made them feel that the Dunster people might launch an independent company if they didn't. Dick knew interstate commerce law. It was true that in the law school he'd concentrated on that field and on labor relations. It had been handy today when they began talking about labor.

He had telephoned the result of the



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He couldn't hear Barbara any too well from where he stood. There was too much talk. She had told him to hunt her up when she finished singing the first time and had said that he could stay with her until she went on again at one o'clock,

He clapped loudly as she finished. No one else around him joined in applause.

"Where did they find that girl?" somebody asked the bartender.

"Birdie went off to get married," he answered.

"That's the Bock girl," offered a young man, "I didn't know there was a girl. You

mean Lex Bock? I knew one of the Bock

"She's a stepdaughter, I think." "So that's how she rates the job! Smart old Pizzato."

"Pretty soon there isn't going to be any work for labor, at the rate the socialites are grabbing it off. There's a debutante in half the shows in New York now, and are they terrible or are they not?"

"Some of them are pretty good." "No personality, most of them. Cute clotheshorses, that's all."

Dick glared, He clapped again, for Barbara was taking a bow.

A flashlight flared at her. A fat man, slightly drunk, ogled her and clapped his hands silently in her direction. It felt like success. It must be success. And there, coming toward her through the confused room, was Dick. It must be love, to be so glad to see anyone.

That was what he was thinking as he took her hand and looked at her lips, I didn't ask for this, he thought. It hap-pened. It couldn't be stopped. I never thought that by this time I'd be in New York, in conference all day with big shots, and then meeting Barbara Ferratin at the Moth Club.

His mind was boasting, and his heart was pounding. He'd put things over today and the day wasn't over.

"Was I all right?" "You were grand!"

"How long have you been here?"

"I just got here in time. It's been quite a day. I want to tell you about it. Can you dance with me now?"

"Later on, Come on over here. They're waiting for us-a lot of people."

At Iris Bock's table, room was made for Dick and Barbara, but the introductions were scanty and careless, Somebody went off with Barbara to speak to Tommy Sled. and Dick found himself surrounded by strangers. The only one he had ever seen before was Mrs. Bock, and he wasn't sure whether she wanted him there or not. She was drinking milk. The big man beside her had a glass of mineral water. There was plenty of champagne, but only one young man was drinking steadily.

Iris didn't help Dick. She knew that if he knew the names of some of the guests he would be startled, but that game didn't interest her. Not appearing to watch him, she saw every move he made, and she had a curious and amazing impulse to take Barbara home, to get her away not from the night club but from this young man. She had been astonished by that wave

of feeling in herself. She hadn't felt that way when she left Barbara, deserted her child in order to be free to marry Lexington Bock and enter a richer and more

notable world. She hadn't wanted to protect Barbara from the probable disappointments of the night club or any disillusionment New York might bring.

It was only when she saw her daughter with this young man that Iris' heart suddenly turned over in pity and in fear. For passion could hurt. She knew.

"Is that young Wedge Slade?" the big man, who owned a broadcasting company, inquired.

'No."

"The reason I asked was that I just heard him say he was from Dunster, and somebody was telling me your daughter was engaged to Slade, I knew his father. He was a couple of years ahead of me at Cambridge. Too bad he had to go that way."

I knew his mother, thought Iris. She didn't like me, not even in the days when

I hoped she would.

The party had thinned before Barbara came back to it. She had found other acquaintances, more compliments. A kind of brilliant happiness surrounded her, She wasn't in the least afraid now.

"When do you sing again, Bab?"
"About one o'clock."

"I don't think I'll stay," said Irls. "I'll send the car back for you."

Barbara laughed at that. "You sound just like Dunster, Mother! The old chaperon racket. Don't send the car, Dick will see Nellie home. We may wander around a little after I get my work done, and there are plenty of taxis."

Iris wanted to insist. She wanted to tell Barbara to come home as soon as the singing was over. She wanted more than that-the intimacy and the authority and the practice which would make it possible to tell her daughter not to stay out too long with this young man. The cautious words rose to her lips but were not spoken,

"You'd better go in training if you plan to keep this up," was all she said.

And Barbara agreed, "I will after tonight. Not when Dick's in town, though. I want him to meet some people. I can sleep all day tomorrow."

Mrs. Bock's party was leaving. As Iris crossed the room, little ripples of comment spread out over it.
"That's Lexington Bock's wife."

"I saw that woman in Palm Beach when

she was going after him right under Milly's nose. Milly intended to have him for herself, you know." "She's better-looking than ever."

"Yes. But so hard. I don't believe that woman has a thought for a living soul except herself."

Iris went by, her face arrogant and mysterious. She spoke to someone who didn't count; ignored someone who did. That was one way in which she got her

It was a pity that the columnist went at one o'clock. He might have changed his mind about Barbara's singing. They were the same songs, but she enjoyed them this time, Some of the mischief and the romping she used to put into her acts for the girls at school came back to her now. She was a little rowdy in a decent way, and the act went over. The mood of her audience was more friendly, too. When one group clapped with enthusiasm, the others followed suit.

There were praises, and there were jealousies.

"I heard that Mr. Bock bought this place so she could have a chance to sing. Who's that with Barbara Ferratin?"

"Childhood friend. One of those friendships that ripen into love.'

"She's engaged to Wedge Slade. I know him, That's not Wedge," "Who said it was?" Barbara said to Dick, "They think I'm

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engaged to you. Quite a few people have asked if you were Wedge."

"It wouldn't flatter him."

"Maybe it would. Let's call him up."

"Too late."

"No. It's an hour earlier out there, It's not more than half past twelve in Dunster. Come on. There's a phone in the office here, and we'll reverse the charges. He won't care. He'd like to talk to us."

Why did they want to do that? Neither of them knew, but they welcomed the idea. It proved they were square with Wedge.

Barbara knew the number. "No, reverse the charges. Wedgely Slade. New York calling. Barbara Ferratin. He'll know... What did you say?...Oh, all right... No, cancel it. I shan't be here later."

She pushed away the telephone and said, "He's not home. Nobody was there who had authority to accept a reverse charge, they said, so I didn't leave a message. Well, he's evidently enjoying himself somewhere, the happy farmer." She smiled at Dick. "You tell him we tried, anyway."

That wasn't quite what she meant. They both knew it,

"I'm tired of this clatter. Let's go somewhere else where it's quieter," said Barbara, "I want to hear about you."

They would never recognize the taxi again. Next day the cab that had carried them after they left the Moth might almost run them down, and neither Barbara nor Dick would be able to tell whether this yellow-painted vehicle with its fenders dented and with the stoop-shouldered fellow at the wheel, or that checkered one with the fat old driver, was the one in which they had talked. Yet at the time the cab was not just a conveyance but a shelter, a refuge, a place that belonged to them.

"When I saw you tonight . . ."
"I know the way you felt, It isn't as if
we started anything. This has just hap-

pened to us."

"Of course I can't compete with Wedge. I know that, And besides, you and he are engaged."

"And you've got Anne."

"I haven't got her. We're friends, that's all."

"But if I hadn't come along—"
"Thank God you did come along! You don't know what you've done for me. I couldn't have handled that situation to-day if I hadn't known I was going to see you. It gave me nerve. And it was the biggest thing I've ever been able to put across."

"It isn't as if we're gypping anyone," she insisted. "This hour, this little bit of time belongs to us. We're two free people."

"We're a man and a woman who've found each other. Darling, I must work it out somehow."

"Let's not spend time worrying now. Think—it's New York and here we are, and nobody knows we're here but us. Isn't it fun? Isn't it fun for you?"

"Something to remember, I'll never for-

get this night."

"Life isn't all of a piece. That's what I think. Part of it you give to one person; part of it you have a right to keep for yourself."

"I've never known what it meant to feel like this about anybody."

"Neither have I."

"You don't think I'm awful? You don't think I'm cheap?"

"You couldn't be cheap. You're the loveliest person that was ever made."
"We can't go on riding indefinitely like

this. Where are we, anyway?"
"I don't know. I'm with you, and that's all the geography I know."

"You'd better take me back to the Bock house."

"We can't be alone there, can we?"





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WRITER'S DIGEST 34 East 12th St. Cincinnati, Obio

"No. The watchman prowls, But what else can we do?

"It's a big city. We ought to be able to do what we want. We ought to be together. Not in a taxi. Some place where I can shut a door and take you in my arms.'

"But where could we go?" "We could go to my hotel."

"Me-like this?"

"No one would know, It's not a plush hotel. Just a big dump. I'll get you home by dawn. Before that, and we might have been dancing all night and had breakfast somewhere

"I couldn't " "I suppose not, I shouldn't have said

that

She said, "If I did, after all . . ."
"It's our chance. We may never have another like it.

"Let's go there. To your hotel."
"Do you mean it?" he asked, his voice catching.

"Yes, I do. It's my life-it's myself, I can do what I want with myself."

The taxi driver drove through the park. After a while he knew they would make up their minds. And he was right. The young man was tapping on the pane, giving him the name of the hotel.

Seraph Teal liked the city at night. She wanted to know it at every hour, so that what she wrote about it would be true. Often she walked at night, and because she was afraid of nothing, she walked un-molested. She heard the city stir in its sleep, and she saw odd things and lovely things and many that were ugly, Never once did she fear what she saw.

She had taken a tiny apartment and came and went as she pleased. She walked at random, because that was the best way

to see things and people.

She saw a man redecorating the window of his tawdry jewelry shop, singing as he worked. She saw a newsstand man reading poetry in his stall, and they talked for a few minutes. A woman with an eye blackening from a blow passed her, muttering curses on somebody.

The hotel entrances were quiet, and the streets rested from the day's traffic. Only an occasional cab scurried along. Seraph saw one of them stop before the Royal Hotel. A young man and a girl got out of it. For a half minute the girl's face was clear in the black halo of her velvet hood. and there was an expression on it that Seraph had never seen on Barbara's face before.

She didn't look like the schoolgirl who used to come running across Miss Carew's campus. She looked as if she had discard-ed all things and all people except the man who was with her, and her glance was fearless

On the first day Wedgely Slade did not notice that Anne was out of the office. He'd been absorbed in himself, trying to be fair about things, but sore to his bones. That was the morning when Hawkins had said, "Oh, by the way, Slade, we talked it over and decided to send young Gavan to New York on this trip. We feel he's got the particular angle on this matter we want to have presented."

Wedgely was taken by surprise. But he said, "I see," calmly enough.

Hawkins was the embarrassed one, and he tried to conceal it under a manner of great practicality. He could never quite forget that he had been unimportant to this firm when Slade's father had been a brilliant lawyer. Of course the boy didn't measure up. He said that to himself defensively.

"It's a job that takes a good deal of ag-gression. The fellows to be dealt with are an outspoken lot, and Gavan's a go-getter. Of course he's had to be, to get along."

"I thought he was going to be groomed to understudy Mr. MacMichael in the political end.

"Well, that was the idea. But Gavan himself seemed to think he could put this over-he's done a lot of studying on the law involved lately.

Horning in, thought Wedgely. He knew I was being considered for this New York end. It's pretty raw stuff.

"We appreciate that you've got the New York connection in one way, But you see, this isn't a social matter."

"I had no idea it was." answered Wedgely shortly

Passing over him like this hit him in the most sensitive spot. Sometimes he felt that if he only had the chance he could prove that, apart from the money and the Slade name, he really could amount to something

All along the line, while he was growing up, he had felt he wasn't doing things on his own, under his own power.

When he first wanted to go to during a school vacation, it had not been hard to get a job. He was provided with one as bank messenger and he knew why he got it before a bank clerk taunted him with the reason. It was because of the big Slade deposits in the bank,

In college his club had been an inheritance from his father's popular academic life. He might have refused to join, but other groups didn't seek him out and he had no gift for forcing himself into strange company. Once or twice he had talked to his father vaguely about such things. His father had been sympathetic. He had agreed that it was natural for Wedgely to want to show what he could do for himself. Why didn't he go West and get a job on his own for the summer?

Wedge had tried that; it had been an interesting experience and a good hardworking vacation. But again he felt a pretense, a basic falseness in what he was doing. He didn't need the work as the men he met on the road did. There was money waiting for him, safe for him-his grandfather's money and his father's and though he might rough it for a month, might hitch-hike for a week, he knew it was fake and he could not feel necessity.

When his father and mother had been killed, there had been the burden of inheritance as well as the grief to weigh him down. The respect people showed him was, he felt, not to him but to his money. And he felt a certain loyalty to the money itself, as if he had it in trust,

He learned to drive a hard bargain so as not to cheat the men who made the money. He didn't waste. He kept up the house, which he still felt was his parents' house. But he hoped that when Barbara and he were married it would become her house; that she would take it over,

There was a quality about Barbara that he'd liked from the moment he realized she was a grown girl. Somehow, she got past the facts of money and position, and was an individual in spite of them. She was rich and fortunate, but more than that. They had been together on a winter party on the day when he had asked her to marry him. He saw her come across the snow, bending on her skis, her scarf as red as her cheeks, her eyes fearless.

It seemed to Wedge that, with her, life might be worth what it cost, might be justified. Back in his mind stirred the thought that she would have strong, healthy children; that they would have a lot of nerve. It was a bright, gay day. He had knelt down to unstrap her skis, and she'd said, laughing, "Now that you're down there, Wedge, you might as well ask me to marry you

And he had said, "I do, you know," and surprised her.

Later, they'd talked it over. The idea

made her glow. She wanted to be married, and Wedge was exactly the right kind of person. Something of her eager confidence made him think he would be able now to distinguish himself. He'd worked very hard at the law during the next months.

But work as he might, they had needed a fellow like Dick Gavan in the firm-the kind of man who was a brilliant law student and also a good contact man.

As Hawkins put it, not dreaming that his words hit the sore spot, "Of course you've had the training, Slade, but you know how it is. In this town you're regarded as a boy with a silver spoon in his mouth. That's pretty hard to get around in public life."

"It's been done," said Wedgely.

"It has been, But you see, it takes a certain kind of temperament.'

Wedgely didn't have the temperament. Or, if he did have it, he couldn't prove that he had it. And he knew that the more times he was passed over, like this, the surer everyone would be that he couldn't do many things. It would be taken for granted. Maybe it was the truth.

"Please ask Miss Holley to come in for some dictation," he said to the office manager as he passed her desk.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Slade. Miss Holley wasn't

able to come back today."
"Is she sick?" Wedgely asked.

"I think she had a touch of flu. She was looking so badly on Saturday that I

made her go home early."
"That's too bad. Send in anybody else who's free." He added, "I hope Miss Holley comes along all right. Did she have a

"Oh, she's all right. Her mother is there to look after her. That is, she's there at night. Mrs. Holley works at Fenlein's, you know. She's been there for years

talk, but he didn't ask any more questions of her. The day was a little more stuffy and depressing, that was all.

And the next day he noticed that Anne wasn't there. He asked Dick about it at noon. Dick said she had a cold but was a lot better. That was Tuesday, and Dick went to New York that night, On Wednesday Anne still did not appear. Wedgely wondered about sending her flowers

He decided against it. It was one thing to send flowers to Barbara if she were laid up, but another to send them to a girl who worked in your own office.

Still, it did seem as if a person should show some interest when a girl who was working for him was knocked out.

I might stop at her house and inquire, he thought. That's the decent thing to do.

It was old-fashioned, but that was like the sophisticated Wedgely. He wanted to do something personally. That was like him, too.

That afternoon, when he reached the house where the Holleys lived, he began to feel silly. It was late, almost six o'clock. Wedge wanted to turn around and go away, but somebody had come into the hall after him and saw him in front of Mrs. Holley's apartment, There was nothing for it but to ring.

Mrs. Holley came to the door, Her glance questioned him in surprise.

"How do you do? I'm Wedgely Slade. I just wanted to inquire about Miss Holley. I heard she was sick."

"Why, how nice of you! She's much better; really almost well tonight. Won't you come in? Anne's right here, if you don't mind our being very informal."

He had never seen Anne out of office clothes, except that night at the Teal party. He had thought of her as a pretty girl, a sweet kid. He had liked to dictate to her. But as she stood up to speak to

There was a tea tray-or perhaps it was her supper—on a card table laid with a white cloth. Anne was dressed in something that was long and softly blue. It wasn't a negligee. It was a robe to wear at home, sitting by the fire as she was doing. It made her look tall and slim and altogether a woman.

He was very glad to see her, glad with a kind of relief. He was touched to gentleness by the picture she made, and he felt shy, unnerved and eager, So he spoke casually

"I thought I'd drop in to see if there was anything I could do for you. I know Dick's out of town for a few days

'Yes. Isn't it grand about him? He was so excited

She probably thinks I'm no good at all, thought Wedgely.

"He may put something over. And you're all right again?"

"Just fine, I'm loafing now." "I mustn't interrupt your supper."

"I'm all through. You've no idea how fed up you can get with trays after four days of captivity. I'll certainly be glad to see the outside world."

"It will be glad to see you. When are you getting out again?"

"Tomorrow.

"We ought to celebrate."

"Wouldn't I like to!" She wasn't as reserved as she was at the office. She didn't

have to be, here in her own home.

He said, though it hadn't been in his mind before that, "Maybe you'd have dinner with me. Would you do that to-morrow night if you're well enough?"

"Oh, you must have a lot of other things you'd rather do.

"I certainly have not, It would be good for you to see the bright lights. I'll try to fill in for Dick for once.





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tomorrow," said Anne and left it that

way.
"I won't. And don't you! You turn up all hale and hearty, and we'll do some-thing to celebrate the occasion."

"It was awfully good of you to come in." Mrs. Holley was there at the other end

of the room. But it seemed to Wedgely as if they were together and alone, he and

She said warmly, "Right from that first day you've been so good to me."

He protested, "I don't know how. I haven't done a thing."

But after he left the house he began at once to make plans to have their dinner together one that she would like.

Somehow, Anne had expected that he would take her to his club. Or if he had chosen one of the hotel dancing places. that would have been fun. But this was nice too. It was quiet, but there was good food. Anne had been here before with Dick, It wasn't an expensive place.

"Would you like a cocktail?" asked Wedgely. "Yes, if you're going to have one."

He was very happy tonight to have her with him. Though he didn't talk about the way she looked, he saw the lovely texture of her skin and the way her eyes shone. He didn't mention those things because he didn't want her to think he was taking her out to make love to her. It wasn't that at all. He wanted to make her happy.

"Tell me about Dick's job," she said.
"Do you think he'll put it over?" "He probably has by this time," said

Wedge, trying to be decent about it.
"I hope so. He was so cocky, yet so terribly scared underneath!"

"You're very fond of Dick, aren't you?" "We've known each other a long while. Of course I am."

"He'll get on, He'll get ahead."

"I'd like him to do more than that, Sometimes I agree with Oliver-he's a friend of mine and sort of a radical—that it isn't enough just to look after your own life and get ahead yourself. But there's something about Oliver that's even worse. You feel that if you pricked him suddenly an idea would come out-not blood."

"Who's Oliver?" She told him, and Wedgely asked, "I suppose he's crazy about you, too?"

She blushed and laughed and looked a little sorry too, "I don't like to make fun of him, He's so straight and honest and impersonal. But I suppose if you're just an ordinary girl you do want to be taken care of. Maybe it's just the parasite in me -just the old clinging vine-but I'm really perfectly willing to work and earn my living and all that." She paused, and then made a confession of it. "Only once in a while you feel that you'd like somebody to be willing to look out for you, whether you can do it for yourself or not."

It happened to him then. He felt, as he had never felt with Barbara, that nothing would be so good or so desirable as taking care of this girl, this woman; that he could measure up to the job and do it well, and that nothing would stop him or make him fail in it. He felt the sweetness of her dependence and her trust. He watched her half-puzzled face, trying to think it out, and knew he was looking at a girl he could worship and care for. The pattern of his life asserted itself.

"You should have somebody like that," he answered. "You will."

"Well, a lot of people don't." She was silent, thinking of her mother, of things Dick had said, of things she had better not mention. "I suppose Dick is going to see Barbara Ferratin in New York," was what she said when she spoke again.

"I don't know, No doubt he'll try. "She's a fascinating person. I saw in the paper she was going to sing in a New York night club,"

"She likes to do things like that." "Apparently she can do anything she wants! Dick thinks she's wonderful.'
"She's a great girl."

"Dick thinks she's marvelous," repeated

Anne, and Wedgely heard in her voice the effort to be generous, not jealous. She wanted Dick Gavan. He saw that.

And if she wanted him, she ought to have him. She must not be cheated.

"When are you going to be married to Barbara Ferratin?" asked Anne.

Wedgely did what he could; all that he could, "As soon as possible," he said.

Next Month: Barbara returns to Dunster. Is it because of Wedgely or because of Dick?

Under the Ridge (Continued from page 35)

hundred yards to the left. Just before leaving, I had marked the place in quite the oldest way there is of marking a place, and within ten minutes a six-inch shell had lit on the exact place where I had been and there was no trace of any human being ever having been there. Instead, there was a large and clearly blasted hole in the earth.

Then, two hours later, a Polish officer, recently detached from the battalion and attached to the staff, had offered to show us the positions the Poles had just cap-tured and, coming from under the lee of a fold of hill, we had walked into ma-chine-gun fire that we had to craw out from under with our chins tight to the ground and dust in our noses, and at the same time made the sad discovery that the Poles had captured no positions at all that day but were a little further back an that day but were a their future back than the place they had started from. And now, lying in the shelter of the trench, I was wet with sweat, hungry and thirsty and hollow inside from the nowfinished danger of the attack.

"You are sure you are not Russians?" asked a soldier. "There are Russians here today.

"Yes. But we are not Russians."

"You have the face of a Russian."
"No," I said, "You are wrong, comrade. I have quite a funny face but it is not the face of a Russian."

"He has the face of a Russian." pointing at the other one of us who was working on a camera.

"Perhaps, But still he is not Russian. Where are you from?" Extremadura," he said proudly.

"Are there any Russians in Extrema-dura?" I asked.

"No," he told me, even more proudly. "There are no Russians in Extremadura, and there are no Extremadurans in Rus-

"What are your politics?" "I hate all foreigners," he said.

foreigners.

"That's a broad political program."
"I hate the Moors, the English, the
French, the Italians, the Germans, the
North Americans and the Russians."

"You hate them in that order?"
"Yes. But perhaps I hate the Russians the most."

"Man, you have very interesting ideas," said. "Are you a Fascist?" "No. I am an Extremaduran and I hate

"He has very rare ideas," said another

soldier. "Do not give him too much importance. Me. I like foreigners. I am from Valencia. Take another cup of wine. please."

I reached up and took the cup, the other wine still brassy in my mouth, I looked at the Extremaduran. He was tall and thin. His face was haggard and unshaven, and his cheeks were sunken. He stood straight up in his rage, his blanket cape around his shoulders.

"Keep your head down," I told him, "There are many lost bullets coming over."

"I have no fear of bullets and I hate all foreigners," he said fiercely.

"You don't have to fear bullets," I said, "but you should avoid them when you are in reserve. It is not intelligent wounded when it can be avoided.'

"I am not afraid of anything," the Extremaduran said.

"You are very lucky, comrade."
"It's true." the other, with the wine cup, said. "He has no fear, not even of the aviones."

"He is crazy," another soldier said. "Everyone fears planes. They kill little but make much fear.'

"I have no fear. Neither of planes nor of nothing," the Extremaduran said. "And I hate every foreigner alive."

Down the gap, walking beside two stretcher-bearers and seeming to pay no attention at all to where he was, came a tall man in International Brigade uniform with a blanket rolled over his shoulder and tied at his waist. His head was held high and he looked like a man walking in his sleep. He was middle-aged. He was not carrying a rifle and, from where I lay, he did not look wounded.

I watched him walking alone down out of the war. Before he came to the staff cars he turned to the left and, his head still held high in that strange way, he

walked over the edge of the ridge and out of sight.

The one who was with me, busy changing film in the hand cameras, had not noticed him.

A single shell came in over the ridge and fountained in dirt and black smoke just short of the tank reserve

Someone put his head out of the cave where Brigade headquarters was and then disappeared inside. I thought it looked like a good place to go, but knew they would all be furious in there because the attack was a failure, and I did not want to face them. If an operation was successful they were happy to have motion pictures of it. But if it was a failure everyone was in such a rage there was always a chance of being sent back under arrest.

"They may shell us now." I said.

"That makes no difference to me," said the Extremaduran. I was beginning to be a little tired of the Extremaduran.

"Have you any more wine to spare?" I asked. My mouth was still dry

"Yes, man. There are gallons of it," the friendly soldier said, He was short, big-fisted and very dirty, with a stubble of beard about the same length as the hair on his cropped head. "Do you think they

will shell us now?"
"They should," I said, "But in this war you can never tell.'

What is the matter with this war?" asked the Extremaduran angrily, "Don't you like this war?

"Shut up!" said the friendly soldier, "I command here, and these comrades are our guests.

"Then let him not talk against our war," said the Extremaduran. "No foreigners shall come here and talk against our war

"What town are you from, comrade?" I asked the Extremaduran.

"Badajoz," he said. "I am from Badaioz In Badajoz, we have been sacked and pillaged and our women violated by the English, the French and now the Moors. What the Moors have done now is no worse than what the English did under Wellington. You should read history. My great-grandmother was killed by the English. The house where my family lived

"I regret it," I said, "Why do you hate the North Americans?"

"My father was killed by the North Americans in Cuba while he was there as a conscript.

"I am sorry for that, too, Truly sorry, Believe me. And why do you hate the Russians?"

"Because they are the representatives of tyranny and I hate their faces, You have the face of a Russian."

"Maybe we better get out of here." I said to the one who was with me and who did not speak Spanish. "It seems I have the face of a Russian and it's getting me into trouble."

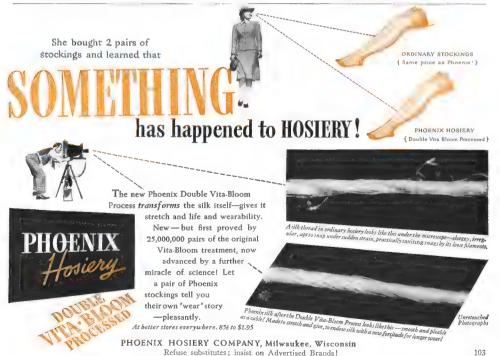
"I'm going to sleep," he said. "This is a good place. Don't talk so much and you won't get into trouble.'

"There's a comrade here that doesn't like me. I think he's an anarchist.

"Well, watch out he doesn't shoot you, then. I'm going to sleep."

Just then two men in leather coats, one short and stocky, the other of medium height, both with civilian caps, flat, highcheekboned faces, wooden-holstered Mauser pistols strapped to their legs, came out of the gap and headed toward us.

The taller of them spoke to me in French. "Have you seen a French com-rade pass through here?" he asked. "A comrade with a blanket tied around his shoulders in the form of a bandoleer? A comrade of about forty-five or fifty years old? Have you seen such a comrade





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going in the direction away from the front?

"No," I said. "I have not seen such a comrade.

He looked at me a moment and I noticed his eyes were a grayish-yellow and that they did not blink at all,

Thank you, comrade," he said, in his odd French, and then spoke rapidly to the other man with him in a language I did not understand. They went off and climbed the highest part of the ridge, from where they could see down all the gullies.

"There is the true face of Russians." the Extremaduran said.

"Shut up!" I said, I was watching the two men in the leather coats. They were standing there, under considerable fire, looking carefully over all the broken country below the ridge and toward the river.

Suddenly one of them saw what he was looking for, and pointed. Then the two started to run like hunting dogs, one straight down over the ridge, the other at an angle as though to cut someone off. Before the second one went over the crest I could see him drawing his pistol and holding it ahead of him as he ran.
"And how do you like that?" asked the

Extremaduran.

"No better than you," I said,

Over the crest of the parallel ridge I heard the Mausers' jerky barking. They kept it up for more than a dozen shots. They must have opened fire at too long a range. After all the burst of shooting there was a pause and then a single shot.

The Extremaduran looked at me sullenly and said nothing. I thought it would be simpler if the shelling started. But it did not start

The two in the leather coats and civilian caps came back over the ridge, walking together, and then down to the gap, walking downhill with that odd bent-kneed way of the two-legged animal coming down a steep slope. They turned up the gap as a tank came whirring and clanking down and moved to one side to let it pass.

The tanks had failed again that day.

and the drivers coming down from the lines in their leather helmets, the tank turrets open now as they came into the shelter of the ridge, had the straightahead stare of football players have been removed from a game for yellowness.

The two flat-faced men in the leather coats stood by us on the ridge to let the tank pass.

"Did you find the comrade you were looking for?" I asked the taller one of them in French.

Yes, comrade. Thank you," he said and looked me over very carefully.

'What does he say?" the Extremaduran asked.

"He says they found the comrade they were looking for." I told him. The Extremaduran said nothing.

We had been all that morning in the place the middle-aged Frenchman had walked out of. We had been there in the dust, the smoke, the noise, the receiving of wounds, the death, the fear of death. the bravery, the cowardice, the insanity and failure of an unsuccessful attack. We had been there on that plowed field men could not cross and live. You dropped and lay flat; making a mound to shield your head; working your chin into the dirt; waiting for the order to go up that slope no man could go up and live.

We had been with those who lay there waiting for the tanks that did not come; waiting under the inrushing shriek and roaring crash of the shelling; the metal and the earth thrown like clods from a dirt fountain; and overhead the cracking, whispering fire like a curtain. We knew how those felt, waiting. They were as far forward as they could get. And men could not move further and live. when the order came to move ahead.

We had been there all morning in the place the middle-aged Frenchman had come walking away from. I understood how a man might suddenly, seeing clearly the stupidity of dying in an unsuccessful attack; or suddenly seeing it clearly, as you can see clearly and justly before you die; seeing its hopelessness, seeing its idiocy, seeing how it really was, simply get back and walk away from it as the Frenchman had done. He could walk out of it not from cowardice, but simply from seeing too clearly; knowing suddenly that he had to leave it; knowing there was no other thing to do.

The Frenchman had come walking out of the attack with great dignity and I understood him as a man. But, as a soldier, these other men who policed the battle had hunted him down, and the death he had walked away from had found him when he was just over the ridge, clear of the bullets and the shelling, and walking toward the river.

"And that," the Extremaduran said to

me, nodding toward the battle police.
"Is war," I said. "In war, it is necessary
to have discipline." "And to live under that sort of dis-

cipline we should die? "Without discipline everyone will die

anyway." "There is one kind of discipline and another kind of discipline," the Extre-maduran said, "Listen to me, In February we were here where we are now and the Fascists attacked, They drove us from the hills that you Internationals tried to take today and that you could not take. We fell back to here; to this ridge. Internationals came up and took the line ahead

"I know that." I said.

"But you do not know this," he went on angrily. "There was a boy from my province who became frightened during the bombardment, and he shot himself in the hand so that he could leave the line because he was afraid,"

The other soldiers were all listening now. Several nodded,

"Such people have their wounds dressed and are returned at once to the line," the Extremaduran went on, "It is just,

"Yes," I said. "That is as it should be."
"That is as it should be." said the
Extremaduran. "But this boy shot himself so badly that the bone was all smashed and there surged up an infection and his hand was amoutated."

Several soldiers nodded.

"Go on, tell him the rest," said one, "It might be better not to speak of it," said the cropped-headed, bristly-faced man who said he was in command.

"It is my duty to speak," the Extremaduran said.

The one in command shrugged his shoulders. "I did not like it either," he said. "Go on, then. But I do not like to hear it spoken of either."

"This boy remained in the hospital in the valley since February," the Extremaduran said. "Some of us have seen him in the hospital, All say he was well liked in the hospital and made himself as useful as a man with one hand can be useful, Never was he under arrest. Never was there anything to prepare him."

The man in command handed me the cup of wine again without saying anything. They were all listening; as men who cannot read or write listen to a story.

"Yesterday, at the close of day, before we knew there was to be an attack, Yes-terday, before the sun set, when we terday. thought today was to be as any other day.

they brought him up the trail in the gap there from the flat. We were cooking the evening meal and they brought him up. There were only four of them. Him, the boy Paco, those two you have just seen in the leather coats and the caps, and an officer from the Brigade. We saw the four of them climbing together up the gap, and we saw Paco's hands were not tied, nor was he bound in any way,

"When we saw him we all crowded around and said, 'Hello, Paco. How are you, Paco? How is everything, Paco, old

boy, old Paco?'

"Then he said, 'Everything's all right Everything is good except this'—and showed us the stump.

"Paco said, That was a cowardly and foolish thing. I am sorry that I did that thing. But I try to be useful with one hand. I will do what I can with one hand

for the Cause.'

"Yes," interrupted a soldier, "He said

that. I heard him say that.'

"We spoke with him," the Extremaduran said. "And he spoke with us, When such people with the leather coats and the pistols come it is always a bad omen in a war, as is the arrival of people with map cases and field glasses. Still we thought they had brought him for a visit, and all of us who had not been to the hospital were happy to see him, and as I say, it was the hour of the evening meal and the evening was clear and warm."

"This wind only rose during the night,"

a soldier said.

"Then," the Extremaduran went on somberly, "one of them said to the officer in Spanish, 'Where is the place?'

"'Where is the place this Paco was wounded?' asked the officer."

"I answered him," said the man in command. "I showed the place, It is a little further down than where you are." "Here is the place," said a soldier. He pointed, and I could see it was the place.

It showed clearly that it was the place.
"Then one of them led Paco by the arm to the place and held him there by the arm while the other spoke in Spanish. He spoke in Spanish, making many mistakes in the language. At first we wanted to laugh, and Paco started to smile. I could not understand all the speech, but it was that Paco must be punished as an example, in order that there would be no more self-inflicted wounds, and that all others would be punished in the same

"Then, while the one held Paco by the arm; Paco, looking very ashamed to be spoken of this way when he was already ashamed and sorry; the other took his pistol out and shot Paco in the back of the head without any word to Paco, Nor any word more.

The soldiers all noaded.
"It was thus," said one, "You can see the place. He fell with his mouth there. You can see it."

I had seen the place clearly enough from where I lay.

"He had no warning and no chance to prepare himself," the one in command said. "It was very brutal."

"It is for this that I now hate Russians as well as all other foreigners," said the Extremaduran. "We can give ourselves no illusions about foreigners. If you are a foreigner, I am sorry. But for myself, now, I can make no exceptions. You have eaten bread and drunk wine with us. Now I think you should go.'

"Do not speak in that way," the man

"Do not speak in that way," the man in command said to the Extremaduran. "It is necessary to be formal." "I think we had better go," I said. "You are not angry?" the man in command said. "You can stay in this shelter as long as you wish. Are you thirsty? Do you wish more wine?"



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"Thank you very much," I said. "I think we had better go.

"You understand my hatred?" asked

the Extremaduran. "I understand your hatred," I said.
"Good," he said and put out his hand.

'I do not refuse to shake hands. And that

you, personally, have much luck."
"Equally to you," I said. "Personally, and as a Spaniard."

I woke the one who took the pictures and we started down the ridge toward Brigade headquarters. The tanks were all coming back now and you could hardly hear yourself talk for the noise.

"Were you talking all that time?" "Listening."

"Hear anything interesting?" "Plenty."

"What do you want to do now?" "Get back to Madrid."

"We should see the General."
"Yes," I said. "We must."

The General was coldly furious. He had been ordered to make the attack as a surprise with one brigade only, bringing everything up before daylight. It should have been made by at least a division. He had used three battalions and held one in reserve. The French tank commander had got drunk to be brave for the attack and finally was too drunk to function. He was to be shot when he sobered up.

The tanks had not come up in time and finally had refused to advance, and two of the battalions had failed to attain their objectives. The third had taken theirs, but it formed an untenable salient. The only real result had been a few prisoners, and these had been confided to the tank men bring back and the tank men had killed them. The General had only failure to show, and they had killed his prisoners.

"What can I write on it?" I asked "Nothing that is not in the official communiqué. Have you any whisky in that long flask?"

Yes.

He took a drink and licked his lips carefully. He had once been a captain of Hungarian Hussars, and he had once captured a gold train in Siberia when he was a leader of irregular cavalry with the Red Army and held it all one winter when the thermometer went down to forty below zero. We were good friends and he loved whisky, and he is now dead. "Get out of here now," he said. "Have

you transport?"

"Yes."

"Did you get any pictures?"
"Some. The tanks."

"The tanks," he said bitterly. "The swine. The cowards. Watch out you don't get killed," he said. "You are supposed to be a writer.

"I can't write now."

"Write it afterwards. You can write it all afterwards. And don't get killed. Especially, don't get killed. Now, get out of here.

He could not take his own advice because he was killed two months later. But the oddest thing about that day was how marvelously the pictures we took of the tanks came out. On the screen they advanced over the hill irresistibly, mounting the crests like great ships, to crawl clanking on toward the illusion of victory we screened.

The nearest any man was to victory that day was probably the Frenchman who came, with his head held high, walking out of the battle. But his victory only lasted until he had walked halfway down the ridge. We saw him lying stretched out there on the slope of the ridge, still wearing his blanket, as we came walking down the cut to get into the staff car that would take us to Madrid.

Soon: "Winter Cruise," a fine short story by W. Somerset Maugham

Diagnostician (Continued from page 23)

"I was just going out. Doctor Butler wanted to know if you'd lunch with him."

'Sure. Call him, will you?

She called Butler on the house phone. Butler's offices were upstairs. Ransom was downstairs, They worked together, the

three, in complete amity.

McDonald watched Lydia. For the first time he wondered idly where she ate. He knew about Miss Gelston's habits. Gelston had been a legacy from Doctor Harper. She was nearly sixty, as spry as a city sparrow and excessively efficient. He was on intimate terms with Gelston-whom he privately called Aunt Ida, for she had mothered and scolded him during his years with Doctor Harper.

"Aunt Ida," he said now, and she popped in from her own room, scandalized.

"If someone heard you! Where's Lydia? "Gone to lunch. Where does she eat?"

"Lord knows," said Miss Gelston. "But all you need to worry about, Peter Mc-Donald, is that she eats at all!"

"That's so. Where do you eat?"
"At home," said Miss Gelston, "and well you know it."

He knew it, of course. She had a small apartment around the corner from the office, and she scurried off there at noontime to warm up some soup or make a sandwich. When office hours were over, she would return there and broil a chop.

This had been her routine when she worked with Doctor Harper. She did not vary it now. Back in the Harper days, she had more than once fed Harper's gangling young assistant.

"What's got into you, Peter McDonald?" she asked, standing before him, "You've been mooning around lately like—like—You're not in love, are you?"

During office hours she was Doctor McDonald's secretary. Out of office hours she was Doctor McDonald's friend, fussing over him, a chickless old hen.

No." he said. "I wish I could be." "Humph!" she said, unbelieving

She knew all about Laura, although she had never seen the girl. Back in the old days. McDonald had told her about Laura -how young she was, how far too young to die; how gentle, and yet how much character she'd had. You didn't notice her firm chin; you were too taken up with her dimples and her curly yellow hair.

There had been times, back in that era, when he'd thought too much about Laura and how she had died-and on those occasions he had gone out and got very drunk, but had always managed to get back to Ida Gelston's and bang on her door and yell, "It's Mac. Let me in." She'd always let him in and sobered

him up; scolded him, but never told Doctor Harper, Peter McDonald owed her more than he could ever repay, and she was sure of her job as long as she wanted it, and when she no longer wanted it, she could retire and live comfortably for the rest of her life.

Now she asked, "What about the girl you met on the cruise?

"Here today, gone tomorrow." He shook his head. "Moonlight on tropical waters. You know how it is. She married."

"And what about Mrs. Manton? Mrs. Manton had been a patient. He said gently, "Mrs. Manton's a very nice

Very nice, very attractive, very understanding. Two years ago: "All right, Peter, it's over. You didn't want to marry me; I didn't want to marry you. But we've had some lovely moments together, and I'm not regretting anything."

She'd gone to Europe shortly after that, and he hadn't heard from her since.

"I'd like to see you married," said Miss Gelston. "You're not happy."

"Is it a remedy?"

Her brown face twisted, "It's all the insurance anyone ever has against loneli-ness," she said, and she added, "If I had

it to do over again . .

He knew what she meant. If she had it to do over again, she wouldn't have fallen in love with Doctor Harper and worked for him until he died. She wouldn't have slaved for him, agonized over him, guarded him and grown old in his service. She wouldn't have crept into the back of a big church during a funeral and turned her eyes away from Mrs. Harper going slowly down the aisle on the arm of her elder son. She wouldn't have sat there eating her heart out and wishing herself dead in his place. No, she'd have married, instead, the young man who'd once wanted to marry her, and she'd be living with him now, with his children, grown up, all around her.

Ralph Butler bounced suddenly out of the elevator and into the room. He said,

"Come on and eat." At four that afternoon Doctor McDonald had office hours. When the last patient left, it was six. He said remorsefully to Lydia, "Late again. Sorry, I suppose you had a date,"

She said serenely, "It will wait."

Of course he will," agreed McDonald, and was amused by her rising color. He said, "I'm going uptown. Let me take you somewhere, won't you?"

She said she was going that way, as it

happened. Home. As they drove uptown he asked, "You don't live alone, do you?"

"No, my mother lives with me," she answered, "and a cousin, And of course my younger sister Sophie. But she's in training at Lister," she added.

He said, "Oh, of course. I remember now. Is she anything like you?"

"Not in the least Small and blond," smiled Lydia, "and much younger."
"Funny I haven't run into her," said

McDonald.

"She hasn't been on Ninth yet, She expects to be, any day now."
"I'll keep an eye on her," he said.

Lydia thought, It shouldn't be difficult. The man didn't live who would find it hard to keep an eye on Sophie. Unfortunately, she thought. Yet except for George Galloway, things had gone smoothly enough.

smoothly enough.

She asked McDonald suddenly, "Do you know a Lister interne named Galloway?

"He's on service on Ninth now," replied McDonald, "Big redheaded fellow with a little too much spirit and an inability to take orders. Or am I speaking out of turn?

"Not at all," she said. "I don't know him well. I just wondered.'

He thought, The sister—is that it? Galloway had quite a reputation among the nurses. He dropped Lydia at her apartment on Lexington Avenue in the Sixties.

He was dining out that night, at the Elmwoods'. Mrs. Elmwood had told him who would be among the guests. "T Lawsons, of course, and the Westons."

Well, Mrs. Lawson was safe in 902, and probably Lawson wouldn't be there. The Elmwoods' fat, unmarried daughter would be present. She was excessively plain. She had been out for six years.

Hell, why did he go to such parties? He had a mind to telephone and say he was

"Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"





1. GRANNIE: Land's sake, Millie, haven't. you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.

MILLIE: But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.





3. GRANNIE: He said it's wrong to make children take anything they don't like. A child should get a pleasant-tastin' laxative ... MILLIE: That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes . .



4. GRANNIE: Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be TOO strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only for children. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



5. GRANNIE: He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE . . . How about getting a bottle now?



6. MILLIE: Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without

GRANNIE: You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house

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called out of town. But he couldn't. The

Elmwoods were Important People, But that wasn't why, altogether.

Laura. He was always looking for herin the hospital, on the street; on ships and trains and planes. Even at dull dinners like the Elmwoods'. Oh, not as she had been, perhaps—yellow-haired and small and young. But for someone who could be what she had been to him.

But how could anyone be that again? He was no longer an interne riding the bus, sleeping with one ear open, waiting for a telephone to shrill, an annunciator to bleat. He was no longer the impetuous boy whom Laura was going to marry-the boy who was going to take her to some obscure rural settlement where they would work hard, laugh a great deal and bring up a family.

Too late to meet Laura now.

The Elmwood dinner was as he had thought it would be. Miss Elmwood was fatter than ever; there was too much food; Pat Weston's mother talked of nothing but Pat, and Lawson was there alone, insisting on drawing him aside for a chat. He was more than grateful when he was called to the telephone and informed that he was wanted at the hospital by Doctor Thomas Sanders. Mc-Donald made his apologies and went out to his waiting car. He grinned at his driver. "Reprieve," he said, climbing in. "Let's go. The hospital."

Tom was waiting there. He said, "I don't know, Mac. It looks like pneumonia. I sent for her parents. They're in the waiting

He opened the door of 906, and Mc-Donald went in and looked down at the girl on the bed. A bad acidosis, he had said to Sanders earlier in the eveningand his diagnosis had been confirmed. Orange juice, glucose, the regulation treatment. But toward the end of the afternoon her breathing had altered.

He didn't need an X ray now to confirm his suspicion. He listened and looked and

knew. Pneumonia.

Sanders said nervously, "She had had a cold-nothing of any moment, she told me, when I was called to see her."

"Can they afford special nurses?" "Yes. Not indefinitely, of course, but in an emergency.'

Good. That's the first step." He went out into the corridor and stood with the history chart in his hand, frowning. The patient was not a diabetic. The acidosis had resulted from some deficiency in diet or a general condition. The girl was underweight and run-down, Second-year college, Sanders told him, and she had been overworking, overplaying.

He didn't like the sound of her heart. He worked with Sanders and the nurse

who came on duty.

It was morning when he finally left, certain that the bad corner had been turned. He brushed aside the parents' thanks and Sanders'. Later, he stood at the chart desk a moment, not conscious of fatigue-and then, looking up, he thought that he had gone mad.

A girl was coming toward him-a small girl in a blue-striped uniform with a cap on the back of her yellow hair. He told himself, I'm tired, that's all. But he thought with terror that his obsession had betrayed him, for this girl was Laura to the tilt of her head, the shape of her face and her coloring. He stood there staring at her, his heart in his throat, feeling sick.

Ada Nelson, the charge nurse, asked, "What is it, doctor? Are you ill?"

"No," he said, "No, I'm all right." The girl had disappeared down the corridor. He said, "The student nurse-I thought I recognized her.'

"Miss Owens?" asked Ada, looking at him curiously.

He said, "Of course. Her sister is my office nurse."

He smiled and hurried off.

He was thinking of Sophie Owens, How was he to see her again; know her?

There was only one way: through Lydia. He was back at the hospital that afternoon to see Sanders' patient and Mrs. Lawson. Most of Mrs. Lawson's report had come in, and nothing had been found wrong. He broke the news to her gently, advising that if the later tests were negative she go South for a rest and a change, and she regarded him with hostile eyes.

She said, "I wonder if I could go alone or with a nurse, I hate to take Mr. Lawson away at this time. He's so busy."

McDonald said he would talk to her husband. He thought, She's had all the allergy tests. We've missed one, most likely. She's probably allergic to her husband!

He left Mrs. Lawson and went out to the charge desk. He thought, Perhaps I'll see her. I must see her again, if only to convince myself that I'm not insane.

She came along the corridor presently. and he spoke. He said, "You're Lydia's sister, and I'm Peter McDonald," and held out his hand.

He held her there, making conversation. Did she like her work? Had she had her trick at charge duty yet? Any excuse to hear her speak, to look at the pure contour of her face, the wide-set eyes.

The next day he made careful plans. Lydia hadn't had time for lunch? He was sorry to have kept her, he said. "Come out with me," he urged, "I haven't eaten Why can't we eat together?" And over tomato juice he asked her casually about Sophie. He had spoken to her; thought her a charming youngster.

And while he talked Lydia watched

him unhappily.

It was so stupid, she thought, to be in love with a man whom you saw every day and whom you did not know at all, During the first year she had thought she couldn't endure it. But a job was a job, so she had stayed, fighting the agony and getting nowhere. But now it was chronic.

She knew all about him. She had seen him at Lister during her training, and afterwards, when she was nursing at the hospital or in private homes, he had often

come as consultant.

She had heard gossip about him among the nurses and internes. Not woman-shy by a long shot, they said, but womanproof-proof, that is, against marriage.

So, as the months wore on, she had thought, What difference would it make if in an idle moment he did notice you? It wouldn't mean even brief happiness, because you aren't made that way. You aren't like the Manton woman whom you watched come to the office so often that first year. You can't take things in your stride—love 'em and leave 'em. It's everything or nothing with you, more's the pity, That's why Bill Rogers doesn't get anywhere with you-good old Bill, dental surgeon, with his neat office and his neat income and his long devotion,

During that first year Gelston had warned her, asking her to dinner and talking intimately about Peter McDonald and Laura Bowen, whom he had loved and who had died. "I'd give my right hand," said Gelston, "to see him happily married. But it just isn't in him, I suppose, the capacity to love again-like that. And he wouldn't marry for any other reason.

Now he was talking to Lydia without seeing the oval face with its clear pallor; the sweet and generous mouth. He asked, 'Absurd, isn't it, that we've known each other four years and this is the first time we've lunched together?"

"It isn't absurd, Doctor McDonald, I've never approved of social relationships between employer and employed,"

"Well, neither have I, in theory," he agreed, "But surely by now we can be a little less impersonal? Ever since that night I drove you home I've been reproaching myself for not knowing more about you." about you.

"There's nothing to know."

"You spoke of your mother, I remember Miss Gelston told me that she was an invalid. What's the trouble?"

"Cardiac." "How long?"

"Since shortly after I finished training," Lydia answered, "Rheumatic fever—acute endocarditis. It's chronic now, but there has been some compensation.

McDonald said sympathetically, "It's hard on you."

Nor as hard as it is on her," she answered quickly. "She was the most active person. My father died when I was about twelve. Mother had a small milli-ner, business. She managed." He asked, "Who is with her when you're

away?"

"A cousin of my father's," said Lydia. "She's a grand person. She came to live with us after Mother was ill. She's a widow with an almost invisible income. She takes care of the meals and Mother's diet, and I've trained her to do what practical nursing is necessary. We have a woman who comes in for the heavy cleaning." She stopped and added, "But you couldn't possibly be interested."

"But I am. Don't be silly," he said, "and don't put on your dignity. You took off that cap in the office, remember! Had you ever thought of having Doctor Kinsey

see her?" he asked.

"He has seen her," said Lydia, "He was very kind to me while I was in training. I've nursed for him since. But when I came to you-well, an office job has regular hours, and it's safer."

He thought, Talk to me about Sophie. Tell me everything she has said and done since she was a child. Aloud, he asked, "How did you happen to train at Lister?"
"Through a distant cousin," she said.

"Her name was May Randolph, She had trained there and married-He interrupted, startled, "May Ran-dolph? But that's Tom Sanders' wife!" "Yes," said Lydia.

He said, "Tom and I were great friends, back in the old days. I often used to go to their house after he married May."

Tom had known Laura, and May had trained with her. After a while McDonald didn't go to see them any more. He couldn't. They reminded him of too much.

"Tom and I have been working on a case of his. I'd like to see May again." He looked at Lydia, "If I asked them to dinner, would you come too?"

She said, "No, Doctor McDonald." Anger rose in him like a tide, "Look

here, have I B. O. or something?"
Lydia laughed. "No, I assure you, you're one hundred percent socially acceptable."
"Then you just don't like me? A case of

Doctor Fell?" She answered, "That's unfair. I like you very much. You are considerate and just.

I enjoy working with you. But-He said, "Come on, take a chance, I'll call May Sanders and see if she has a free evening. And I won't let you off,"

But he did not call her, not right away. He spoke to Sophie Owens first, at the hospital. He asked her on what evening she would be free, and she told him, her heart dancing. Doctor McDonald hadn't said much to her, but he had looked.

She thought triumphantly, I'll bet he's never looked at Lydia like that, in four

years! Lydia was a fool. Lord, if I had her chance! Sophie had thought more than once.

George Galloway went by just after McDonald left the corridor. Sophie spoke to him demurely. "Good afternoon, Doctor Galloway."

He drew her aside. Miss Nelson was not at the desk. He asked, low, "When's the next night off?" She told him. And he said, "Well, maybe it's a date."

Sophie tossed her head, "Maybe it isn't, Maybe I'll have better things to do."

Galloway looked up and down the corridor. There was an empty room opposite them. He pulled her in and kicked the door shut. He took her in his arms and kissed her. He said, "You're my girl, Sophie, and don't forget it."

But she didn't want to be his girl. She wanted only to get out of training; to escape the drudgery she hated; to go on the stage or marry a man who'd give her everything. Yet when George held her like this, her knees were water,

She said, "Let me go this minute! If Nelson-

He let her go and grinned at her. He said, opening the door and looking out, "All clear. You go first."

She slid out and went on up the corri-

A little later George Galloway walked out of the empty room. He was a husky young man with tremendous personal charm. He was brilliant and unstable. His friends covered for him, especially his closest friend, Dick Henderson, a hardworking, sober, ambitious interne.
The nurses suffered George

enough. They often covered for him, too. He was a rebel, and he could not resist a pretty face. He had not resisted Sophie's.

He told himself again and again that it was purely biological and that he wasn't

couldn't afford to be in love with anyone. He had his way to make. If he ever married, it would be a rich girl like that little clinic aide he saw calling on Davenport. She had beauty and money to burn. Only where the hell would he get to know a girl like that!

He had seen Sophie frequently during the past year. She had no business leading him on, and then-revoking. If he could down her scruples, he thought gloomily, he'd get her out of his system.

McDonald was in a booth downstairs telephoning May Sanders. He said, "You'll never know who this is."

She said, "It's Peter McDonald."

"Yes, I've been neglecting you shame-

May said, "I thought we were off your calling list." "Come, now, Tom and I have been

working together lately."
"I know, but that isn't coming up to dinner and seeing us—and the boys. After all, Tom Junior is your godson. Or had

you forgotten?" He said, "I remember, and I must see the rascal. Look here, May, I didn't know you and Lydia Owens knew each other.'

"Did she tell you?" "Very recently-after four years."

May said, "Lydia's the salt of the earth. She comes up here once in a while and I ask her if you're treating her as she should be treated."

He said, laughing, "Well, ask her to my face, won't you? Can you and Tom come to dinner at my flat Tuesday night?"

She said, "We'd love to."

Seven-thirty, then.

He went back to the office and found Lydia busy filing histories. "You and the Sanderses are coming to

dinner on Tuesday night," he said.

A little color rose in Lydia's cheeks.
She protested, "But I hadn't promised."

"You haven't the vestige of an excuse, young woman," he told her.

She said slowly, "Sophie's off Tuesday night. She promised to come home. We don't see much of her. She's rather popu-

His heart accelerated, then slowed. He said, "Sophie can come too. In fact, I'll

ask her myself tomorrow. A patient had arrived. There was no more time for argument. He would see Sophie, and she would accept: of course she'd accept. And then I'll have to go, thought Lydia dismally. I can't let her go alone. What would Tom think, and May? May dislikes Sophie anyway, and if she finds her there . . . Oh, it's perfectly crazy!

Sophie came home Tuesday afternoon. She was effervescing with high spirits. What would she wear? Wasn't it marvelous of Doctor McDonald to ask her?

"How could you be in his office four years and not get asked out until now?" she asked her sister.

"Sophie!" said her mother warningly, She was a small frail woman who spent most of her time on a couch.

Well, she's dumber than I'd be, that's

all," said Sophie, kissing her mother.
Mrs. Owens said, "Doctor Galloway called up to know if you'd be home this

evening. I said you were going out."
"Good for you!" said Sophie, "It won't hurt him to know I can have another en-

gagement if I want to."
Lydia said sharply, "Sophie, you know how Lister feels about student nurses and internes. If Miss Reynolds-

"That old battle-ax!" cried Sophie, and "Shall I wear the peach tonight added, "Shall or the blue?"

Lydia said, "I don't approve of your going at all. "He asked me," said Sophie.

"He shouldn't have. It's very-



"If you say unethical I'll holler!" warned Sophie. "What's unethical about it? You're his office nurse; I'm your sister. I don't see anything odd about it, do you,

Mrs. Owens looked at Lydia pleadingly. Lydia said, relenting, "Very well, But if

you don't behave yourself!'

Sophie cried out at that, She said, "I'm sick of the way you treat me, as if I were a child of ten! If you want me to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam and not know any of the answers, why did you make me go into training? You know I hate it!'
"Girls, please!" said their mother.

Sophie flew to her, all contrition. "There, you're upsetting her!" she told Lydia reproachfully.

Somehow, thought Lydia, she always manages to put me in the wrong.

Danny and the McDonald car called for them at a quarter past seven. Sophie settled herself with a sigh of comfort. She said, "This is what I call luxury.

Lydia sat erect beside her. She wore a black frock which displayed the lines of her very good figure. Her hair curled softly over her forehead, and her eyes

and lips were bright.

The Sanderses were a little late, Simons, excellent servant who looked after McDonald, had cocktails ready, and the two girls sat before the fire on the hearth. Their host stood looking down at them. He was filled with a hidden excitement. There she was in the corner of the couch, a small, blond girl in a cloud of peachcolored tulle, with her yellow hair curling about her face and her eyes shining-as he had pictured her for so many years. No, not her, Laura, But were they not one and the same?

Laura, I have not forgotten. Not one kiss or gesture; not one note of your voice. But don't trouble me now, darling. Let me think of this girl who is so like you, yet enough unlike you to be herself. You would have wished this, Laura; you would never have wished me to go lonely all my days. You know how bored I've been, how miserable. You must have known how the heart went out of me when you left me. How the things we had planned seemed futile without you; how I no longer had courage. But she is so like you, Laura. She could give me courage again.

Sophie was making wide eyes at the cocktail tray. She said, "Lydia wouldn't

like it." "Nonsense!" said McDonald, "Lydia's

no dragon.' Lydia! He called her that, and yet her heart was sick within her. His glance was

friendly and impersonal.

He said, "It's her night off."

Lydia shrugged. She said, "You know as well as I do the rules of the training

school, Doctor McDonald."

"I'm not your boss this evening," said McDonald lightly, "The name is Peter." He took a glass from the tray and put it into Sophie's hand. He took another and handed it to Lydia, He said, "Let us drink

"To what?" asked Lydia slowly.

"The future, of course," he said. "The present is too brief, and the past lies behind . . . There! Tom and May, at last. At dinner Tom talked of his patient,

the nineteen-year-old girl. She was well out of the woods, he said, thanks to Peter. May chatted with Lydia.

Sophie was left out of it, sitting there smiling, eating her dinner like a good child. But McDonald knew she was there. He said, low, "This is pretty dull for you, I'm afraid."

"I'm enjoying it," she told him.

She was. She was enjoying Simons' excellent dinner, the crystal and silver, the delicate china, the trim waitress. She was thinking. This is the way I want to live.

He said. "I should have asked some

good-looking young man for you." Sophie raised her eyes. She said mendaciously, "I don't like young men."

He was humbly grateful to her for saying that, yet he didn't feel old. He wasn't, He was a young man-young enough for anything: for love, for danger, for adventure, for courage.

Ida Gelston had asked him what was wrong with him, He hadn't known, All he had known was that he was bored. Bored with being one of Manhattan's leading diagnosticians. He made more money than he could spend. He had a few close friends among his colleagues. Women had been kind to him, and he had so arranged his life that he had been able to enjoy their generosity with discretion. He had recreations-squash. tennis, music, the theater. He liked his

around it was his. But he had been bored because he

wasn't doing what he wanted, and in some subconscious corner of his mind resentful because he had betrayed his own ideals But looking into Sophie's lifted eyes,

work. In short, the world with a fence

grave, admiring and lovely, he became conscious that he was no longer horedbecause he was now a man with hope and a future, perhaps. Perhaps a conqueror.

And then suddenly he was afraid for her. Suppose something happened to her! Why was she working day in, day out, in a uniform, seeing pain and death, disintegration and disaster? He was angry with Lydia for permitting it. Lydia had been through this hospital mill of life and death. Why had she let this child-

He hadn't been afraid for Laura, his heart reminded him. But they had been young together; their work meant everything to them, more than anything except each other. But here was Laura, recaptured. Nothing must happen to her.

He thought, I'll take her away from it. No, that wasn't fair to her, young, earnest, caring about her work. She'd want to go on, and he must not deter her. He would wait until after her graduation. She would ask him to wait if she came to

He thought, She must love me, and his mouth set in a line of determination.

Sophie and Lydia went home in McDonald's car. And Sophie said, leaning back luxuriously, "I had the most wonderful time."

Lydia said, "I thought you'd be restless, No dancing; no excitement. And the two men talking about things of no interest

to you."

"I was crazy about it," said Sophie, who had been restless. She added sweetly, 'Anything Doctor McDonald says is interesting. I think he's the most fascinating..." She laughed and added, "If I

were in your shoes . .

"You're not," said Lydia softly. She could have shaken her sister. She had seen McDonald's eves on Sophie; she had seen Sophie's answering look. She wanted to warn him: Don't be stupid! She looks like that at every man. Surely you can't be so blind that you can't see her for what she is?

But Lydia, who saw her for what she was, loved her. That was what frightened her. Even if you knew Sophie through and through, you went on loving her.

Going home, May Sanders asked her husband thoughtfully, "Surely you must have seen Sophie Owens' resemblance to Laura."

"Laura? The Owens kid? Why, of course!" said Tom.

May said, "Peter sees it. He's crazy about her. Did you see how he looked at her? I'm terribly sorry

"Nonsense!" said Tom. "You women are always imagining things."

May said, "Sophie Owens isn't the least like Laura except in looks. If Peter wanted to find a girl with the same ideals, he hadn't far to go. She's been working for him for years. Men are so stupid,"

The next day McDonald told Lydia that he had been thinking about her mother's case. There was a new heart man recently connected with Lister. Very clever, very modern in his methods, Would Lydia permit Doctor Trenholme to see her mother? If so, he, McDonald, would bring him.

There was nothing she could say but, Thank you, Doctor McDonald,'

He brought Trenholme to see Mrs. Owens. She was like a frail, faded edition of Sophie, lying there on the couch. She submitted to the examination, and afterwards, when Trenholme had left, Mc-Donald stayed with her.

She said. "It was very good of you, but I'm sure nothing much can be done." She spoke of Lydia, "So good to me," she said. And then of Sophie, her eyes brightening. Sophie had had such a marvelous time the other night, said Mrs. Owens, Good times meant so much to her.

Sophie spoke to him the next day at the hospital. That was his reward. She said, "I called the house and they told me you had brought Doctor Trenholme "Nonsense!" he said, feeling guilty be-

cause his motives had not been of the purest.

"Lydia's talked about you," said Sophie, "and I had an idea you were unapproachable. But I was wrong.

She stood close to him, and her youth was like a fragrance, an aura. He was dizzy with it. It was all he could do not to take her in his arms and kiss her.

That night Sophie crept out of the window of her room at the Nurses' Home to meet George Galloway. They took a cab and drove to a place George knew. He asked, "Sure you can get back?"

"Hopkins will watch for me. She's a good egg," said Sophie.

He said, "One of these days you'll be

caught and kicked out."

"I wouldn't mind. I could always get a job doing something I want to do. Modeling, perhaps, or the stage. If it hadn't been for Lydia, I'd never have set foot in Lister."

He said, "Hurrah for Lydia! I wouldn't have met you then. Kiss me. Why did you stand me up the other night?"

"I had dinner with Peter McDonald in his apartment," she said.

"Now you are kidding. What do you mean by lying to me?"

She explained, "Lydia was thereknow, she's his office nurse-and a Doctor Sanders and his wife. I drank one cocktail under Lydia's disapproving eyes. She was sore. I made faces and choked, Doctor McDonald was quite concerned."

George said, with admiration, "You're a holy terror. You can drink most girls I know under the table."

They left the restaurant early. They had danced a good deal. They were both excited, keved up by the highballs they had drunk and by the close contact of the dance. The attraction between them was strong and vital, a little terrifying.

In the cab going back to Lister, George said, drawing her close, "Don't go back for a while. I know a guy who'll let me have his apartment. He's out of town, I "No," she said. "No."

He said, "Sophie, I'm crazy_about_you

and you're crazy about me. We can't be married-not for a long time. I haven't anything to offer you. But I'm in love

with you, My God, why does it have to be like this? Why can't you be generous?"

"No!" she said sharply, pulling away from him. "You must be out of your mind, George Galloway!"

He tried to urge her with kisses, with caresses. But she brought her hand sharply against his cheek, the nails extended, dragging down, "Let me go!"

He held his handkerchief to his face. He said, "You're like any cheap girl, leading a man on, letting him spend his money on you, and then-

She said, "You needn't bother any more."

"Don't worry," he told her, "I won't," They reached the Lister corner. Gallo-way watched her get out and walk swiftly up the street. He thought, I hope she gets caught; I hope they kick her out. Play him for a sucker, would she? He'd show

her! Sophie arrived safely and went to bed. She thought, lying in the darkness, I'll show him! Perhaps if Doctor McDonald took an interest in her?

She manufactured errands; she waited in corners; she saw him every day. She made a suggestion to her mother, who passed it on to Lydia. But Lydia vetoed it, saying, "That was Sophie's idea. Of course I won't ask him to dinner."

Sophie looked angrily at her sister. She cried, "Anyone would think you wanted the man for yourself!"

I don't see anything wrong in it, Lydia," Mrs. Owens said plaintively. "He's been so kind to me. I must say, you're very ungrateful."

Lydia said slowly, "But I have no personal relationship with Doctor McDonald, Mother. He might misunderstand.

"Of course he won't!" cried Sophie. She sped across the room to kneel by her mother. "You're exciting her," she warned, "and it's such a little thing to do

for her, Lydia, if she wants it. Unless you're-afraid?"

"Afraid?" repeated Mrs. Owens wonderingly, "What would she be afraid of, darling?"

So McDonald came to the Owenses' flat for dinner. He suggested the neighborhood movies afterwards, but Lydia shook her head. She said, "You don't like the movies," and Sophie cried, "You're crazy! He loves them. He told me so!

"Then you two go," said Lydia and watched them leave.

Her mother said complacently, "That was clever of you, Lydia."

'Clever of me?" "He's very much interested in her," said Mrs. Owens. "He's a fine man, Lydia, and

it would be a solution."
"A solution?" said Lydia. She tried to laugh. "Get any such mad idea out of your

head. You're just imagining things. But by spring Peter had dropped all pretense. It was Sophie he came to see; Sophie whom he took to dinner, to the-

"Do you expect to graduate?" Lydia asked her one bright April afternoon. It was Sunday, and Sophie was home. She was trying on a new dress in Lydia's

bedroom, pirouetting before the mirror. "Of course," she said. "Why not? How does it look, Lydia?"

"Never mind the dress. Anything you wear looks well. If it gets around that you are going out with Doctor McDonald-Sophie turned from the mirror. She cried, "Darling, don't be so stupid!"
"Am I being stupid?" Lydia asked.

"I wouldn't graduate unless he wanted me to, but that's one of his crazy ideas. He's decided he wants me to finish. After that, we'll be married."
"Married!"

"Married," repeated Sophie. "Isn't it marvelous? Park Avenue and all the money in the world, Mrs. Peter Mc-Donald."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Of course," said Sophie, "What about George Galloway?"

Sophie lifted her chin, "That was over a long time ago," she said, "I just thought

I was in love with him."
"I see," said Lydia. "And this time you know?"

"Of course. But you're not to tell anyone. I didn't mean to tell you. It was to be a secret until graduation.

Lydia left the room abruptly. She put on her coat, jammed her hat over her eyes. She thought, I'll walk till I drop. I've got to think this through, and I can't. I can't tell him that Sophie hasn't it in her to be the kind of wife he wants. I can't tell her that she mustn't do this to him, not without betraying myself.

It was a long way to the office, but she found herself there without volition, at the foot of the brownstone steps. She stood there, unable to move, and saw the door open and McDonald come down the steps. She had forgotten that he often went to the office Sundays.

'Lydia! What's wrong? You look-She said, "Nothing, I went for a walk.

didn't mean to come here." "You come with me," he ordered. "I don't like this at all."

She looked as if she were in a daze, he thought. He led her up the steps and into the consulting room.

He put her in a chair and said firmly, "Sit there. Relax."

He brought her something in a glass. She drank it obediently.

Sitting opposite her, he asked, "What's happened? Is your mother-

"No." She found her voice, and miraculously, when she spoke, it was steady. "No. Sophie just told me."
"Sophie?" He smiled. He said, "She

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wasn't supposed to-not yet. I wanted to tell you myself. But why are you so upset, Lydia?"

She said, "I'm not upset. I was-astonished, that was all."

He said tenderly, "She's very young. Too young, do you think? I—I'm so much in love with her, Lydia. I'll be very good to her. I have great plans for us both, That's why I wanted her to graduate."

He stopped, and Lydia realized that he was hardly aware of her presence. He said softly, "Once long ago I felt like this; I had these plans. But something hap-pened. Now, everything's come alive again. Lydia"—he remembered her and turned, his eyes eager—"Lydia, you aren't against this, are you? You don't think that because I'm almost forty . .

"No," she said. "I don't think that." He said, "You'll lose your job, Lydia, but

you mustn't worry. We'll get you another if you like, but you won't need it. Before Sophie and I go away there'll be money settled on your mother to take care of you both, always."

"Before you go away?" she repeated.
"That's part of the plan," he said, "but
can't tell you now. I haven't told Sophie yet.

She said, "You'll think I'm very stupid,

"Listen, Lydia. Don't think I'm completely crazy when I tell you I'm going to take up life where I left it fifteen years ago. There are so many things to arrange, and I must talk to Sophie as soon as everything has been settled." He walked away from her, but she had seen his eyes. She closed hers before the hope and exultation in them. He said over his shoulder, "I can't feel I'm letting people down. I'm not needed here, not really.

Lydia came slowly to her feet. She said, "I—I must go home now."

"I'll drive you. I'm taking Sophie to dinner.

All the way to the apartment he talked about Sophie, Lydia clenched her hands to keep from screaming, "You can't, Peter! It's insanity. I don't know what you're planning, but it won't be Sophie's way, and if she doesn't have her way . .

That was bad enough, but seeing them together was worse. And seeing them with her mother, Peter at the foot of the couch, Sophie on the floor with her bright head on her mother's breast, Because Lydia knew, Mother must know too.

When they had gone, her mother said, "Isn't it wonderful?" She was radiant. "He's such a fine man and so much in love with her. I can't tell youbroke off and added after a moment, "Just to feel that she's safe, that's all I want. You're different, Lydia. You're strong, self-contained. You haven't needed me; I've needed you. But Sophie--" She hesitated again and then asked slowly, "You're not happy about this, are you, dear? Why?"

"But I am!" cried Lydia. "Happy for them both; for all of us. It was just—a shock, that's all."

She did not see Sophie until the following week. During the interval she had to endure watching Peter McDonald refusing invitations, making long-distance calls and writing innumerable letters. Ransom and Butler came tiptoeing in now and then to ask her, "What's come over him?

Gelston knew. Peter had told her. She asked Lydia to dinner one night, and Lydia went. They faced each other over Gelston's gate-legged table.

"What's your sister like, Lydia?" the older woman asked abruptly.

"Young," said Lydia, "and very pretty." "Describe her." Lydia did so, trying to see Sophie through Peter's eyes: a heart-shaped face and corn-colored hair; long eyes, pansy-blue; a small, round figure, a straight nose, pink-and-white skin.

Gelston said, "Of course, That was Laura."

"Laura?" asked Lydia painfully.

"Laura Bowen—the girl who died. Wait. I have a picture of her." Gelston looked in the drawer of a long table. "He wouldn't keep a picture. He said he remembered her; he needed no reminder. I never knew her, but I kept it.'

She put the photograph in Lydia's hand. It had been taken before Laura came to the hospital. She was wearing a dark frock and no hat. Her short hair curled about her face. The chin was firmer than Sophie's, the mouth different. But there was a strong resemblance.

Lydia said slowly, "They are very like." She put the picture aside.

Gelston asked, "Are they? If they are, then he's fortunate. I didn't believe it could happen twice. She was the could happen twice. finest—" She broke off and shook her head, "Gentle," she said, "but underneath, all the character in the world. She was an integrated person-sweet, controlled and strong."

The next time Sophie was home, Peter could not take her to dinner. He had flown to Cleveland for a consultation. She talked to Lydia, curled up on a footstool in the living room,

"I think he's crazy," said Sophie. "Why?"

"This business about graduation, Why? I mon't ever nurse. Why do we have to wait? Such a waste of time. You'd think at his age..." She swung the ring he had given her from a long gold chain. She wasn't to wear it yet. It was a star sapphire, blue and gray and lovely. She said, I wanted a diamond, but Peter said

"Suppose you don't tell me," said Lydia. "What Peter said to you was for you to hear, not me."

Sophie giggled, "You're a riot, Anyone would think you were jealous.'

"I?"

"Don't look at me like that. I didn't mean anything. But of course," said Sophie, "anyone would be." She added, returning to her grievance, "If he thinks it's fun carrying bedpans and running errands and all the rest!"

"It's only till September," Lydia said. "Sure," said Sophie, "only till September, but meantime I could be anywhere. Europe, even. Of all the crazy ideas!" She asked after a minute, "Did he ever talk to you about the girl he was engaged to, Lydia?"

"No," said Lydia.

"It was ages ago," said Sophie. "She died. He spoke of her once-before he asked me to marry him. He said, 'You're very like her.'"

She smiled, remembering. She'd asked, "Was she pretty, Peter?" and he had answered, "Haven't I said you are like her, Sophie?"

She wasn't jealous, Laura was dead, and she was alive. Laura had belonged to a Peter she had never known—and certainly would not have wanted.

In the drugstore across from the hospital she was sneaking a soda and a sandwich instead of eating luncheon properly in the student nurses' dining room, when George Galloway came in.

"Darling," he said, "you've neglected me. Why did we quarrel?" "You know why," she said angrily.

"And I learned my lesson, Every man's entitled to one mistake, and you can't blame a guy for trying, especially when you're so damned pretty. What's this I hear about the great McDonald? There are rumors."

"I wouldn't know," she said,

"I think you do. Look at me. Hey, you're blushing. So that's it! Took the high hand with me, didn't you? Unhand me, villain, I ain't that kind of a girl! And now—"
She said, with a flare of anger, "Well,

you're wrong. We're going to be married."

"Nuts!" said George.

She pulled out the long gold chain, The ring swung there.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" George ex-

claimed, staring. She was sorry at once, and frightened. "No one is to know," she begged. "It's to be a secret until I graduate. I've told

only Mother and Lydia. Please, Georgel"
"Till you graduate? Well, I'll be
dammed! What's he waiting for? Does he
think he has so much time?" He laughed
shortly. "Congratulations," he added.
"You did pretty well for yourself."
"George, don't tell."
"All tirch Lynon't would give me sense."

"All right, I won't if you'll give me some time. You can, you know. We'll manage.'

He owed McDonald something, Mc-Donald had had him on the carpet for a -to George—simple and understandable error. Besides, Sophie was his girl.

Sophie had completed her outside work, hating it every moment, and was back in the hospital, to take charge duty on one of the wards, when Peter McDonald completed his plans. On her free evening they dined together, at a quiet place he preferred. She didn't like it; she wanted to go somewhere gay and sparkling, with a hot orchestra; but when she had suggested it, he had shaken his head. "Too noisy; too public. I see you so seldom, darling, I want you to myself as much as possible."

She was no fool; she could wait, if without patience. Sitting here tonight listening to him, she tapped a restless foot and turned the ring around on her finger. She could wear it tonight, away from the hospital. She thought, If it were George .

She'd been so much in love with George. She wasn't now, of course. Still, she was seeing him when Peter was busy.

Once Peter had been called on a consultation while they were dining. He'd put her in a cab and sent her to the hospital and started for Jersey in his own car. But she'd stopped the cab at a drugstore and gone in. George was off that night; she might be able to catch him if he didn't have a date. He answered the phone in the internes' quarters, saying, "Wait for me, baby. I'll be right down."

She wanted to forget that night. She didn't love George, she told herself, but she couldn't rid herself of the obsessionhis eyes, his arms, the hot pressure of his

mouth.

I was crazy, she thought. I must have been. But if it were George now, and a different place, where there was music

and laughter and dancing . . . She drank her iced tea. That was all she drank now, with Peter-tea or coffee. A nurse didn't drink, even off duty, Laura hadn't.

Sophie was hearing more about Laura now, and she was sick of her. Laura had done this; Laura had done that. A swell idea, having a girl in her grave held up as an example!

Peter was saying, now, "I have news, Sophie—the best news ever, darling. I haven't said anything. I had to be sure."

With a quickening of her heart, she

thought, He's going to say we needn't wait. It's June now, Perhaps next month, next week-Europe! It would be marvelous,

She cried, "Tell me, Peter, quickly!"

Listening, she was too astonished to interrupt. He was insane, A man doesn't throw away his life, his career. He can't!
Peter was saying, "You see, when I was a youngster I'd planned it all-a rural BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB



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_State . __ -Age practice among people who needed me, a wife to stand beside me and help, Whenwhen Laura died, nothing mattered. I was too weak to go it alone, perhaps. And then, too, because of the way she died, I listened to what Harper had to say and went in with him. I thought perhaps I could save people from unnecessary He broke off, "So I studied and worked with Harper, I went out on my own and was successful. But not happy, Sophie.

"I worked hard—but there was always the feeling that I'd lost something im-measurably more important than success—a chance to be needed, bitterly needed. You understand, don't you? You must. I made money, more than I needed. I had friends, and there were women who were kind.

"Then I found you, and I was a boy in love again, with dreams and ambitionthe real kind of ambition, my dear, And now, with you to help me, I can realize it. I've gone on a thousand wild-goose chases, but I've found the place, darling, It's upstate, a sleepy little village in the mountains. There isn't a hospital, but someday there will be. The old doctor they loved died two years ago in a typhoid epidemic. The new one grew discouraged and moved away. Now, there's no one."

She spoke for the first time. "You mean you'll give up everything and bury yourself there?" she asked, incredulous still.

"Bury myself? But I'm buried here! It won't be giving up; it will be gaining. We can do a good job there, you and I. I've found a house. We'll have a car, and in the the winter horses and a sleigh. I'll run my own dispensary, Sophie, if you knew-

"I think you're insane!" she said coolly. "I?" He looked at her, bewildered. Then he said slowly, "I see, You won't go?"

"No. Why should I? Why should I throw myself away? A village doctor's wife," said Sophie hysterically, "in a sticky little town, expected to slave and— It isn't fair. When you asked me to marry you, you were one man. Now, you're another."

"I see," he said carefully.
"No, you don't!" cried Sophie. "You think I'm hard and selfish. Perhaps I am. Why shouldn't I be? I have only one life and I don't intend to live it as you've

planned. What right had you to plan without consulting me? I didn't want to go in training, I hate it, Lydia made me. "I wanted to go on the stage or model. I

have talent; I have a good figure. But no, I had to train because she had trained and because there wasn't any other pro-fession like it, as noble and marvelous. When she went into your office she cried all night because she was giving it up. She made me tired. A good job, easy work and hours. I couldn't see why you wanted me to graduate, but it was easier to humor you. I know now—and I think you're mad."

He said, "I'm sorry, Sophie." She said, "Then you'll give it up? We'll be married and go on as-

He said, "I can't let those people down, Sophie. I've committed myself. I said that in September I'd-

She pushed back her chair. "Well, you've made up your mind."

He followed her out to his car. He drove her to the hospital, his face set.

She put her hand on his arm. She said, "You can't mean it, Peter. When you think things over—"
"I have," he said heavily. "I was a fool.

Sophie. Because you had yellow hair and blue eyes . . . It isn't your fault, my dear. I had no right to try to relive what

wasn't to be, through you."
She said, "You don't love me." "I thought I did," he said dully, "but now I don't know, I suppose I was in love with a ghost.'

"Well, I'm not stepping into any dead woman's shoes, Peter," Sophie slipped the

ring off her finger. "You'll want this."
He said, without turning his head, "I'd be grateful if you'd keep it."

The ring he couldn't buy Laura; the ring he had promised her one day. "Not a diamond. Peter, a star sapphire someday when we can afford it. Because it has a star in its heart. But we won't be able to afford it, ever," she'd added, laughing, "and who cares? We still have our star."

He left Sophie at the Nurses' Home and drove into the country. He did not know

where he drove.

Toward morning, he stopped at an allnight roadside stand and had some coffee. He thought, You're a fool. She doesn't love you, but she's young and she looks like . .

Driving back, sick with fatigue, he thought, A man can't recapture his past. It's gone, It is no longer in time, But who is the fellow that says time is all around us, the past and the present and the future inexplicably intermingled? He's crazy! Tomorrow I could write her; I could say I've given it up. I will give it up.

A car ahead of him was driving too fast, There was a sharp turn, a screech of brakes, and the car was in the ditch on its side and there were people screaming.

Peter stepped on the gas and reached it. There was a farmhouse near the road, and people came running. He said, "Here, give me a hand. We'll take them in there. I'm a doctor."

He reached his office late the next morning. There was mud on his clothes and blood, and his eyes were sunken.

What happened, Peter?" cried Lydia. "I took myself for a ride," he told her. "I haven't been home. When's the first appointment?"

In half an hour."

"I'll clean up as best I can."

"Peter." Lydia was standing beside him, "You've been in an accident. Sophie was with you last night?"

"No, not then. Sophie broke our en-gagement during dinner," he added. "I drove her back to the Nurses' Home. I went on, I wasn't in the accident. The people who lived near by helped me get the youngsters to their house—a boy and a girl. They were all right when I left

Lydia said slowly, "Sophie broke

"Believe it or not. You knew she didn't love me, didn't you, Lydia?" He smiled at her. He said, "She loved Doctor Mc-Donald the diagnostician, with an apartment on Park Avenue, not the country doctor in a little town.

"Please," Lydia said, "I'm trying hard to understand

"I'm sorry." He told her briefly. "I've committed myself," he said. "Last night, while I was driving, I thought, The hell with it. A crazy dream. A man doesn't find his youth again, and I've grown soft. I could crawl out. I could find some upstanding young fellow for them.

"You see, I've been there and talked to the people. It's a Godforsaken place, even with the mountains and trees and fields to lend it beauty. It's isolated in winter. There isn't a train, even. There isn't a movie house; there's nothing,

"They've had typhoid there and a kind of dysentery, they say. They've had scar-let-fever epidemics. The women die in childbirth; the mortality is high among them and among the children. They need a hospital, they need a nurse and they need a doctor. I thought I was the man. I thought that Sophie and I—" He shrugged, "Forgive me," he added gently. "I don't blame her, She had every right to tell me I was crazy.

"Sophie's light," said Lydia, "and—You mustn't believe that I don't love her. I do. And my mother loves her-best.

That's understandable. She's so pretty, and she's always been a problem. This was all my fault. I thought. She's young: her character hasn't formed vet. That was when she wanted to go on the stage or model

"I thought, She doesn't know her own mind. So I made her train. I believed it would steady her, bring out qualities—"
She looked at him helplessly. "You must blame me, not Sophie. She hated it; she was always looking for a chance to escape. You were that chance, I suppose."

"Yes. But she didn't love me. If I believed that she loved me," he said slowly, "I'd make it up to her, I'd give it up."

"Don't." said Lydia, "She doesn't love you, Peter. She doesn't love anyone. Sometimes I think she has no soul. She's not vicious or bad; she's not-anything.

He said miserably, "She looked so much

like Laura.

"I know," said Lydia gently. She went on, "Laura hasn't died, not as long as you remember and love her. But even if things had gone right for you, Peter, you weren't being fair to Sophie—even if she'd been all you dreamed and hoped. It would have been Laura all the time.

"Perhaps," he said.

"She wouldn't want that, as I think of her. I have thought of her," she added, 'Gelston's told me about her. She wouldn't want it, Peter. Can't you let her go? Must you bind her to you this way, keep her restless and unhappy, knowing how restless and unhappy you are? Can't you free her." she asked softly, "and yourself? Not from the memory, but from the search.

A bell rang. The patient for the first appointment, Lydia moved away.

"If I work." Peter said, after a moment.
"You're not to worry, Lydia. I'll find a place for you. I'll take care of Ida."

Lydia's eyes were too blurred to see as she went toward the door to admit the patient. She was happier than she had been for four years. Not because of Sophie, but because Peter McDonald was coming alive again and into his own.

In August, McDonald, Ransom, Butler and the clever man who would within a month take Peter's place in Peter's office were playing contract in Peter's apart-ment. They knew, all of them. Another month, and there would be no Doctor Peter McDonald in the brownstone house. There would be another name on the brass plate, and somewhere upstate would be a sign on the door of a frame house. "Doctor Peter McDonald, General Prac-titioner," it would read.

The telephone rang sharply,

Simons came in. He was losing a good place, and he regretted it. He'd even offered to go with the doctor, but his em-ployer had laughed. "I couldn't afford you, Simons, and you'd scare away the patients.

Peter had not seen a new patient since the night he drove out of the city. He had been working as a student again in the operating rooms, in the delivery rooms. Rumors spread, People asked one another. What's happened to McDonald?

His associates knew, and his friends. And his old professors of surgery and obstetrics knew

Peter came back from the telephone, his face very still. He said, "Sorry, fellows. I have to go to the hospital. Accident," he added, as Simons came running with his coat. "A friend. You guys stick around."

His voice died away; the door slammed. He had a word with Lydia, outside the room in which they'd put Sophie. She said, tearless, "It was-just that I wanted you, Peter.

"How did it happen?"

No one knows. The drugs are locked. She must have-







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"I see. Who is in there with her?" "Doctor Hamilton."

He nodded. The resident, a good man. He said, after a moment, "Lydia, why?"

"Not because of you." "Does she want to see me?"

"I did," said Lydia. "I was so-frightened, If Mother . . . But I'll lie. I'll say it's grippe, an appendix, anything,"

"You haven't told me her reason." "I didn't know until just before you came. She's pregnant."

"Did she tell you-

"Yes. Not his name, but I guessed. George Galloway. She was in love with him before you, or thought she was. And after . . ."

"Then it was my fault," Peter said heavily. "If I hadn't-

"You're not to think that. She told me she'd been seeing George during the time you were engaged. And then . .

"I see.

Presently Peter stood by the white bed and looked down at Sophie's whiter face. He said, "You're going to be all right."
"I don't want to be," she whispered.
"Of course you do." He nodded at

Hamilton and the nurse, and they left the room. Lydia stood on the other side of the bed. "Sophie, tell us something," he said gently. "In a way, I've a right to know. Lydia has every right. Is it Gallo-

Sophie nodded, and the tears ran down her face.

"Do you care for him? Because if you don't-

"Oh, I do," she whispered. "I do. I didn't realize, I didn't know." Her face worked. "But now I'll have to leave: they'll throw me out, I stole . . . It doesn't matter. Why couldn't they let me alone?"

Presently Peter went down to the internes' quarters. George Galloway was in his room with young Henderson.

"May I speak to you alone?" McDonald asked.

George nodded, and Henderson left, closing the door.

Then McDonald said, "Sophie Owens tried to commit suicide a little while ago. "Sophie!" George's face was white. she-is-

"She'll be all right."
George said, "I've got to see—I——" 'Wait a minute. Are you in love with her. Galloway?

'I was-until you came and-

"You knew she had broken our engagement?'

'Yes. But-

"You don't like me, do you?" asked Mc-Donald

"No," said George, "I don't, and I don't care what it costs me. You—what right have you to walk around like a little tin god? You've got everything. You've forgotten the time when you had to kowtow and bootlick; you've forgotten you ever made mistakes. Sophie and I got along all right until you came along. I was sore, see? You had everything. You could af-ford everything—even marriage. So—."

"So you began seeing her again," said McDonald. "And then—"

"I couldn't stop," said Galloway. "I dated her to get even—see? But I was crazy about her."

"She tried to commit suicide because she was pregnant," said McDonald, "You knew that, didn't you?"

"She told me, I didn't believe her."

"When did she know?" asked McDonald. "Not until after she broke her engage-ment with you. I said, 'I don't believe it." She swore it was true, And I said, 'Well, what can I do about it? We can't get married. I don't get out of here until next month, and I can't support a wife.' I said, Why don't you make up with McDonald? You can manage things so that he-

"Why didn't she?" asked McDonald, "How do I know? I was out of my mind. It seemed the only solution. She 'wouldn't take the other way out. She was scared."

"Would you marry her if you could?" asked McDonald, He lifted his eyes to the transfigured face. He added, "You don't have to answer that."

"I'm a heel!" said Galloway. He sat down and put his arms on the table in front of him and his head on his arms. He raised it after a moment. He went on humbly, "I don't suppose you'd under-stand. From the time I was a kid I wanted to go into medicine. It was a burden to my people to put me through, I worked hard, had good marks. But when I began working in the hospital, I thought I couldn't stand it. I hadn't realized the pain and the hopelessness.

"The other guys, most of them, didn't seem to care. They'd try to jack me out of it. I got to believing I was hard-boiled, making myself be hard-boiled. What's it to you if a baby dies or an old woman? I'd say. There's a damn sight too many babies, and hell, the old woman's number was up, wasn't it? I went on working. But things went wrong, I made mistakes.

"We all do."

"I couldn't laugh it off, so I got to resenting people. You, for one. And then I got to helling around in my free time. After a stretch on the bus you begin to think a drink's a pretty good thing, and a girl . . . But I wasn't going to be tied down, see? I was crazy about Sophie. But I thought, She knows the answers. I didn't believe she-

"Well, I made another mistake, and we quarreled. After that she met you. When I heard the gossip I told myself I didn't care. I kept on saying it, even after she told me she was going to marry you. But I thought, If I can cut in-to get even. Only I found it wasn't just to get even. Only I found it wasn't just to get even. And then, just before she broke the en-gagement, I lost my head. She did too . . . I'm a heel," he said again, and his eyes

filled with painful tears.

McDonald said, "You have the makings of a pretty good pair." He thought, She has courage, after all, and decency. She didn't come running to me to try to make up, in order to get out of this. He went on, aloud, "I can help you. I don't know if you've thought about a specialty."

'Surgery," said Galloway.

"Doctor Pennington's looking for another assistant." said McDonald. "I'll speak to him. You and Sophie can be married. At once, I'd say." He smiled and held out his hand,

Later, as he drove Lydia back from the hospital, they were silent. Then she "If you'd seen her face when he said. came tiptoeing in!"

"I saw yours," said McDonald, "when you came out of the room and closed the door on them.

She said after a while, "I wonder if they'll be happy.'

"Does it matter so much?"

"I thought so."

"I used to-a special kind of happiness. Now I think that isn't so important. Work is, and doing your job."

She said, "It was good of you to speak to Doctor Butler. I'll like working for him."

He said, "Perhaps Butler won't keep you long. If—if I get things going up there . . . They could use a nurse, Lydia. Your mother will be all right with Sophie and Galloway. We'll see to that.'

"When you need me, will you send for me?" she asked.

"Will you come?"

"Of course," she said.

When Peter entered his apartment Simons and the bridge table had disappeared; the windows were open, and the

soft hot breeze came drifting in. Peter stood by the windows a long time. Of what, of whom had Lydia's voice reminded him?
He thought—Laura!

That was it. Very like Laura in her out-look on life, in the sudden radiance of her eyes, in the tone of her voice. Like Laura in spirit, as Sophie was like her in the flesh. But still uniquely herself. Older than Laura, more poised, more serene, and yes, as he thought of her, more ardent and impassioned

In a little while, now, he would be miles away, looking out of the windows of his small house in the mountains. He would be working night and day. There would be times when he would curse himself for a fool; when he would be too tired and too discouraged to believe he had gained in-stead of lost. But he would go on. He would be lonely, but perhaps not for long.

He thought, I'll write her and tell her everything that happens to me. And when her answers come, I'll know-how soon I can send for her; how much or how little I have to offer her. I cannot offer her anything but the best. Not the past, but the future. And I mustn't think of that yet. I must be sure, for her sake. But somehow, I am sure.

Smiling, he turned from the windows, and if Laura's little ghost spoke to him softly and in farewell, he did not hear. The past was still there, in the future, and he must say good-by to the present, which would be in the past. From now on, he would look ahead.

THE END

Next Month: Faith Baldwin's "Medical Center" novelette will be about a debutante "Clinic Aide"

Candid Candidate

(Continued from page 27)

bald little pip-squeak think he was a statesman just because he had made a lot of money. He said he was being crucified and would throw the account out. He sighed again and said there would be a meeting of the idea staff in an hour.

Then I had to leave because Mr. Pip-gras turned to me and asked if my hand had got stuck in the outgoing file.

Within the next few days, by keeping my eyes and ears open (which I always feel a man should do), I discovered why it was going to be hard to get Mr. Whitsonby elected. It wasn't so much the fact that he belonged to the same party as the sewer-contract mayor, although that did not help. It was mainly because he was running against Lawrence P. Meade.

If you read the papers, you know that Larry Meade is a young man of twentyseven who is always in the headlines. After he stopped being a hero at the Yale institution, he became a biologist. He then went to Cuba, which is a large island south of the United States, and right away got back in the headlines when he made some big discovery about kinds of seaweed that cure kinds of sickness.

Well. No sooner had he come back to his home in Sandy Harbor for a rest than the Progressive Party nominated him for mayor—not only because he was a town hero, but also because he had what you might call political blood in his veins. The Meades were a very old Connecticut family and ever since the seventeen hundreds had all sorts of senators and ambassadors in all sorts of senators and ambassadors in the family. I guess the Progressive Party figured that with all this background, Larry Meade would coast in. "And they are right, too," I told Ellen Jones, when I took her out for a soda. "Beating Meade," I said to Ellen, "is like



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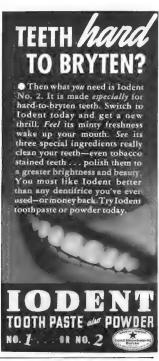
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the mountain against the molehill, with Mr. Whitsonby being the molehill.

It is difficult for Ellen to talk at a drugstore counter because her mouth is always full of fudge marshmallow sundae, but she swallowed hard and said. "Yes and that Larry Meade is so handsome, too. I think it's a shame, the way Mrs. Merganser says.

"I do not agree that he is so handsome," I replied, "But who is Mrs. Merganser

and what did she say?"

"She is a friend of my Aunt Bertha's," said Ellen, "and she lives in Sandy Harbor where my Aunt Bertha lives too, and her husband is a big politician who hopes someday to become the coroner. He thinks it's a shame, also."

"I would still like to know what Mrs. Merganser said and what is a shame," stated, but Ellen already had another big

mouthful and I had to wait,

"Mrs. Merganser said," Ellen remarked finally, "that they had a very hard time getting Larry Meade to run for mayor because he didn't want the job and hates politics like anything. That is why Mrs. Merganser and her husband and Aunt Bertha and I think it's a shame, making a handsome young man like that be elected to something he doesn't want."

I stared for a minute at Ellen, and then I told her she was crazy and that this was impossible because how could anyone

not want to be mayor?

"I will thank you to be more polite," she said in a haughty voice (which she thinks is just like Claudette Colbert's but isn't). "As a matter of fact, Larry Meade absolutely refused to run for the job and was then drafted and told he would have to run because his name was on the ballot, and where was his public spirit, anyways.

It was the very next morning that I happened to be in Miss Sayer's office giv-

ing her the morning mail.

All the world's a stage, Miss Sayer," I said, "and all the men and women merely players. Shakespeare."

Miss Sayer looked a little surprised.
"It certainly is true," I said. "This election, for instance—it's just like a play. Mr. Whitsonby wants to be a mayor and can't be. Larry Meade is going to be, and he doesn't like it for beans."

Miss Saver looked even more surprised. I explained what Ellen had told me, and Miss Sayer made me come right in and repeat the whole thing to Mr. Pipgras. He seemed quite "taken aback" and, when I had finished, told me to get the idea staff into his office right away.

And just a little while later Mr. Pipgras himself came into the mailing room and told me I was doing fine work and would get a raise one of these days, sure,

Keep it up, Harold," said Mr. Pipgras. My name is not Harold; it is John. But I suppose Mr. Pipgras got me mixed up with Harold Gish, who had my job but got fired. He got fired because we have an office pool on how many coupons a big ad is going to pull, and Harold constantly won because he was always low man and this got very irritating to the account executives who wrote the ads.

Anyway, it appears that the reason everyone was so pleased with me was because they had checked up on Ellen's story and discovered that it was quite although the Progressive Party had been trying to keep it a secret—that Larry Meade didn't want to be mayor.

It wasn't until the following week that I learned what was going to be done about all this. Then Miss Sayer informed me that I was to accompany her on a trip to Sandy Harbor to see Larry Meade. I was gratified to see that I was getting taken enough notice of for such an important mission, until I discovered that the reason I had to go along was to carry several heavy packages of a mysterious nature. When we got off the train we took a cab to a house which was white and had vines on it and was very refined-looking.

We banged on a big white knocker, and a voice inside hollered for us to enter. We did and went into a big living room, and there looking down at us from a high stepladder was Larry Meade himself. He had on a ragged old sweater and a pipe in his mouth and a big picture in his hands.

I decided he wasn't any taller than me, just about six feet two. He must have weighed a lot more, though, as he looked to be husky and I have not yet quite filled out, weighing but a hundred and thirtytwo pounds.

"Hi!" he said, which I must say is not a very proper way of greeting guests, especially people you don't know.

Miss Sayer didn't seem to mind. She said "Hi," too. Then she introduced herself and me.

'Excuse me just for a minute," he said. "I'm engaged in a labor of love."

He showed us the picture he was taking down from over the fireplace. It showed a man with a big white beard and a red sash across his middle. In its place Larry Meade was putting up a long fish

with a lot of teeth.

"There!" he said, when the fish was finally hung where the man had been. "A stuffed fish is certainly a big improve-

ment over a stuffed shirt.'

Miss Sayer said that it was all right except that the fish didn't have any sash around its middle and she liked sashes. This didn't seem to me to make sense.

"The fish doesn't need a sash, and the man never should have had one," Larry Meade replied as he came down the ladder. He said the man was Charles Thorndike Meade, his great-uncle who had once been the ambassador to Brazil.

Well, Larry Meade and Miss Sayer went on talking what seemed to me to be pretty silly conversation which only made them both laugh. But after a while he made us some coffee, and then Miss Sayer got down to business.

"I warned you by letter that my agency is handling Mr. Whitsonby's campaign. she said, "And we've heard you don't want the job of mayor of Sandy Harbor."

Larry Meade, whose mouth was full of coffeecake, nodded,

"If it isn't giving away any party secrets," said Miss Sayer, "why?"

"Because I'd rather be even a third-rate biologist than anything else," he said. He went on to explain how the Pro-

gressive Party had come to him a long time ago and asked him if he wouldn't like to be their candidate.

"I said no emphatically," he told us. "But then I made the bad error of going down to Baltimore for some research work. When I got back here, I found the town plastered with my picture and a sound truck going around telling everyone was the biggest American event since the Monroe Doctrine."

"Couldn't you have resigned then?" "I did. I also raised hell generally but old MacWhinney-he's the spark plug of the Progressives-informed me that I couldn't get out of it. It seems," added Larry Meade gloomily, "that there is a law in this state which says that a candidate for public office can't withdraw from an election after his name's been printed on the ballot. And I couldn't lose, no matter what I did."

Miss Sayer smiled in a sort of knowing way. "There," she said, "is where I think you're wrong." Then she turned to me and asked politely if I would mind waiting outside because what she now had to discuss was very confidential.

Because of this request, and also be-cause the door between Larry Meade's

dining room and kitchen was very thick | and had no keyhole in it, I did not learn what went on until nearly a week after Miss Sayer and I took the train home.

Well. It was just a week after Miss Sayer and I left Sandy Harbor-Friday, August eighteenth, to be exact-when the bombshell exploded. I do not refer to a real bombshell.

The first I knew of it was when I looked at the morning paper. There on the front page was a picture of Larry Meade and the following headlines in big black type:

MAYORALTY CANDIDATE URGES OWN DEFEAT

Meade, Progressive Party Choice in Sandy Harbor, Insists He Is Unfit for Public Office

There was also a big story which started off like this:

Sandy Harbor, Conn., August 17— In a speech unprecedented in the an-nals of national politics, Lawrence Paul Meade, scientist and former All-America Yale halfback, today

Paul Meade, scientist and former All-America Yale halfback, today launched a township-wide drive to insure his own defeat in the approaching mayoralty election here. "I am no more fit to be mayor of Sandy Harbor than hundreds of mayors now in office throughout the country," Mr. Meade told voters. "And think what that means." The candidate added that his opponent, J. J. Whitsonby, was "obviously the man of destiny for the job."

There was a whole lot more, but that is enough to explain why I gulped down my breakfast and hurried to the office to show Miss Sayer the story, which I felt would interest her greatly.

Naturally, I was surprised to hear that it wasn't any news to Miss Sayer at all. I was so surprised that she looked kind of sorry for me and stopped her work to tell me all about it.

It seemed that this whole plan had been her idea, and that she had first sold it to the agency and then to Larry Meade, the day we visited him, And those mysterious packages I had carried up to Sandy Harbor were a publicity campaign based on the idea of Larry Meade's coming out against himself—all sort of layouts and sketches for broadsides and posters made up by the Pipgras-Thorne art department.

Larry Meade had looked at them in amazement at first, Miss Sayer said. He thought it was the screwiest idea he ever heard of, But after looking over a few, he sort of got into the swing of it and suggested a slogan himself.

"It was a very good one, too, Johnny," said Miss Sayer admiringly. "It was 'One Man's Meade Is Every Man's Poison.'"

I did not feel that this was very good, but if Larry Meade was getting to be a kind of client, I guessed Miss Sayer had to be polite. Anyway, the upshot of it all was that Larry Meade agreed to come out against himself and work for Mr. Whitsonby's election.

At first the whole scheme seemed very silly to me, and I was sure it wouldn't work. Then, after I read the afternoon papers, I began to change my mind and to wonder why I hadn't thought of the idea myself.

The stories were even bigger than in the morning. There were headlines like "Meade Hits Self as Tool of Rival," and also editorials. The editorials couldn't seem to agree. One paper said, "The stand of Lawrence P. Meade introduces a refreshing and long-needed not into Amer. freshing and long-needed note into American politics," while another, one that we use a great deal for Hotsies advertising, got very angry and said, "Mr. Meade cannot long pull the wool over the eyes of an aroused electorate with his schoolboy IT'S THE F ROMANCE





THE much loved Old Spice fragrance of America's first

era of gracious living-when blue-eyed Dolly Madison was the toast



of the land-and lovely ladies, or proud of their American heritage,



created a "new world" type of witchery, a glamour distinctively



American. M Here, in this Trinket Box, colorfully (painted



with old-fashioned motifs, you'll find the fragrant requisites to



that Early American charm. For it's laden with Old Spice

Toiletries-Guest Toilet Water, Toilet Soap, Guest Talcum, and a



cotton sacque of Sachet. Yours to treasure long after the A



contents are gone, as a coffer for trinkets and romantic mementos.

*Trade Mark Applied for by SHULTON, Inc., Dept. C, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. C.

Refuse substitutes; insist on Advertised Brands!

pranks, palpably devised in a cunning attempt to befog the real issues."

From the way the papers in New York City carried on after that, you would have thought it was their city which was electing a mayor. Every day they carried big stories and editorials, mostly about Larry Meade. They all started calling him the Candid Candidate. One day they'd run a big picture showing Mr. Whitsonby kissing a little baby, and right beside it a picture of Larry Meade kissing a bathing beauty and being quoted as saying, "During this campaign I will kiss no one under voting age-or very much over. The next there'd be a flock of editorials arguing about whether it wasn't really just a smart way to get elected anyway.

For the first week after the announcement there was great excitement at our office, too, Mr. Whitsonby himself came in, very pleased, and told Mr. Pipgras he

was a genius.

The same day Mr. Whitsonby came in, Larry Meade called Miss Sayer from Sandy Harbor and had a long talk with her. Miss O'Leary, our switchboard girl, listened in carefully to this call, as she often does, and later told me what was said. She did this because she owes me a dollar sixty-five and is in my power.

What happened was that Miss Sayer asked if MacWhinney had given in and agreed to drop Larry's name from the ballot and let him go back to being a biologist. Larry said no, he hadn't, because he was a very shrewd customer and had instead given out a statement to the press which said that Mr. Meade was really dying to get elected and was merely satirizing the opposition and proving how modest he was.

Then Miss Sayer said that in that case Larry had better redouble his efforts and make it very clear to the voters that he was in earnest, and Larry had suggested a new slogan he would push-"Meade

Then he said he still felt pretty doubtful about the whole setup, and Miss Saver said didn't he remember that he was doing the whole thing for self-preservation. Larry Meade said he didn't remember so well and that he was coming to New York that night and would Miss Sayer have dinner with him so's she could refresh his memory? Miss Sayer said yes. Then he said, "How about the theater, too?" Miss Sayer said yes, and also agreed to the Rainbow Room later so they could talk some more about campaign plans.

Then Larry Meade said he had a feeling this wasn't the only evening his memory was going to need refreshing, and

hung up.

During the next couple of weeks Miss Sayer spent most of her spare time in Larry Meade's company. As nearly as I could find out, she and Larry did many things together, such as going to shows, concerts and even a museum.

"If you ask me," said Ellen, "it's a ro-

"Do not be ridiculous, Ellen," I said, very annoyed. "Miss Sayer is forced to spend a lot of time with Larry Meade because, if she doesn't, he is liable to change his mind and win the election after all.

"Yo!" said Ellen in her most irritating tone, "I bet they're buying furniture from the finance company already. I bet they're

even secretly engaged."

I did not try to argue the point with Ellen because she gets such ideas from always going to the movies and has no idea at all what real life is like. I did not bother to point out that an intelligent girl like Miss Sayer was not one to "lose her head" over a man, even a sort of romantic type like Larry Meade,

Meanwhile the campaign went on, getting more confused all the time. All the newspapers in the country were beginning to take it up now, and every day the clipping service sent us dozens of big stories with pictures of Larry saying, "Full Speed Astern, Is Meade's Command to Party," or news that he had started a whispering campaign against himself.

Then the Sandy Harbor Daily Bugle took a straw vote to find out what the trend was. It wasn't very helpful, as by this time the voters in Sandy Harbor seemed to be having such a good time they refused to take anything seriously. When the paper counted the ballots, it was discovered that Donald Duck had won by a large margin over his nearest opponent, who turned out to be Carole Lombard. The Daily Bugle then ran a very stern editorial about Sandy Harbor getting to be a joke in the eyes of the nation.

"One thing is certain," I heard Miss Sayer telling Mr. Whitsonby and Mr. Pipgras one morning in our office, "it's going to be close. Larry must have lost a lot of votes last night when he suggested to the police department that Sandy Harbor

be run on the honor system."

"That is indeed true," said Mr. Whitsonby thoughtfully. "One feels, however, that Mr. Meade might be a touch more That slip-up he made at the parent-teachers' meeting was-er-well,

somewhat regrettable."

Mr. Whitsonby was referring to something Larry Meade said which caused much laughter. He said, "The people's choice, Mr. J. J. Whitsonby, has grown bald in the service of his country." Larry probably meant to say "old" and Mr. Whitsonby is very touchy about the fact that the top of his head resembles a white bowling ball when you look down on it. Besides, everyone is always looking down on it because Mr. Whitsonby is not quite five feet tall.

Mr. Whitsonby then asked Miss Sayer if she was certain that Larry Meade could be trusted to go through with his campaign to the end. Miss Sayer sounded a little indignant when she answered, saying he certainly could be trusted and that only last night Larry told her that he wanted to speak in behalf of Mr. Whitsonby at the windup rally of the Whitsonby supporters next Monday night.

"But have you seen his speech?" asked Mr. Whitsonby nervously. "Does it—er—

do me justice?"

"That's putting it mildly," said Miss Sayer, "I got to the last paragraph before I realized Larry was referring to you and not Sir Galahad."

On Monday, the day before the special election, a number of the people who work for Pipgras-Thorne were sent out to Sandy Harbor to help Mr. Whitsonby get votes. Mr. Pipgras himself rode around in a big truck and made speeches into a loud-speaker, which may give you some idea how important the Hotsies account is to us, because Mr. Pipgras does not speak very well and knows it, having a voice which is at best a high squeak.

There was a special reason for this last-minute drive. Word had just come to us that Mr. MacWhinney of the Progressive Party had become so desperate about the way things were going that he had decided the only way to get Larry Meade elected was to have some foul play.

The rumor we heard was that Mr. Mac-Whinney was bringing a great many floaters into Sandy Harbor, as many as sixty or seventy of them. A floater, as Miss Sayer explained to me, is someone who has no right to vote but does anyway-a whole lot of times in the same election. This was sure to be very bad in Sandy Harbor, where only about five thousand votes were being cast in all.

That is why, on the day before the election, I spent all morning standing in front of a restaurant known as Joe's Petit Trianon Eatery, What I was doing was handing out printed cards which had a picture of Mr. Whitsonby-with a hat on and also said that all voters should attend the mammoth final campaign rally at the opera house at eight P.M., where the principal speaker would be Larry Meade on "Why Whitsonby Must Win."

It so happened that I was worrying some about the floaters, who I understand are always very rough men who will stop at nothing to "gain their ends," when somebody poked something in my back and said, "Stick 'em up!"

Well, Having perhaps jumped a little, I then immediately obeyed and turned around, only to find that what was poking into my back was Ellen Jones' finger. Ellen was laughing in a merry way that I found most annoying.

"What, if I may ask, is so very funny?" I said coldly, as she and I stooped to pick up the cards which I had scattered all around me for some distance. "And besides, how do you happen to be here?

ELLEN SAID that she was sorry to have frightened me and that she had spent the week end with her Aunt Bertha, and because of the election and her special interest in it, had asked her parents for permission to stay over for two more days, "Also," said Ellen, "there is a dance in Sandy Harbor tonight with Jim Jam Jimmy Johnson and his Shahs of Swing, and you can take me to that."

At this I, of course, drew myself up and told Ellen sharply that I would do nothing of the sort, as Miss Sayer herself had

requested me to go to the rally.
"What is more," I added, "if you had an interest in civic betterment the way Miss Sayer has, you would go to the rally too and improve yourself."

"Miss Sayer only has an interest in Larry Meade," said Ellen.

This "cut me to the quick" and I guess I must have spoken very harshly to Ellen, but she deserved it.

"Let us leave Miss Sayer out of this," I said. "I am sure one of your young friends would take you to the Shahs of Swing, I am going to the rally."

I was surprised at this point to see Ellen's lip begin to quiver as if she might cry, so I said, "All right, all right, I will escort you to the rally and perhaps after-wards to the dance if there is time."

One of the special loud-speaker trucks that Mr. Whitsonby had hired was just coming to a stop. To my surprise, I saw that this truck not only contained posters and campaign literature, but also Miss Sayer and Larry Meade himself.

The minute Miss Sayer saw me she called out and asked would I please come along because they were in need of more people to distribute handbills. Before I could even say yes, Ellen piped up and asked if she could come too, and Miss Saver said of course.

I am certain I will never forget that afternoon as long as I live. What we were doing was making "a last-minute whirl-wind circuit of the town." We stopped at a different meeting every few minuteseven on street corners and at private houses-anywhere we might lose a vote.

Each place Larry Meade would say, "I would now like to say a few badly chosen words," and then he would speak a little, and Ellen and Miss Sayer and I would go around and hand out campaign material.

There were many incidents of note. For instance, when we visited a meeting of the Lady Fighters Against John Barleycorn Society you could have heard a pin drop after what Larry did in the middle of his speech about "Good Government and Why I Don't Understand a Thing about It."

What he did at this point was to take a large bottle out of his back pocket and drink a great quantity from it, I had filled that bottle and there was only water in it, but the Lady Fighters Against John Barleycorn did not know this, as the bottle had a large label on it saying "Brannigan's Dry Gin."

Well. Things went on like this all afternoon up to our very last stop, which was a special get-together of the board of directors of the Sandy Harbor Golf Club. Here Larry almost caused a riot by saving that his slum-clearance program was going to involve taking over the land now occupied by the fourth, ninth, twelfth and sixteenth holes of the golf club,

"I am certain that, in the interests of good government, you gentlemen will not object to this measure." said Larry, ignoring the fact that several of the members of the audience seemed to be getting very of the addresses seemed to be getting very red-faced. "And besides, it will leave you only fourteen holes to play on, so that sooner or later one of you may be able to break a hundred."

It was six o'clock before we made our last stop, and Miss Sayer figured that at the very least Larry Meade must have succeeded in losing four hundred votesmore than enough to beat Mr. MacWhin-

nev's floaters.

If it hadn't been for Ellen's Aunt Bertha inquiring about my future, of which there is a good deal to tell. Ellen and I would not have been late at the opera house and nearly not able to get in. As it was, we had some trouble getting down to the front, where the seats for the Pipgras-Thorne workers had been reserved, and I was surprised to see how efficient Ellen was at elbowing quite a few of the voters in their stomachs.

As we went down the aisle we noticed that on the stage there were only three people—Larry Meade and Mr. Whitsonby and a Mr. Sathergate, who was chairman of the evening and also scoutmaster of the Sandy Harbor Boy Scouts. The festivities were just beginning.

Mr. Sathergate got up and said that, as chairman, he had a few words of his own to say before he introduced the main speakers. At this no one applauded. Mr. Sathergate then said that Mr Whitsonby was brave, thrifty, loyal and trustworthy. When he added that Mr. Whitsonby was also obedient and reverent I got interested because I realized that what Mr. Sathergate was doing was going through the Boy Scout Creed. Indeed, he went through the whole list with the exception of "clean," which it seemed to me was perhaps an oversight.

Well, Mr. Sathergate went on and on and on, and finally I turned again to Ellen, only to discover to my dismay that she was sound asleep. This was not good, of course, so I quickly gave her a poke. She opened her eyes and shot up in her chair and gave a slight shriek, which caused many people to turn around and look at us. One even said "Sh!" but I found out later she was Mrs. Sathergate.

And this was not all. Ellen, out of a clear sky, got a bad case of hiccups.
"But I can't!" she said, when I whis-

pered to her that this type of thing had to stop. She then hiccuped a good deal more, perhaps even louder.

Since Mr. Sathergate was looking sternly at us, I grabbed Ellen by the arm and said fiercely, "If you do not stop this this minute I will have to take you away!"

As Ellen did not co-operate but merely said "Ip!" I quickly dragged her after me to the side of the opera house, where

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are known by this trade mark of the smiling Denton girl ---->

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No Dyes or Chemicals are Used in making Denton hygienic fabric; nothing to injure or irritate a child's sensitive skin. DENTONS ARE NOT MADE IN COLORS!



NEW De Luxe Dentons Sizes 4 to 14

A handsome new one-piece garment with "bloused" legs, rib-knit wrists and ankles, waist belt and roll collar, in beautiful cream - white Denton fabric. (Not made in infants' sizes.)

Adult Dentons, one-piece style, ideal for those sensitive to cold and for outdoor sleeping, camping and touring.

Write us for descriptive circulars.

Denton Hoods, 5 sizes. Denton Baby Bags, one size, 30 inches long.

Identify Genuine Dentons by the trade mark tag and name on neck hanger. Sold by leading department and dry goods stores.

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Denton fabric is unusually strong, due to the use of new, long-staple cotton. Flexible rubber buttons; stout button-holes; strong, flat seams. All Dentons have patented, extra-heavy, tailored, romper feet; and extra-full drop seat. Dentons stand repeated washings.

Regular (Light Gray) Dentons

ONE-PIECE, sizes 0 to 14 years, Sizes 0 to 2 button down back, as shown in trade mark picture above. Sizes 3 to 14 button down front. TWO-PIECE (Worn by the little girl standing by her mother in the picture below) buttons entirely around the waist; sizes 0 to 5, specially convenient for infants who need frequent changing.

De Luxe (Cream-White) Dentons

This fabric shows an attractive honeycomb stitch on the outside and is wonderfully soft and smooth inside. ONE-PIECE, sizes 4 to 14 years, shown at left . . . TWO-PIECE sizes 0 to 5, have plain collar. De Luxe Dentons have all regular Denton health-protection features.



there was a sign marked "Exit." When we at last got outside in what seemed to be a long dark corridor Ellen said, between hiccups, that it was all my fault for frightening her and if I was a gentleman I would get her some water. I just looked at her coldly and began to hunt for water.

We walked down the corridor and pretty soon came to a door which led out to a big place with a lot of old furniture lying around and also ropes and wheels and pulleys and stuff like that. There was a sink in one corner, and Ellen drank some water straight from the faucet, and after a while she felt better.

By this time I realized that we were

backstage in the opera house.

When I suggested to Ellen that we go back, she said no, it was nice here. And besides, we could not hear Mr. Sathergate very plainly from behind the curtain. I had to admit that there was much truth in this, so we stayed.

AFTER A WHILE a big cheer went up, and we knew Mr. Sathergate had finally introduced Larry Meade. There was an old sofa backstage, and we dragged it to the wings and sat there and listened to Larry, who gave a wonderful talk for Mr. Whitsonby. All during Larry's talk there was much cheering, and after he finished there was even more excitement. Then Mr. Sathergate got up again, and after about fifteen minutes introduced Mr. Whitsonby, who started off by saying that government of the people, by the people and for the people would not perish from the earth if he were elected.

By this time I was willing to agree with Ellen that the rally had got a little boring, That is why I followed her when she started poking around in the wings. She found a big lever that seemed to have some connection with several pulleys and a lot of rope that stretched way, way up to

the roof of the opera house.

"You better be careful." I said. "That

is a winch."

Ellen asked what is a winch and I said it was machinery, at which Ellen nodded. This was fortunate, for I do not know what a winch is. She stepped back from the lever and I grabbed hold instead. I am afraid that I was gratified to see that I had impressed Ellen. I am afraid I wanted to "show off."

"If you really want to see how this works," I said, "watch. You push it hard

-like this." I pushed.

This was a great mistake. No sooner had I shoved the lever forward than there was a big groaning sound and the wheel with the rope attached to it began to unwind. At once I felt a sinking in my stomach, for it did not take any Thomas A. Edison to tell what was happening.

The whole curtain was falling right on

the speakers!

Well, as you can easily guess, many things happened in the next few seconds. Ellen and I and the whole audience hollered, "Look out!"

Mr. Sathergate took one look at the ton or so of curtain tumbling down on him and started to run. He ran right to the edge of the stage and took a running broad jump into the audience.

Larry Meade also took one look at the curtain. But instead of running, he shot a glance at Mr. Whitsonby, who was so interested in his speech that he didn't notice he was about to be hit on the head by a large part of the theater.

Then Larry Meade did the most heroic thing I've ever seen anywhere. He was at least twenty feet away from Mr. Whitsonby, but he crossed the distance in two jumps. left his feet entirely, and caught Mr. Whitsonby from behind with a wonderful flying tackle.

The force of that tackle spun both Mr. Whitsonby and Larry Meade right into the orchestra pit, and then a big block of wood landed with a terrific thud-right on the spot where Mr. Whitsonby had

just been talking!

There wasn't a single sound in the opera house while the dust settled, and Larry Meade and Mr. Whitsonby got up. Then Mr. Whitsonby looked around sort of dazed and opened his mouth once or twice. You could tell that the crowd was just waiting to break into cheers for Larry Meade-just waiting until Mr. Whitsonby gave the signal.

"You-you have saved my life!" said Mr. Whitsonby in a choked way. "You

blithering idiot!"

I never before realized that Ellen Jones had so much character. It was clever of her to point out that the curtain falling down was really her fault.

"There's no use crying over spilt curtains," said Ellen, "And besides, if they thought you did it, they would throw you

out on your ear."

Nevertheless, I must say that I felt pretty guilty all next day, which was the day of the election. All the morning papers came out with big headlines say ing, "Meade Rescues Rival from Death," and the afternoon ones had pictures of Larry Meade with captions reading, "Again a Hero."

At about seven in the evening everyone gathered at Mr. Whitsonby's campaign headquarters to hear the election returns come in. While people pretended to be cheerful, you could see they were wor-ried and feeling pretty terrible and blaming Larry Meade for making the mistake of saving Mr. Whitsonby's life, and thus spoiling the bad impression he had made on the voters.

Well, the first returns came in at about half past seven, and we all crowded around to see them. Almost at once we knew that our worst suspicions were about

to be confirmed.

These returns were from the Poplar Street section of town, which is the silkstocking district and where Mr. Whitsonby lives. In our figuring, he was supposed to carry it with a big majority.

What actually happened was this:

Whitsonby, 2; Meade, 22.
Since Mr. Whitsonby and also Mrs Whitsonby and their son Elroy all voted in this district, you can easily see which way the wind was blowing.

When he looked at those figures, Mr. Pipgras just said, "Oh, Lord!" Then he went over to one corner and held his head

in both hands.

Miss Saver and Larry Meade just looked at each other and held hands despairingly. I was sure Miss Sayer was only holding Larry Meade's hand to comfort him in his hour of trial.

Mr. Whitsonby mumbled something about his son Elroy being a snake in his bosom and took several aspirin tablets.

Nobody else said anything,

Everybody got gloomier and gloomier until finally Larry Meade and Mr. Whitsonby had both conceded Larry's election and nobody talked to anyone else, Nobody except Mr. Whitsonby, that is,

At nine-thirty-four exactly, he walked over to Mr. Pipgras and announced that in the future the Hotsies account would be handled by Noble, Bedlington, Cum-merford and Shapiro. Then, before Mr. Pipgras could even plead with him, he laughed a sort of hollow laugh and stamped off into the night.

About a half hour later, when the last returns came in, there was nobody but Larry Meade, Miss Sayer, Ellen and me. Everyone else had disappeared quietly, with the exception of Mr. Pipgras, who had departed for New York after making several remarks which I do not feel I had better put down.

The final vote was 5,221 for Larry

Meade and only 698 for Mr. Whitsonby, "Well," said Larry Meade, "I guess there is no use in my turning into a sore winner." But you could see he was just whistling past a graveyard.

Everyone was silent for a minute. "That," said Ellen suddenly, "is a

mighty funny thing." Miss Sayer and Larry didn't look up, so I said sharply to Ellen, "This is not the

time to think of funny things."
"Yes, it is," Ellen insisted, "Look," She pointed at the big blackboard, where it said, "Total Registration, 5,642." Underneath this were the final results, "Meade,

5,221; Whitsonby, 698." "I think it is pretty funny," said Ellen. "that there are almost three hundred more votes than there are voters."

For just a few seconds Miss Sayer's and Larry Meade's expressions were kind of sad and hopeless, the way they had been for hours. But after they had looked at the blackboard and added up the figures, they both jumped to their feet and Larry gave a cry of joy. After which he upset a chair, grabbed his hat, gave Ellen a big hug and kiss and started fast for the door, with Miss Sayer.

Well. Naturally, Ellen and I ran right after them. The next thing I knew we were tearing into the police station, Larry dashed up to the captain's desk.

The captain leaned over and grinned and said, "Celebrating, Your Honor?"

"Your Honor my eve!" said Larry, and then all of a sudden he got very dignified. "Captain." he said. "as a public-spirited member of this community, I demand that all ballots in today's election be placed under police guard at once!"

The captain looked puzzled. "Sure, chief," he said. "But what in hell—I mean, what for?"

what for?

At this Larry grinned a very broad grin. "Because," he said happily, "I contest my election on the ground of fraud!"

You of COURSE read in the papers about the investigation of the Sandy Harbor election, and how it was discovered that Mr. MacWhinney had tried to make sure Larry would win by having his floaters cast more than seven hundred illegal ballots. You also must have read how Mr. MacWhinney paid for his dishonesty when the whole election was ruled out by the courts.

The new election, which was held just two weeks ago, was quite dull. The Progressive Party had got itself in bad with the public and, of course, could not get Larry Meade to run a second time, so Mr. Whitsonby won with ease and has now realized his lifelong ambition. As a result of this, we still handle the Hotsies account and are planning a big campaign for next spring.

But now I am afraid I will have to disappoint my readers by revealing that this story will not have an entirely happy ending after all. This is because it is a of life" and not just "made up."

The unhappy part of it is that I no longer place Miss Sayer on a pedestal and that my romance with her is ended.

This will probably shock you and it shocked me, too, when I discovered it. It happened the night Larry Meade had Ellen and me to dinner.

What happened was that Ellen and I happened to wander out onto a little balcony, and there, right in front of us, was Larry Meade kissing Miss Sayer and I could not help noticing that Miss Sayer was kissing him back and seeming to enjoy it greatly. Also, they were saying such things as "darling" and "honeymoon" and talking about starting for the West Indies real soon.

As they didn't even notice Ellen and I, Ellen took my arm and yanked me back into the living room. I didn't say anything for some time, but just sat in a corner sort of numb and heartbroken.

Then Ellen came over and gave me a look and put her hand on my shoulder and said, "Why don't you do things like that if you're so darn romantic?"

"If you mean I should kiss Miss Sayer too," I said in a most miserable way, "I am sure that Larry Meade would not like it. Besides, I am very disillusioned with Miss Saver

"I do not mean kiss Miss Sayer," Ellen said, "I mean kiss me, Like this." Then, before I could object, she grabbed me about the neck and began to "make advances."

Well, I do not like to seem fickle, but I had never kissed Ellen before, and it made me realize that she has got quite a lot of personality of her own. * * * * *

Money for Future Delivery

(Continued from page 49)

savings may in some circumstances be considerably more than the amount mentioned in the example above.

Life insurance, you see, is simply money for future delivery. When you buy an insurance policy, you are buying money. Conditions vary from person to person, from company to company. One company alone offers at least 150 kinds of policies. But in all policies the central idea is the same. The policy is a contract between you and the company by which you meet certain provisions specified in the policy, and at some time in the future, according to the terms of the contract, the company agrees to pay you certain specified sums of money. It's the old saving for a rainy day. Money for future delivery, for future need!

When Tom Callendar got married, he developed a sense of responsibility. So as soon as he returned from his honeymoon he went to a fraternity brother in the insurance business, and said, "Ed, I want to take out some insurance. I'm earning three thousand a year now. How much can I afford to buy?"

The insurance agent pulled out a lot of forms and blanks. "That's not the point, Tom," he responded. "How much do you need?" Tom looked vague. The agent explained, "There are certain needs which every married man has," he said. "In the first place, should you die, your wife would need a sum of money in cash available for what we dolefully term 'last expenses.' You know, hospital bills, funeral costs, money for unpaid bills, taxes.

"In the second place, your wife will need an income. Right now that doesn't seem so important to you, because everybody said Lucy was a smart secretary. If you died this year, she'd need money for immediate emergencies, and perhaps a little on which to adjust herself, and then she could earn her own living. But the longer she works at marriage instead of a typewriter, the less good her chances are to support herself. And if you have a family, you'll want her to stay home and take care of them.

"In the third place, you want to protect your own earning ability. You need insurance against permanent disability. You need to save so that when you are sixty or sixty-five, you can retire comfortably. You need some cash for an emergency





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"These are the average needs of the
average married man. Now, let's see how
we can manage to meet these needs with
the amount of money you can afford to
invest."

Tom, at the age of twenty-five, is making \$3,000 a year. If he feels he can afford to save about \$300 a year, he can carry about \$16,000 in insurance. As he has no children at present, and as he has been making great strides in his work and has every promise of future progress, his insurance underwriter advises him to save fifteen percent of his income, and take approximately \$25,000, at his age. Thus his wife will be comfortably cared for should he die.

As it was finally arranged, Tom's wife would have \$100 to \$150 a month for life, by reason of a settlement option instead of a lump-sum payment. The insurance underwriter proposed that when Tom had a family the settlement be rewritten to provide a larger sum while the children were small, and a smaller income for his wife when they were grown up. If Tom survives until he is sixty-five, his ordinary life insurance policy is arranged to give him a comfortable retirement income as long as he lives.

Ordinary life insurance is the kind that gives the largest amount of long-time protection for the least premium. Incidentally, it is the form most insurance people carry themselves. You make no mistake in it. If you wish, it usually is possible to convert it into other forms by a mere financial adjustment, and without physical examination. The younger you are when you invest in insurance, the less premium you pay.

Suppose you want to take what is known as "twenty pay life"—a life insurance policy which you pay up in twenty years, over your most productive period. According to one table, it costs \$21.38 a thousand at twenty, \$23.48 a thousand at twenty-five, and \$29.29 at thirty-five. The "whole life" policy, on which you pay until you die, or make other specified arrangements, is even cheaper at those ages, costing \$13.48, or \$15.26, or \$20.82 per thousand

So it's wisest and cheapest for young men to take out insurance as soon as they start to work.

It was hard to persuade Nolan Stone that he ought to buy insurance. Nolan is a young chap of twenty-three. He was one of the bright boys of his class last year. Four of the great engineering corporations in his part of the country bid for his services in his senior year at college. His future looks bright, and his present is glittering. He isn't married. He isn't even in love. Why buy insurance?

The first thing the insurance salesman explained to him was that he ought to carry enough insurance so that, if he smashed up in the jalopy he was always driving at crazy speeds, there would be enough to pay the doctor and the undertaker if he died, or to support him in case the accident left him unable to work.

As they talked the matter over, Nolan also became interested in the savings side of life insurance. If there is one outstanding minor virtue in life insurance, it's that it just about makes saving compulsory. You may neglect the grocer or the tailor, but if it's humanly possible you meet your premiums! Here is evidence of that:

At the close of 1929 the total volume of insurance in this country was \$103,000,-000,000. At the close of 1933, after four years of the most serious depression in history, the total stood at \$98,000,000,000.

So Nolan took out a \$1,000 whole-life policy, and an endowment policy with disability and premium waiver features for investment, and for the protection of his own future. Now he's made a good start toward substantial citizenship, and toward a secure life.

Nolan was bursting with virtue about this program on which he had embarked when he went to a family reunion last Christmas. "What will happen to you, Uncle Jonas?" he inquired importantly of a bachelor relative.

The question wasn't unintelligent. Uncle Jonas had lost most of his investments in the stock market, and outside of a minimum of insurance to pay final expenses, he had no other policies. If he suffers ill health he will be dependent on his relatives. He needs an insurance arrangement which will preserve his independence, come what may.

What the converted Nolan finally persuaded Jonas to do was to take a policy called a "deferred annuty" which would give him a disability income if he were disabled, or a retirement income of \$200 a month at the age of fifty-five. That covered his needs. The name of this type of policy varies, but the principle is the same everywhere.

What about these various types of policies?

Well, as we have noticed, ordinary life insurance is the most common and most economical of all forms of permanent insurance. You can take policies on which you pay premiums all your life. Or you can have an arrangement so that, if at any time you can no longer pay the premiums, you may have a smaller paid-up policy. Or you may take the cash or loan value and transform it into some other type of insurance or annuity, or simply into cash.

You can have ordinary life insurance on a policy which is all paid up in twenty years or fifteen or ten, or any period you designate. It's merely a matter of adjusting the premium, which is, of course, higher than "whole life."

You can pay your premiums by the quarter or by the month, semiannually or by the year. Naturally, if you pay by the year or every six months it's cheaper than if you pay by the quarter or by the month. You pay for the bookkeeping, and the less there is of it, the less you pay.

An annuity, on the other hand, is the reverse of life insurance. For with life insurance you pay the company in installments, and the company promises to pay you the principal. With an annuity you pay the principal to the company, and the company promises to pay you back in installments. Had Nolan's Uncle Jonas been able to raise \$20,000 he would—at the age of, say, sixty—have got high payments on an annuity basis. If he had died in five years, the company would have been ahead. Had he lived to be ninety, the company would have lost.

The endowment policy is a life insurance policy with the largest savings element. If you take a \$10,000 ten-year endowment policy, and you die at some time before the ten years have elapsed, your beneficiaries will receive the \$10,000. If you live the full ten years, you then collect the \$10,000 yourself. The premiums on endowments are high. If you take such a policy at the age of thirty-nine, your premiums are about \$1,015.40 by the year, or \$88.98 by the month. This cost may yarv a little with the different companies.

There are infinite variations on these forms, but they all raise the same questions: How much do you want? How do you wish to pay for it? How do you want it delivered?

How can you decide all these technical problems? The answer is, you can't. That is why you need the help of a competent insurance agent.

Don't think for a moment that a competent agent, qualified to advise you and

provide service and help, is going to be hard to find. The business of selling life insurance is becoming a profession, practiced by men equipped to discuss your future needs and those of your dependents after you've passed on.

The next time an insurance man sends in word he wants to go over a plan for your insurance, it will be wise to see him. He knows what other people like you have done, and how to apply this knowledge to

your advantage.

There are many things we need to know about our insurance. The first thing is: How will your insurance be paid to your wife in the event of your death? She will need cash, of course, for those "final ex-penses." But then what?

The chances are your wife has never looked at the business section of the paper. The widow is the shining mark for every sort of gold-brick salesman. Yet you carry insurance to educate your children

and to protect her.

Gay Morely's situation is a perfect example. Poor Gay—I saw her just yesterday, at the stocking counter at Sanderson's. Behind the counter, not in front of it. Her blond hair was faded; and that bright smile we always loved was fixed.

Gay was one of your clinging vines, and John adored being an oak. He loved the fact that Gay could never make her checkbook balance or her bridge score come out. He was a young man with a future, but he was careful to carry heavy life insurance to make sure Gay and the babies would have ample means if something happened to him.

After the horrible day when he tried to rescue the drowning child, and both of them were carried out in the undertow, Gay was comparatively rich-but not for long. Everybody advised her about inup to face a stack of bills, a mortgage foreclosure and two helpless dependent children, John definitely was not foresighted

in protecting his Gay.

The best way, then, is to arrange with the company that the principal be left invested by them. For the insurance com-pany invests for safety. The company is restricted by law: it can purchase only the best of investments; it cannot buy speculative securities, and sound securities have a comparatively low yield. Then, it takes the money of its millions of policyholders and spreads it over so many securities that if some go bad, the profits from others will take care of the loss, The list of the bonds owned by one of the great life insurance companies in 1937 fills fifty-three pages of fine type!

You can arrange payments in any way you desire. If your children are young, your insurance counsel will undoubtedly suggest that you provide that your wife receive a higher income while they are small, and a lower one after they are bringing, and see to it that your wife is not dependent in her old age.

Here are some other details which you should watch, or upon which your counsel

should advise you:

Make sure the clauses which name beneficiaries are properly drawn. Philip Corcoran had \$30,000 worth of insurance. His wife Margaret was named as beneficiary. He had failed to retain the right to change the beneficiary and so could not make any change without his wife's consent, He and Margaret were divorced—and she would not let him shift the policy for the benefit of his second wife, so he was obliged to drop the policy

This business of naming a beneficiary is extremely important, and even more

exempt from the Federal estate tax only if it is payable to a specified beneficiary. If insurance is payable to your estate, it is included in your gross estate for taxation, State laws also make exemptions to taxation for life insurance, but generally only if the policies are payable to named individual trustees

Make sure you know what happens to your policy if you cannot pay your premiums. Depending on the kind of policy you own, you have certain alterna-

You can take out the cash value if you have had the policy long enough to build up a cash value.

You can continue the policy in force for a limited number of years

You can take a smaller paid-up policy. You can use the cash value to carry the policy until you are again able to pay your premiums.

Some policies have an automatic premium loan feature and some do not. Certain policies carry a clause which specifically states that if you do not pay the premium within the specified period, and the policy has a cash or loan value, the company automatically charges the premium against the loan value.

Mrs. Edeson came into the insurance company one day and said her husband had carried insurance for eight or nine years, but had dropped it two or three years before his death. They'd had a fire, and the policy was destroyed. Had they a copy? Had the policy any value? When the company looked it up, the officials discovered that when payments were dropped the policy began to run on this "extended insurance," and was still in force. Mrs. Edeson was able to collect.

How careless, you'll say, to have an insurance policy in the house! It should have been in the safe-deposit box at the bank, Not at all! The safe-deposit box is



not always the best place for an insurance policy because the box may be sealed at the death of the owner. Moreover, the policy itself is not a valuable document. The company has a duplicate record. However, you should always have a record of your insurance.

Have you a birth certificate or some document proving the date of your birth? That's important, because under certain settlements, what you receive will depend upon your age when payments begin.

Has your policy a double-indemnity clause, which provides that your beneficiaries receive twice the amount of insurance if you die as the result of accident under certain standardized conditions? If it has, don't forget that it must be proved that death was accidental. If you die as the result of a fall from a seventhstory window, the company has to be convinced that you fell and didn't jump.

If you carry a policy for the education of your child, how is it written? Some policies are written as fifteen-year endowments on the life of the child, with an additional arrangement on the policy concerned with the life of the father or nominator. Thus, if the father dies or becomes permanently disabled, the policy will be carried until it matures, after fifteen years, presumably at the time the youngster is ready for college.

Many people have the idea that this is the cheaper insurance. Actually, it's not. You are paying two premiums, one on the life of the child and one on the life of the father. Why write it on the child's life at all? If he dies, he won't need the money. If his father dies, he will need it-

sadly. Don't buy more insurance than you

can afford. One method is to purchase enough to provide your family half the income on which it has been living, but this varies with every case. All insurance problems are individual.

The insurance salesman is the only person who can give you specific advice, so be sure to give him a complete picture of your financial situation. He can show you how to make your policy fit your needs.

No article on life insurance is complete without mention of "term insurance." This is a much-advertised form of insurance nowadays. Premiums for term insurance are lower, apparently, than for other forms of insurance, so you hear people say, "Buy term insurance and invest your savings." Let's have a look at it:

term policy is a contract which furnishes life insurance protection for a limited number of years. The face value of the policy is payable only if the insured person dies within the stipulated term. It has no cash, or savings, value. Nothing is paid in case of survival,

Most term policies written by American companies are contracts for a limited number of years, usually with the option of renewal. As a rule, the premiums increase with each renewal instead of remaining the same as in other types of

Term insurance premiums are less than the premiums for ordinary life policies at the younger ages. If you, at thirtyfive, took out ordinary life in one of the legal reserve companies, you'd probably pay about \$22,56 per thousand. If you took term insurance, you'd pay only \$10.92 a thousand. As time passed, the premiums on your ordinary life would remain the same, but those on your term policy would go up with each renewal. Eventually they would become very much higher than your ordinary life premiums.

Mr. M. Albert Linton, president of a well-known insurance company, explains further with these figures:

Over a period of thirty years, from age thirty-five to sixty-five, for a total of \$100 paid out by the policyholder for term insurance, \$103 would be paid in premiums for ordinary life insurance. But the ordinary life insurance would have a cash value of \$87, whereas the term insurance would have no cash value at all.

So you save with life insurance, but not with term insurance. Moreover, as you grow older, the higher premiums are likely to become more and more of a burden. You can carry whole life at the age of sixty at the same rate you paid at twenty when you bought the policy; but the premiums on your term insurance policy increase with your years.

There are some uses for term insurance. It is a valuable protection against contingencies which require only temporary insurance, or call for the largest amount of insurance protection possible for a limited time at the lowest cost. For instance:

A man with a small income and heavy family obligations, and good prospects for developing a career, might compromise with term insurance. This is, however, only for the man who confidently expects to earn a great deal more. That isn't most of us!

It's useful for a man who has put most of his assets into a new business where premature death would spell serious loss to the business,

It can be employed, in addition to ordinary life insurance, to protect a family while the children are still young. You might want to have more money for your wife than you could afford under another plan during the years when your children are dependent.

It's valuable if you have a mortgage on your house and wish to take out some extra cheap insurance to cover it until it is paid, so your family will be assured a roof if you die. Or it may be a good idea to take it out to cover a loan.

Many companies sell term insurance but most of them urge their salesmen and representatives to help you to avoid it if possible.

Buy your insurance for savings and for investment as well as for protection. Make sure it covers your needs. Remember:

Insurance is not pie in the sky; it is money for future delivery.

* * * * * * Bombay Nights (Continued from page 40)

up on it. Funny, Mrs. Trollope had never even mentioned it.

He found that nobody had done anything about the luggage. It still lay on the pier, expensive once, but worn now and battered with much traveling. He sent it to the palace of the Maharani of Chandragar, and at last he drove to the hotel. But even then he found no peace. In the corridor outside the room assigned him, he found awaiting him a Parsi bookmaker, a Persian jewel merchant, two dealers in curios and a tailor.

His patience broke, and he shouted, "Go away! Get out! I don't want anything,

Go away!"

But the shouting had no effect. When he entered the room, they pushed and fought to get in first. He managed to slip the key in the lock and turn it.

In the corner of the room he found the real culprit, Silas was at work unpacking, benignly and all too consciously innocent of all connection with the crowd outside the door.

For a second Bill felt an impulse to fall upon the bearer and give him a thorough beating, because he knew very well that Silas had brought them all, hoping for sales and a commission for himself.

But it was no use arguing. Silas would deny everything. Anyway, some of it was Bill's own fault for the way he had lived when he was last in Bombay-buying things, betting, throwing money out of the window. They all remembered him.

Well, he thought, that's all over. This
time I'm the sober businessman.

His clothing was wet from the heat and clung to him. As quickly as possible he undressed, turned on the punkah and lay down on the bed. The punkah churned the damp, dead air but made the room no cooler, He thought, This is a bad beginning, Everything has gone wrong. The irritation which was so much a part of India had taken possession of him immediately. That was a bad sign. Maybe it would be better to finish up his business and leave by the first boat.

Closing his eyes, he tried to imagine icebergs and glaciers, but it did no good. He turned toward Silas, who was concentrated on the task of throwing Bill's belongings into utter confusion. For a moment he watched the bearer, fascinated by his misdirected conscientiousness. Then he said, "Go away, Silas, and leave me in peace. Don't come back till five."

Silas grinned at him. "Very good, Sahib." But his glance fell reproachfully downward at his tattered costume. Bill waited, and when this first pantomime made no impression, the bearer lifted one ragged arm and examined the sleeve.

Again Bill had to laugh. He took out a ten-rupee note and gave it to Silas, say-"All right, Go get yourself a new suit."

Certainly it was a bad day. But presently he fell asleep and slept soundly until he was roused by Silas pounding on the door. When he sat up, he discovered that it was only half past three. It was still hot-hotter than it had been when he went to sleep.

Once again he cursed Silas and was

rewarded by a wide white-toothed grin. Silas displayed a new costume, obviously one he had had for a long time, and asked, "Master pleased?"

"Yes, pleased as hell, you embezzler." Bill took a shower and spent ten

minutes finding a fresh costume from the confusion created by the bearer. When he opened the door cries assailed him. "Remember Hakim, Sahib?"

"Doti, old friend, Doti make plenty money for Sahib last time."

"Sahib bought plenty rubies from Raschid, last visit."

Bill hurried along the stone balcony followed by the whole tribe, still gesticulating and calling out. Only at the stairway was he able to shake them off. They dared not follow him belowstairs for fear of being thrown out.

Perspiring again, he reached the telephone and called Hinkle at the Amalgamated Oil office, still wondering why the man had not met him at the boat in response to a radiogram.

The office gave him the answer-Hinkle was in Burma on a holiday, shooting. The

office didn't know exactly where.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the cockney voice of the clerk over the wire. "We'll do our best to find him, but don't count on seeing him under a fortnight."

"Thank you," said Bill, and slammed down the old-fashioned receiver. To hell with it! he thought. I've got to see him. might as well enjoy myself in Bombay. He had a sudden feeling of a vast, almost mystical pressure working against his good resolutions, or maybe the baroness had put a curse on him, or maybe it was just his own weak character.

"Good-time Charlie!" That was what Carol used to call him

Then, as he stepped from the telephone booth, a page said, "Mr. Parker, a call for you, Mrs. Trollope.

The familiar hoarse voice came to him over the telephone, "I want to go out tonight. Will you take me to Green's for dinner and then to the Taj bar? "Sure. I'll call for you."

"No, I'll meet you at the hotel at seventhirty. We can have a drink first.

"Okav. So she had come to the hotel, looking fresh again and too neat and a little too mannish in her white tailored suit, with a white felt hat pulled over one eye. Yet when Bill saw her sitting opposite him on the terrace at Green's, he experienced again that feeling of satisfaction at the sight of anyone so cool and neat and efficient among so many sweaty, blowzy, dowdy women. Somehow, her presence was like that of a cool and able nurse in the midst of the confusion attending a disaster. What the disaster was, he could not divine clearly, unless it was Bombay itself, with its strange swarming assort-ment of people, most of them hungry, always on the verge of riot and disordera place where superstition grew and flourished like fungus in a cave; where one race was divided from another, and religions were perpetually at war.

The dinner went off pleasantly, Stitch Trollope asked him so many questions about himself that he finally laughed and asked, "Why am I being cross-examined?

Because I like to know about people." She found out how rich his father was: that Bill had been married and that his wife had been a show girl: that the marriage had come to an end amiably

"Were you in love with her?" Stitch asked

The question puzzled Bill. He hesitated.

then said, "I don't know. I was crazy about her for several weeks. I guess I don't know what being in love means."

"It means plenty." "Have you been?"

Yes

"What's it like?"

He had asked the question humorously. but she didn't take it that way. Her face became grim. "Well, if you'd ever been in love you'd know it. Just thank God you never have been, and hope you never

Her grimness made Bill uneasy, and he said, "We were both kids. I had plenty of dough, so we ran off and got married. I was a junior at Cornell. My father was a missionary's son, born in China. He made all his own money. He said he wanted me to go to an American school.'

Bill had a sudden picture of his father —an extraordinarily clear picture of a heavy, serious, rather grim man, whose every move was carefully weighed, whose smallest decision was a matter of ponderous responsibility. They had never understood each other even for a moment, and there had never been any sympathy between them. To his father, life was an affair of immense seriousness. And he was always right. That made it very difficult.

A long time passed, in which Bill wasn't in Bombay at all but back in America. And Stitch, it was clear, had gone off somewhere too, he did not know where. She said suddenly, "My father went to Australia because he had to."

Bill guessed what she meant and felt shy about leading her into further confessions. He said, "My father is a swell guy. I think someday we may understand each other." And for the first time in his life he felt a kind of sympathy for the aging man on the other side of the world.

'Living makes a lot of difference." Stitch said. "Sooner or later, I guess, you have to make sense in life or get the worst end of everything. Families are funny things. She rose suddenly. "Let's go to the bar."

In the noise of the huge bar, the dark mood of the terrace left them. They began to drink in earnest, and presently Al the radio officer and Sandy the chief electrician joined them. They were both a little drunk. Al was grinning. He was a man who worried, and alcohol made him stop worrying, And Sandy was having trouble with his false teeth. That was always a sign when Sandy passed the safety mark—the false teeth kept getting out of place

Stitch became unnaturally gay and wanted to dance, so in turn the three of them took her round the floor. While she danced with Sandy, Al said, "She's a good scout, Mrs. Trollope."

"She's no fool.

Then Stitch and the chief electrician came back to the table. Stitch ordered another drink, and something happened to the evening. It began to die—the gaiety, the spirit, the effect of all the gin going out like air out of a pricked balloon. It occurred to Bill that Mrs. Trollope hadn't been gay at all. It was just nerves, and now she was sunk.

It was time to go home, but nobody had the energy to move. And then Bill saw something he could not believe.

Carol was standing in the doorway, dressed in a red dress. His first impression was that she had not changed at all. The golden hair, the superb figure, the blooming look of enormous vitality were the same. Then, as she leaned against the doorjamb, he saw that she had been drinking, and he thought at once, She must be bored. She never drank too much unless she was bored. And he knew why



she was standing there in the doorway alone. She was hoping to find someone who would take her on a party.

He thought, How on earth did she happen to turn up here? And at the same time he was aware of something lovely about the figure in the red dress; it was the same feeling he had had the first time he ever saw her. She had the old look of false innocence about her. No matter what happened to her, she would always look innocent.

For a moment he thought, I won't speak to her. I'll keep out of sight. But that, he knew, was impossible in a place like Bombay, unless he chose to shut himself up in his room in the hotel. And the sight of her roused a whole procession of memories out of a life which he had been trying to make himself believe was dead.

In the heat his brain felt foggy, but neither his brain nor his will power had anything to do with this emotion. That much he had learned from experience. For a moment he was even a little afraid. Except for the gin he had been drinking, he might have run away, and the whole story would have been different. Long afterward he knew that all the trouble began in that moment when he knew he had to speak to Carol.

He heard Mrs. Trollope say, "What are you staring at?"

"Someone I know. May I bring her over here?"

"Why not?" Mrs. Trollope grinned.

Carol did not notice Bill until he was a few feet away from her. The change in her expression was so sudden and so comic that he laughed. She came to meet him, saying, "Bill! For God's sake, what are you doing here?" And then, throwing both arms about him, she kissed him and said, "Am I glad to see you!"

On his side there was a sudden awkwardness. He didn't know what to do next. He said "Come on over and join us"

He said, "Come on over and join us."
"Sure," she said. "I was on the lookout for a party."

"Where are you staying?"

"Here in the hotel, of course."

"Gosh, that's funny. Who's with you?"
"Nobody."
That, he thought, was odd. His impulse

was to ask, "What are you up to?" but it was too soon for that. He would have to find that out later, a little at a time.

"A coincidence—both of us being here," she said, "It just shows what a small place the world is."

AT HAD NEVER been her mind that attracted him. On the contrary, it had been her mind which was the principal irritation. She was always saying things like that. He felt a prick of the old irritation. The old reaction swiftly followed. "It's a coincidence." he said, "every

"It's a coincidence," he said, "ev time two people meet anywhere."

"Don't begin cracking at me already," she said, "I told you long ago it wasn't my brains that got me ahead in this world,"

Then they were at the table, and he saw in the eyes of Al and Mrs. Trollope that look which always came into the eyes of people who were seeing Carol for the first time. It was a look which, when he was younger, had made him feel naïvely proud to be seen with her. It was a look that bore witness to the fact that the human race was still pretty animal, to be so excited at the sight of so much beauty and health and good spirits. It was always the same—men, even older men, seemed to acquire strength simply from the sight of her. Younger men threw out their chests and showed off.

When it came to introducing her, Bill hesitated and then said, "This is a friend of mine—Carol Halma." It was better not to say anything about their having

been married once. It only led to a lot of explanations. And he always found it difficult to say the made-up name she had chosen for herself. It would have been easier if he had called her by the name her parents had given her—Olga Janssen. He saw that she didn't mind. She nearly always understood what a man was up to.

The party came to life again almost at once.

When Carol had gone out of the railway carriage, the look in Colonel Moti's eyes changed. The flerceness went out of them, and in place of the flerceness there came a look of tenderness almost maternal. He had a violent nature, and his mood could change as quickly as a copra could strike.

It wasn't that he had any personal dislike for the blond woman he had found in the rallway carriage with his friend Merrill; the thing that moved him so violently was his harted of her as a symbol of a class which he had since labeled useless and pernicious. Nor was it the hatred of the man for a prostitute or for a symbol of the whole class of prostitutes. To him, prostitutes were unfortunate or misguided, or the victims of a deranged glandular or economic system. His moral indignation arose from a passion against social, not sexual, immorality.

So when the woman left the car he took a deep breath, as if the air had been suddenly purified, and said, "Did you have

a bad journey, Homer?"

"Hot, but no worse than usual."
The Indian said a word in English to
Tommy, and shyly spoke in Hindustani
to Ali. He was shy with children. He had
never had any of his own.

Then he asked. "Who was that woman?"
"I don't know anything about her.
She's been visiting Jellipore's brother."
"Why?"

Merrill, although he was still suffering, laughed at the concentrated fury of that single word and what lay behind it: Moti's unmitigated hatred of the whole Jellipore family as wasters and bad rulers. Then he said, "I don't know. How could I know? I never saw her before, and I'll probably never see her again, I shouldn't think her important one way or another."

"Maybe yes; maybe no. Anyway, you'd better come home with me as soon as pos-

sible and get to bed."

"Is it all right about Ali's operation?"
"Yes. Doctor Bliss was going to sail
but I persuaded him to stay over till the
next boat."

"I appreciate that. In a way, Ali is almost like a brother to Tommy. He's been living with us since he went blind." "There were three other cases. He's

operated on one already."

Merrill looked at him. "Was it successful?"

"Yes," said Moti. Then he smiled and asked, "You love the boy, don't you?"

"Yes. He's a nice boy."

"That's why I love you," said the colonel. "That's why you've got to rest."

"I've got to go back to Jellipore in ten days."

"You're not going back in ten days—not till I've fixed you up. Not unless you want to crack up altogether and be of no use to anyone"

'I'm all right."

"You're too valuable a man." The indignant look came again into Colonel Moti's eyes. "You're just being a damned fool!"

Merrill was silent. It was no use to argue with Moti, Anyway, it wasn't the first time that he, Merrill, had been ill. He'd always pulled out of it before, and he would again. When Tommy had gone and Ali's operation was over, he'd simply go back to Jellipore without arguing.

It needed two taxicabs to take the

party to Colonel Moti's house. The colonel had no car of his own, even though, as head of the Institute of Tropical Diseases, he could have claimed one. He preferred to use the money for the institute itself.

On leaving the station, the taxis turned in the direction of the mill district, and with each block the houses and tenements grew shabbier and more sordid. In the hot air every millworker had come out of the tenements into the streets.

As the taxis pushed through the mob, while Merrill leaned back, his eyes closed, the pain drumming in the top of his head, the colonel watched the swarming spectacle, a faint smile curling the corners of his firm mouth. These were his people. In a way, he knew them all—all the thousands of them, with their ignorance and superstition. It was for them he was fighting: to bring light to them, and health and spirit and dignity. It was for them that he denied himself a motorcar and lived meagerly.

Presently the taxis left the slums and the mill district and came into a district where the poor were crowded into crumbling houses which once had sheltered the families of rich merchants. It was better here; there was at least a little space and a few ragged gardens. And presently, at the colonel's direction, they turned up a narrow street and came to the Institute of Tropical Diseases and the

colonel's bungalow.

In the house there was a single light, and as they drew up to the door the figure of a woman in a white-and-silver sari appeared at the top of the steps. She was Mrs. Moti, a dancer by profession, not one of the vulgar dancing girls from the temples of Tanjore, but an intellectual who had danced in London and Paris and New York. She and Moti saw little of each other, for she was away most of the time, traveling and dancing. In their separate ways both of them were ascetics, each absorbed in his profession, the one in science, the other in Indian culture,

Merrill, opening his eyes, saw her standing on the edge of the veranda all glistening and white in the moonlight, and the thought came to him that the small figure in its purity symbolized both herself and her husband. They were both too white, too fanatic to be of this world. They were not like himself, who, for all his absorption in his work, still had disturbing, sometimes torturing visions of the flesh and its pleasures. With sudden envy he thought, What peace she must have; what peace they must both know.

He said, "You didn't tell me Indira was at home"

"She arrived only this morning on the P. and O. boat," said Moti. "I forgot to tell you."

The inside of the bungalow, too, had the quality of Moti and his wife. The great cool rooms were clean; the furniture was bare and simple. The only ornaments were a collection of Persian jade and a dozen Mogul pictures. Those were Mrs. Moti's, which she had bought with her own money, earned by dancing in half the capitals of the world. To her, these were as necessary as the shining equipment of a laboratory was to Colonel Moti.

For Merrill, the house was an oasis in the heat and confusion and turmoil of India, and each time he left the hot squalid villages where he worked, he came here to refresh his soul. It was not only that he found peace, but he rediscovered faith; for there were times when the malarial apathy of the villagers brought him near to despair. This bungalow had been, too, a refuge from his wife up to the very day of her death. When life at home became unbearable, he could come

to the Motis', where he knew she would never follow him. She had hated them because, when he was with them, he escaped into a realm of his spirit where she could not follow.

Mrs. Moti led him to a big room and said, "This is for you and Tommy. Shall I put Ali in the compound?"

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll keep him in here with us. You see, he's been living with us. He's never been away from home before, I'll have the boys bring in an Indian bed."

She went away to give the order, and when she was gone, he sat down on the bed, feeling dizzy again and feverish, but even through the fever he kept seeing her in the white-and-silver sari. She was neither very young nor very beautiful, but there was about her the perfection of art—in the lacquered nails, the softly drawn hair, the perfect carving of the small oval face; above all, in the stillness which seemed to envelop her.

Wearily he thought, I'd like to stay here forever and rest and rest and rest. For it was his spirit as much as his strong body that was ill and tired.

When she returned, she said, "There is some dinner for you and fresh goat's milk for the boys."

When they had dined, Merrill and the two boys returned to their room to sleep. Merrill was weary and ill. After he had undressed and had a shower, Moti came in and gave him a sedative.

"That's what you need," he said. "Sleep.

Sleep late tomorrow."

KLEENEX*

Presently Merrill fell asleep, and during the night he dreamed wild, rather delirious dreams. Sometimes the central figure was Indira Moti, cool and sure and clean, in the white-and-silver sari, and sometimes his dreams were of the woman he had seen on the train, beautiful, tempting, fleshly, of the earth—a kind of halfclad heathen goddess who had annihilated the frightful pain and brought him another kind of peace which the dancer could never bring him.

Because of the sedative, he did not waken until noon, and when he awakened the pain was still there, pressing on his head, and his spirit was still unrefreshed.

Then he remembered that in the night, in the midst of his distorted dreams, he had awakened and found his friend Moti looking down at him. What he did not know was that Moti, looking down at him, had thought, We must not lose him. He is one of us. We need him and his spirit.

Afterward, when the colonel had gone back to his wife's room, they had talked for a long time, planning how they would save Merrill and bring him back to health. It was a conversation that would have astonished Merrill because it was so removed from anything he had been taught long ago in his father's house on the other side of the world.

At about the hour Merrill awakened to find his friend standing over him, Al the radio officer and Sandy the chief electrician (whose false teeth had now become utterly uncontrollable) left the bar to return to their boat. Tipsily they said good-by and went their way, feeling sentimental over the thought that very likely they would never again see either Bill or Mrs. Trollope. In the morning their great hotel of a ship would sail, and they would find new friends to take the place of Bill and Mrs. Trollope.

Their life was like that. But at the

Their life was like that. But at the moment they felt sentimental, so they took a long time over their farewells. And all the time Bill wanted them to go so that he could talk to Carol.

At last they went, and that left only Mrs. Trollope. In the midst of the fun the old grimness had returned to her. It

seemed to come over her when Carol put her arm around Bill's neck and said, "Am I glad to see you!" But she didn't go home. She just sat there, grim and silent most of the time. But once she said, "I'm going to give a party for you two. How long are you staying here, Miss Halma?"

Carol put down her drink. "Till my money gives out. I haven't any plans."

And then a dark man, an Indian, rather plump and dressed in well-cut London clothes, came over to them from out of the crowd. He said in perfect English, "Hello, Carol. When did you get back?"
"Tonight." She added, "Sit down and

"Tonight." She added, "Sit down and have a drink," and then introduced him. His name, it seemed, was Botlivala.

His name, it seemed, was Botlivala.

He didn't sit down. He said, "No, I can't stay. I'm with some English people. What are you doing tomorrow?"

"I don't know. Ring me up."

"All right." He bowed, and the bow was Oriental—a trifle too low, like a salaam.

Then he went away.

When he had gone, it occurred to Bill that Mr. Bottivala had scarcely looked at Carol at all, but had stared at Bill himself. And Bill remembered, too, the man's hands, long and thin, very odd on a body so plump and sensual. They were repulsive hands, cruel and incongruous.

Mrs. Trollope said, "I know him." "He's stinking rich," said Carol.

"I'd keep clear of him, my dear," said Mrs. Trollope. "There was a scandal about some dancing girls."

"That's an old one," said Carol. "There wasn't anything in it. I know him well."
Mrs. Trollope stiffened. "How well?"

Carol laughed. "Not as well as that! I don't find him attractive. But he's rich, and he likes to spend his money. I'm never one to discourage a man like that."

It was Bill who said, "He's not very attractive."

Mrs. Trollope said sharply, "I don't see



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how a woman can have such a man come near her."

Bill wanted to say, "What the hell business is it of yours?"

But Carol didn't seem to mind. "I'm not so particular," she said.

Would you like to come to tea tomorrow?" Mrs. Trollope asked,

"I'd love to if I get up in time," said Carol, "Where?"

"At my sister's. I'm staying with her. I'll come for you."

"Better ring me up first."

Then Mrs. Trollope turned to Bill. "I can't ask you, It'll be a zenana party, No men allowed."

"Okay." he said, but he wondered why

she had lied, when she knew that he was aware her sister lived like a European and did not keep purdah.

Then she rose and said, "Well, I'll run along."

"Can we drop you?"

"No, the car is waiting for me. Thanks for the party, Bill." She smiled at Carol. "I'll ring you up."

"Okay," said Carol. "Not too early." When Mrs. Trollope had gone, Bill said, "She was a pain in the neck most of the

"Where did you find her?"
"On shipboard."

"She's not your type, Nothing very fluffy about her."

"No," he laughed, "Maybe I'm changing my type,"

Carol said, "I want another drink."

"No. you don't." "Why not?"

"I want to talk to you. We're just right now." After a moment he added sud-denly, "What are you up to?"

"Nothing, Just enjoying myself."

"How did you get here?"

"I came out with some people from London, You wouldn't know them. They went Goona-goona—off to Bali, I was having a good time, so I stayed here," "What are you doing?"

"Visiting maharajahs and going to the

races and buying jewelry."
He thought, She can't afford that unless she's spending her capital or somebody is helping her.

"It's my turn now," she said. "What are you doing here?" He told her, and she continued very seriously, "I'm glad you've settled down. The playboy stuff wasn't your type.'

"Maybe. I've been good for a long time now-and respectable and hard-working, But I might go off the track."

She looked at him gravely. Then she

said, "Not with me, you won't." "Why?"

"Because I'm not going to get you started all over again."

"What are you going to do when you leave here?"

"Go back to Paris "

"Are you ever going to marry again?" "If I find the right guy, I'm engaged now, but I'm not going to marry him." "Who is he?"

She laughed, "That guy who came over to the table."

"The Indian?" "He's a Parsi,"

"How come?"

"He kept asking me and giving me presents. So I said I'd be engaged to him, but I wouldn't promise anything.

"Nothing more?"

"Not a damned thing. I don't allow him to touch me. You see, most of them are crazy about blondes." She lighted a cigaret and said, "Let's have another drink." "No, you've had enough. What do you

want another for?"

"Because I need it, after what I've been through the last week."

"What have you been through?"

She told him, then, of the visit to Jellipore, and as she talked, her own natural high spirits began to take the place of the gin she had been drinking all day long. The whole visit now seemed funny to her, and as she talked and her spirits rose, she began to make an excellent story of it: the boycott of the Jellipore women; the party at which the English boys had kicked over the pots of orchids; even Mrs. Goswami's story of the attempt to poison her became a joke. She was never one to live in the past-or the future, either. The present, minute to minute, was everything,

THIS WAS the Way Bill liked her. This was why he had run off with her long ago to rouse a parson up in Greenwich, Connecticut, at two in the morning to marry them. It wasn't because either of them was much in love; it was because they had fun together. And as Bill listened, laughing now and

then at the absurd improbability of the whole story, a line of worry crept in be-tween the blue eyes. If only she could stay like this forever, he thought. He didn't like the drinking or the shadow of weariness he had noticed earlier in the evening. And he didn't like that plump little man-Botlivala-with the long skinny hands.

Then Carol told of waking up on the train, not knowing where she was or how she had got there, and then about the axle cracking and about the choice she had made between traveling in a purdah carriage or with a missionary

"Never a dull moment in India," she said. "There's always something going wrong, But the missionary was nice-and good-looking. It wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be. But he was ill. and I had to look after him. He said he wasn't a real missionary. He did something in the villages—about crops and breeding stock and things like that."

Then Bill found a new interest. He asked, "What was his name?"

"He told me, but I don't remember. It was Homer, I think-Homer something. "I think I know him. He went to school

with me. Was his name Homer Merrill?" "Merrill? Yes, that's it. Well, I'll be damned!"

"He was a swell football player, We belonged to the same fraternity. He was my roommate for two years."

You never brought him to New York." "He didn't lead that kind of life.

Bill saw Homer again suddenly-big and good-looking and clean. That was it -clean; the cleanest fellow he had ever known. Sometimes the sight of Homer used to make him feel ashamed. It wasn't that Homer ever said anything; he was just a fact-honest and good and clean, with a humorous twinkle in the clear blue eyes, working his way through school and worrying about the good of mankind,

Now he was in Bombay after ten years of working among Indian villages. The good-humored, kindly eyes of the missionary woman on the boat returned for an instant. Yes, they were eves like Homer's—the eyes of one who wouldn't con-demn you and always was ready to help.

"What was the matter with him?" Bill asked.

"Liver, he said, and climate. A lot of other things, I should think."

"Where was he going in Bombay?" "I don't know. He mentioned some doctor friend, That's all I know."

Bill's mind, wandering away from Carol, began to speculate about Homer. It might be that money would help him; at any rate, it would get him proper doctors and maybe send him away for a rest.

"Haven't you any idea where he was going to stay?" he asked.

"No, I guess it was with some Indian. An Indian met him-a good-looking Indian about thirty-five or forty, with big black eyes. He didn't like me much."

The crowd had begun to thin, Bill looked around and said, "I think bed would do you more good than a drink."

"I couldn't sleep yet."

"That's a bad habit to get into. You're not taking things, are you?"

"No, I'm not that much of a damned

"You might go to bed and try to sleep." "It's no good, but I'll go if you want me to,"

She was tired suddenly, Dark circles came under her eyes and little tired lines around the lovely mouth. Bill thought, She's going to age quickly if she keeps on. At thirty-five, she'll be a hard blonde. He felt a desire to help her, but could think of no way. It seemed to him that somewhere in the course of her destiny she had got onto the wrong track. It was like the spectacle of a good ac-

tress playing the wrong rôle. Something wasted-energy, purpose, design; what it was he could not discover.

"I don't want to be rude, honey," he said, "but if I don't go to bed, I'm going to fall asleep."

"Getting middle-aged?"

"Maybe, Anyway, I've had a lousy day. I began it by seeing a man killed."

A faint look of interest came into her blue eyes. "What happened? Tell me and I'll go to bed."

He told the story with apathy and weariness, for he was too tired now to recapture the sense of shock and horror.

When he had finished Carol said, "That's a funny woman-Mrs. Trollope.

"She's all right." She rose, "We'd both better go to bed." "I'll go with you as far as your room."

He paid the check and tipped the waiter, and then as they moved between the tables he felt someone staring at him, and turning, he saw that it was Botlivala, the plump man with the skinny hands.

OUTSIDE, THEY descended the stairs to the lift, and as they passed the clock Bill noticed that it was already three in the morning. Then, as he looked up, he saw the baroness. She was watching the crowd, the beads of her wooden rosary slipping swiftly through her fat fingers. She did not see them, and he thought. If only we can get to the lift without her noticing us

But immediately, as if she felt their presence, she turned and saw them, That was enough. She was out of her chair and coming toward them, her face contorted in what was for her the nearest approach to a smile.

"Vell," she said, "I've been vondering vhere you vere all day."

"I've had a lot of business." "It vas horrible-the accident." "Yes."

She looked at Carol and smiled. Bill knew she wanted to be introduced, and for once in his life he was rude; but being rude to the baroness was only like being rude to an inquisitive rhinoceros.

She said, holding out her hand, "I am the Baroness Stefani. Ve came out togedder on the boat-Mr. Parker and I." "I'm sorry," said the routed Bill. "This

is Miss Halma."

Carol said, "Glad to know you."
"You go to bed already?" asked the baroness. "I vould invite you to a drink.
"Thanks," said Bill, "Another time."

"We're tired," said Carol, "Good night," They turned away, and the baroness went back to her chair. She was satisfied she had met the showy blond girl who might be of use to her. She had already

confirmed what her instinct and experience had told her—that the girl had been on the stage.

A little later a thin man, shabbily dressed, came in and sat beside her. They talked earnestly until very few people remained in the big hall of the Taj Mahal.

Upstairs, Bill and Carol walked along the balcony, and when they reached her room, she said, "Do you want to come in?" "No, I think it's better not. It's not because I don't want to, honey, only it's no use beginning all over again."

"Yes, maybe you're right." She looked at him—the girl he liked; the daughter of the Swedish farmer from Minnesota. "Anyway," she said, "I'm glad you turned up. I needed somebody like you. You can chaperon me. Kiss me good night."

She kissed him, and it was a chaste and almost sisterly kiss. That was the odd thing about her—that despite everything she had a kind of purity which nothing had destroyed. She was healthy and normal and nice. God had given her everything. And again Bill had the feeling that she had got on the wrong track.

When he had gone to his own room, the kiss troubled him, not because he desired her, but because he felt that somehow he had helped to change her destiny. If he had been a different sort of guy, their marriage might have been a success. There was no reason why it shouldn't have been, except that there were too many people, too many parties, too much nonsense.

When he was undressed and lying on the hard iron bed he remained awake, troubled, and at last, half asleep, he thought, Maybe, after all, I am my old man's son. Maybe the old boy is beginning to claim me

In her room, Carol lay in the darkness trying desperately to sleep, but sleep would not come. Somehow, without her knowing it, her life had become strange and befuddled, She no longer slept at night but in the daytime. She did not know where she would be a year hence, or a month, or even tomorrow; and that, now that she was alone, troubled and frightened her. That was why she had asked Bill to stay with her, not because she was in love with him, but because if he had been there she would not have been thinking of herself.

He was a nice boy, she thought, nice as only American men can be, chivalrous and humorous and kind—too kind and good-humored, perhaps. She felt a wave of warmth and affection for him.

But almost at once the night terrors assailed her again, creeping out from the shadows of the big room. Voices out of her own brain, beyond her control, kept talk-ing to her: "You are afraid. You have made a mess of everything. You have no-where to go. You are nearly broke. You have spent all the money Bill settled on you. You are beginning to drink in earnest. Soon you will be taking drugs in order to sleep. You can't go back. You can't go home to your mother. You've gone too far. It wouldn't work; you know it better than anyone. Now, when you get up at noon, your eyes aren't as clear as they used to be. Your skin isn't clear and fresh any more. You have to drink to fight off the terrors. You'll get up even now and have another drink so you can sleep.

And aloud, she said to the voices, "I won't! I won't! You can't make me!"

But the voices kent on and at lest the

But the voices kept on, and at last she rose and went to the drawer where she had hidden some gin and took a long drink straight from the bottle.

When Mrs. Trollope left to find the big limousine in the line outside the Taj, the driver was half asleep, sulky and insolent. When she said, "Back to the palace," he



scowled at her and when she climbed in he slammed the door, and Mrs. Trollope

thought, He knows, too.

She knew that to the servants in the palace she was only a poor relation. They knew by the state of her clothes and the shabby luggage bought fifteen years before when Jim Trollope was on the crest of the wave; by the look in her eye; even by the brazenness she had developed to give herself confidence.

Leaning back against the cushions, she felt exhausted and on the verge of self-pity. At forty, in the very midst of life, she was defeated, with nothing before her except desolation and dreariness. For the first time she experienced the awful exhaustion which is born of perpetually putting up a front.

She was weary of pretending to waiters, to fellow passengers, even to her own sister, that she was not at the end of her resources. It destroyed even the pleasure she had once had in gambling. When you had to gamble for a living, it wasn't fun

any longer.

It wasn't even as if she could look forward to anything when Jim Trollope came out of jail. If he had anything hidden away out of the wreckage of the swindle, she wouldn't be likely to share in it. And when he came out at sixty, he would be a broken man, too old to begin over again. She didn't mind the disgrace; her hide was tough enough for that—she hadn't even lived or traveled under a false name in all the years since the scandal—but she did mind the prospect of the sordidness and the scrimping, for she knew what that was.

Since she and Nelly had left Melbourne to go to school in England on her father's ill-gotten gains, she had had no roots. Her father had hoped to make ladies out of Nelly and herself, and look how the damned thing had ended: Nelly a half prisoner in a pink marble palace, with an allowance not much bigger than the pension of an army officer, and Stitch the penniless wife of a jailbird. All her life she had lived in hotels; for a time, when things were going well with Jim, in the greatest luxury. Of all that, there remained only barren memories.

HERE WASN'T any use asking Nelly to help her. Her sister would only say that she didn't have a cent over what she needed for her gambling. That was probably true, despite all the luxury in which she lived. Now that she was a dowager maharani, they probably allowed her only pin money. But Nelly didn't seem to mind; she hadn't that awful curse of restlessness on her. She was like a soft golden Persian cat, getting fatter and fatter, sitting all day like a houri, playing bridge or mah-jongg, occasionally going to the races.

With forty-eight pounds in the bank and a small credit at Cook's and Jim in Brixton prison for four more years, there was nothing ahead for Stitch. She couldn't even get out of Bombay. There wasn't anything left to sell that anyone would buy. Nothing before her but board and lodging in her sister's pink palace—given grudgingly because Nelly didn't really like Stitch—and the insolence of Oriental servants who knew that she was broke.

And then, like light bursting into a dark room, came the memory of the girl Bill had brought to the table. Her radiance drove off the loneliness a little. If only she had been born like that—tall and beautiful and full of vitality, instead of dumpy and sallow and masquine.

Then an extraordinary thing happened to Stitch Trollope. For a brief and dazzling moment, she became the girl—radi-

ant and reckless.

The moment passed quickly. Tipsily she thought, I must see her again. I'll give her a ring tomorrow.

And then the car was standing before the ornate gate of the palace, and the Gurkha driver was holding the door open, staring at her scornfully. Until she reached the vulgar pink marble stairway she managed to control herself, but as she started up the stairs she began to cry, sobbing hysterically until she reached her own room and threw herself down on the bed. In the morning she was still there, sleeping in the rumpled white suit.

colonel Morr went with Merrill and his son to the boat. Merrill hadn't wanted him to go, but Moti insisted, although it ruined his whole day and took him away from his beloved laboratory. The Indian knew not only that Merrill was a sick and suffering man, but that the departure of the boy was causing a keen agony in his heart and brain.

All the way to the pier in the rattling taxi he watched Merrill's tired face, strug-gling to get beneath the surface and achieve an understanding of what was going on inside the soul and mind of his friend. It was not the first time he had attempted it; but never had he wholly succeeded. Something always remained hidden-that thing which somehow twisted Merrill's whole existence, which harmed his work and ruined his health; that thing, so difficult for Moti to understand, for it came out of the West, out of all that Merrill's childhood and early life had been; that something which no Indian would ever fully understand. It was something, Moti knew with his shrewd clever mind, which ran against nature; which was a kind of perversion of nature It was, he knew, something which would have to be plucked out before Merrill could be cured. But first he knew he must find out what it was.

They reached the pier at last and found Mr. Snodgrass the missionary waiting to take Tommy in charge for the rest of the long trip to Minneapolis. Snodgrass was a tall, thin, unsympathetic man. Moti disliked him at once.

It wasn't that Mr. Snodgrass was actively malignant. He was amiable enough in a tight-lipped, almost professional way; it was his lips that Moti hated on sight—lips that were thin, smug and cold. The very sight of the missionary roused a fierce rage in the fiery-eyed Indian. This man, who had no warmth in him nor any fire, who knew nothing of love or even of charity, deemed himself worthy to judge others scornfully. As he listened to the cold, precise voice talking with Merrill about arrangements for the boy, Moti thought, That's what is in his background. It was something like that which has twisted his life.

The boy, excited by the ship and by the prospect of the voyage, ran about the deek, unmoved by the thought of the separation from his father. All this was to him a new and exciting world. He forgot his friend All, left behind with Colonel Moti's wife. He forgot his father, because he was going home—home to America, where there would be other boys like himself; where perhaps there were cowboys and coyotes and redskins.

While the boy ran about, Merrill watched him with hungry eyes. Through his tired head disconnected thoughts and memories swept round and round. It seemed odd to him that he should feel so much love for a child born of a marriage so colorless, so cramped, so stifled as his had been. Now, in his illness, he no longer pretended to deceive himself, as he had done while his wife was still alive. With his brain beaten by the heat and illness,

all the pretense, the self-deceptions that had made all those years endurable were gone. Maybe he loved the boy so much because his wife had given him no love, nor even permitted him to love her.

Whistles had begun to blow, and there were cries of "All ashore!" And the crowd all about him, dark and fair, European and Indian, began to dissolve, flowing in a stream down the narrow gangplank,

Mr. Snodgrass was saying with an air of pompous authority, "Yes, I imagine it will be hot all the way to Port Said, But after that it will be cool."

Suddenly Merrill hated Mr. Snodgrass. He hated him with a sickening violence born of shredded nerves; hated him for his pomposity, his unctuousness, his hypocrisy, his certainty that he was God's anointed and so superior to other men.

Merrill thought, But maybe he can't help it. But for the grace of God, I might be Mr. Snodgrass.

He turned to the boy and picked him up in his arms, wondering at how chunky and healthy he was for a child brought up in India; how very like himself at the same age, with that chunkiness which later on would turn into hard muscle and make of him a fighter and a football player (all that seemed hundreds of years ago). If, he thought, he had taken Bill's father's offer of a job, it all might have been different. He might now be living in

He would miss all the years when that chunkiness was turning into muscle—the years when he might be able to help the boy and steer him clear of the mistakes he himself had made; help him to live with joy, even with abandon, before it was too late to learn. When he saw Tommy again—if he ever saw him again—the boy would be almost a man, and perhaps a stranger.

America, with the boy growing up beside

He gave Tommy a hug now and said, "Well, sonny, be good, and when you get home write to me. You might even write to me from the boat."

"Sure, Dad. Sure I will."

The cries of "All ashore!" grew louder, And Moti, watching with his brilliant black eyes, feeling everything with his own sensitive nerves, said, "We'd better go, Homer."

Merrill put the boy down and shyly kissed the top of his head. He shook hands with Snodgrass. Then Moti took his arm. He went down the gangplank with the colonel behind him. He felt ill and filled with fear that he might collapse on the pier among all these strange people. He heard Moti say, "Better go home and get to bed. You don't want to stay and watch the boat sail. That will make it all the worse." Merrill turned to look for the boy, but Tommy had gone somewhere inside the ship to discover new marvels.

At two o'clock in the afternoon Bill telephoned Carol. In spite of the heat which crept in everywhere, she sounded restored and fresh. It wasn't the nervous, hoarse voice he had heard the night before, but the lush, fresh voice of old.

When she said, "Oh, hello, honey. How're you feeling?" a wave of irritation came over him. He thought, Damn her good health and spirits, for his own head ached and his nerves jangled.

"Pretty good. What are you doing?"
"Nothing. Just lying here naked reading. It's too hot to do anything else."

"I've got to go to the company office."

"What about the races?"
"I don't know when I'll get away. I

might join you there."

The lush voice grew a little more lush.
"Oh, come on. You've just arrived. Take the afternoon off."

It was the old story. It had always been like that, Business wasn't anything to

Carol, All she wanted was a good time. "Listen, honey," he said, "I came all the way out here just to work.

"Okay. But when will I see you?" "I'll turn up at the races or at the Willingdon Club."

You aren't sorry I turned up?"

"No. Why should I be?"

"Well, I've never been a very good influence on a businessman."

He laughed, "You're up against a tough guy now, Good-time Charlie is dead.'

"It's a pity. Poor guy!"

Suddenly the conversation dried up. Then he said, "Tell me again about Homer Merrill, Where did he say he was going to stay?"

"With an Indian-a doctor who was head of something."

"Well, I'll be seeing you."

"Yeah—at the races or at the club."

"Do you belong?"
"Me? No. Botlivala fixes it up for me. And Jelly and his brother are important

"I prefer Jelly to your friend."

"Well, you can have your choice. Remember, you've got to get me disengaged." Sure. You can count on me. Good-by.

He left the telephone and had a shower. Then he opened the door and called to Silas and told him to lay out his clothes. While he was dressing, the thought occurred to him again that Merrill might need money if he was ill.

Bill experienced a strong desire to see errill, a desire he had known many times before, when he was tired and felt soiled from dissipation. He always felt better after he'd been with Homer. Funny -he felt that way, too, after being with Carol. It had something to do with their health and vitality. They both drew to themselves weaker, less attractive people; people who were in bad luck or had made a mess of their lives.

Merrill was born to accept responsibilities and to help people and lead them, In a funny way, that was true of Carol too, only somehow she had missed her destiny. Bill had never thought of her in that way before. Maybe it was that beauty contest long ago that had started her off on the wrong foot. Miss Minnesota! That was it, She had got onto the wrong track.

Outside, the heat rose up off the streets like heat from the top of an oven. At the office, they weren't expecting Bill, The chuprassy returned after a moment followed by Mr. Smithers, the head man when Mr. Hinkle was away.

Mr. Smithers was a plump middle-aged man with steel-rimmed spectacles and a shiny bald head, a new man since Bill had been here last. He kept smiling effusively and making little bows, and the moment he spoke Bill recognized him as the man who had talked to him over the telephone. It was the same cockney voice

They went in to Mr. Smithers' office, a dingy, old-fashioned room with an antiquated electric fan, heavy teakwood furniture and a half-dozen fly-specked maps adorning the liver-colored walls.

Mr. Smithers clapped his hands. In response to the clap a chuprassy appeared, and Mr. Smithers ordered hot tea. Then he said, "I'm sorry Mr. Hinkle is away, I don't think he expected you until next month.

"Well, I finished everything in Alexandria sooner than I expected. I don't like the place, so I caught a boat at Port Said two weeks earlier than I expected.'

"Well, you must let us do all we can to make your stay comfortable. I suppose you don't know Bombay very well." Bill laughed. "On the contrary, I know

it very well. You see, I've been here before. You weren't here then.

"No, I was transferred only a year ago from the Singapore office." Mr. Smithers beamed with satisfaction, "Anyway, you must come to lunch with me at the Yacht Club." He seemed to swell suddenly and added. "I've just been taken in."

Bill wasn't unkind or rude by nature, but now he struck. "I appreciate your kind invitation," he said, "but I never go to the Yacht Club."

Mr. Smithers looked alarmed, "Why not, Mr. Parker? Surely, it's a fine club." "It isn't that. Only I have a good many Indian friends, some of them very dis

tinguished, and as you know, they are not allowed to enter the club."

The speech threw Mr. Smithers into such confusion that Bill regretted having made it. The cockney grew scarlet and said. "Yes, I know; it's unfortunate. You have to live out here to understand, It's absolutely necessary. We'd be overrun."

Thinking of a club filled with scores of Smitherses, Bill thought, It might be a good thing, too. But he held his tongue, and the unfortunate impasse was broken by the arrival of the chuprassy with tea. Bill drank a cup out of politeness and promptly broke out into a violent sweat. Now, damn it, he thought, I'll have to change before I go to the races.

Aloud, he said, "There's a bit of in-

formation I want to ask you, I am trying to find a friend here. All I know is that he's staying with an Indian doctor who is the head of some institution. It's important that I find him.'

Mr. Smithers was clearly glad to be off the subject of the Bombay Yacht Club. He said, "I wouldn't know myself. I'll call the head baboo."

The chuprassy reappeared and went to summon Mr. Das, the head baboo.

Mr. Das was an elderly Bengali, neatly dressed in European clothes, but his manner was servile. When Bill described the man he was seeking, Mr. Das, rubbing his hands together, said, "That must be



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Colonel Moti." He added, "A great man; a very great man. A light in India!"
"Where can I find him?" asked Bill.

"At the Institute of Tropical Diseases. Mr. Das wrote out the name of Colonel

Moti and the address of the institute. Mr. Das backed out of the room, smiling and bowing, and when he had gone Bill said, "I wish he wouldn't treat a simple request for information as if it were a ceremony."

Mr. Smithers said, "They're all like nat—Indians—always servile." And then, when Bill asked for a bit of paper on which to write a note, Mr. Smithers produced it and laid it before him with the air of a grateful serf preparing a service

for his feudal overlord,

Bill wrote a note to Colonel Moti, and as he wrote, the figure of the scientist became clearer to him, emerging dimly out of his memory-a tough, indignant figure, which had appeared so incredibly out of place one evening ten years before in the big bar of the Taj Mahal. He remembered the spirit in the flery black eyes. He wrote:

My dear Colonel Moti:

My dear Colonel Moti:

I am writing to you for information regarding an old friend of mine, Homer Merrill, who, I understand, is also a friend of yours. I am in Bombay for a very short time and eager to see him before leaving. If you could give me his address, I should to see him before leaving. If you could give me his address, I should be grateful. You doubtless do not remember me—we met one evening at the Taj Mahal nearly ten years ago. A note will reach me there.

A note with best wisnes—troubling you, I am,
Yours faithfully,
William Parker With best wishes and apologies for

Then he asked Mr. Smithers to send a boy with the note and left, Outside, the street was still like an oven. His clothes clung to his skin, sticky and miserable. As he drove back to the hotel, he began

to be troubled about Carol. He had the feeling that if he did not keep his eve on her, she would get into trouble, He knew her, and he knew when her mood became dangerous. It seemed to him that she was headed straight for catastrophe-what catastrophe he did not know.

The sense of trouble remained with him while he had a tepid shower and changed his clothes. When he left, he told Silas to return at eight to see whether he was needed. Until Mr. Hinkle came back from Burma Bill could do as he pleased. He could have any sort of adventure. Maybe, he thought, it's the last chance I'll ever have,

Mr. Botlivala was feeling very proud. He walked as if treading on air, and his plump chest was thrown well out like the breast of a pouter pigeon. When he passed an acquaintance or a friend, he bowed and a smug little smile curled the corners of his cruel, sensuous lips,

He had a good reason for feeling proud. Except for his liver, his health was good, He was rich. It was only one generation since his family name had been Bottlewallah, and only four or five since his family had any name at all. Now he had a big pink house on Malabar Hill and a string of race horses; he owned hundreds of acres of mill tenements: he had money invested in foreign stocks that were booming. But what made him prouder than any of those things was the knowledge that at his side was the most beautiful blonde in the whole of India.

That she made no concessions did not trouble him. It was enough that he created the impression that this radiant creature was his property. That this was not true did not disturb him either. The mere sight of her at his side would start whispers that Botlivala had got possession of that wonderful American blonde.

So Mr. Botlivala was stepping high, his

Parsi blood circulating through the veins of his plump body more quickly than usual not because of desire but from pride.

The whole spectacle of the races made him feel fine. It was the showlest race course in the world. Nowhere except in Bombay did you find all this color moving against a background of tropical flowers: nowhere did you find maharajahs and millionaires, ranis and British governors, rich Americans and Arab horse dealers, visiting French and beautiful Indian women. The scene was not new to him, but he was always proud of it. He liked showing it to all newcomers, as he was showing it now to Carol, even though she had seen it many times before.

His horse Asoka III won the fourth race, and Carol won money on it. Botlivala knew Asoka III was going to win, so it was easy to lend her a thousand rupees to bet on it. The only thing he didn't like was that when she had won and drawn twenty-one thousand rupees she promptly paid him back the thousand. She would accept jewelry, but not money,

This, he divined after some weeks of experience with Miss Carol Halma, was a quaint American custom, Jewelry did not give a man the right to anything: money, it seemed, did. So he had never been able to get what he wanted despite the fact that the jewelry had cost him several hundred thousand rupees.

But at the moment his regrets were not too bitter; everybody at the races who knew him thought Miss Carol Halma belonged to him even if she didn't, and that knowledge was half the satisfaction of any conquest

He was happy, too, because Carol seemed good-natured, and not tricky and quarrelsome as she could be at times. She did not even object to being walked about in the heat like a show filly so that people could see them together.

In the next installment Carol unknowingly comes nearer to the real meaning of love * * * * * *

Around the Clock with the President (Continued from page 43)

into the evening. The first caller is usually Captain Ross McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, whose duty is to safeguard the President's health. Unless Roosevelt shows symptoms of a cold or other ailment, Captain McIntire departs after a pleasantry or two.

If it is a Monday, the first official appointment is always with the "Big Four" Vice-President Garner, Speaker Bank-head, and Democratic Leaders Barkley and Rayburn, Garner's favorite greeting —aimed at Roosevelt's preference for cigarets—is to offer him a cigar, then put it back in his pocket, saying, "Oh—sorry, boss, I keep forgetting you don't smoke."

Roosevelt is usually ready with some bantering retort about the quality of Garner's cigar, and the conference at least begins in a jovial atmosphere.

Regular appointments follow, unless a special Cabinet meeting intervenes. These are held in the Cabinet Room next to the President's office. Except when some grave problem is under study, Roosevelt opens the meetings with his usual informality. He began one recently by twitting Secretary Frances Perkins about her new hat,

If there is no special meeting, appointments are kept in regular order. The lack of formal police procedure surprises the average newcomer. There is only one uniformed White House officer in the vestibule, which is frequently crowded with correspondents going to and from the press room on the right. In the huge reception hall groups of men and women

stand around conversing, or loiter in the black leather chairs. Apparently, anyone could pass the vestibule guard by mingling with the correspondents.

But the carelessness is all on the surface. In the vestibule are Secret Service men who watch every face, and scattered through the reception hall are others who know most of the correspondents by sight, as well as nine-tenths of those who have business with the President.

When a visitor is already known, or after he identifies himself, one of the secretaries escorts him into the President's office, a large oval room with a row of French windows opening on the south lawn. This office is not pretentious. In front of Roosevelt's chair is an ordinary desk littered with numerous gadgets which include nautical clocks, barometers, silver matchboxes with masts and sails, cigaret lighters and a vase containing ten or twelve flowers (but never thirteen). There is only one telephone.

Roosevelt's appointment list is the largest any President has had, and in a single day he may receive such varied visitors as the British Ambassador, Secretary Perkins with officials of the C.I.O. and A.F. of L., Lord Rothschild, Kay Kyser, Henry Ford and members of the Order of Ahepa. In between will be such things as the awarding of the American Hebrew Medal, a press conference and the opening of a new national headquarters for the Campfire Girls (by pressing a telegraph key), in addition to the regular appointments with senators, representa-

tives and government officials. Roosevelt's time is carefully rationed, sometimes in blocks as small as five minutes.

Occasionally visitors try to overstay the time granted them, but a secretary automatically appears on the minute to announce the next caller, If the President wishes to end an interview ahead of time. he can touch a hidden button and set the system in motion sooner.

Now and then a stranger to the Executive Offices throws the "system" out of gear temporarily. The most amusing of these incidents are related to Roosevelt as welcome interludes in a busy day. For instance, there was the mistake involving two recent newcomers-a prominent Wall Street man and a foreign military attaché arriving for his first official call,

According to custom, the attaché was attired in full-dress uniform, replete with gold braid. He had just reached the entrance when the broker hurried out.

The broker took one look at the majestic figure by the door and beckoned peremptorily. "Get me a taxi! And step on it-I'm in a hurry!"

Though the attaché did not understand the words, the broker's tone and manner were enough. The attaché turned scarlet, and for a moment diplomatic repercussions seemed imminent. An usher hastily maneuvered the broker to one side, while an aide who spoke the foreigner's language tried to pacify him. After a few seconds the attaché smiled.

"How'd you fix it up?" the aide was asked later.

He grinned. "I said the Wall Streeter was a nut who'd been trying to sell a perpetual-motion machine to the government, and when he saw all the gold braid he thought it must be the President."

The explanation had some basis in truth. The President is a target for people with odd inventions and weird schemes. These unfortunates are easily spotted by Secret Service men and taken quietly to Gallinger Hospital for observation.

Roosevelt's official day is jammed with appointments, but in spite of this there are scores of men and women who besiege the secretaries for interviews. Lending sympathetic ears while attending to the thousand details of the day is the task of Early, McIntyre, Marguerite Le Hand and "Pa" Watson, his newest secretary.

Steve Early is called the press secretary, but he also handles some of the "ear-riders," and is one of the chief contacts with Capitol Hill. A good mixer, he has the gift of swift and accurate analysis of any situation. In the last few years he has begun to resemble Roosevelt, and on occasion, he can imitate Roosevelt's voice. Once or twice he has done so as a joke, to the chagrin of Washingtonians who thought they had a call from the President.

Ranking with Early, for there is no protocol problem among the secretaries, is affable Marvin McIntyre, whom Roosevelt calls the "Kentucky Nightingale" when they sing together in a quartet.

"Missy" Le Hand, tall, gracious and calmly efficient, is a stabilizing influence at the Executive Offices. Through long service with Roosevelt, she is able to anticipate his reactions so accurately that he often turns over important matters to her with no instructions whatever.

Brigadler General Edwin M. Watson, for six years military aide to the President, is a large man, with a powerful figure and the quick sense of humor which is almost a requisite for intimate duty with Roosevelt. As he is the newest on the staff, he is known as the "baby secretary" in spite of his size.

With these secretaries reflecting the Rocsevelt personality, an offhand atmosphere is maintained throughout most of the daily schedule. The height of this informality comes in the press conferences.

The President banters with those nearest his desk, while the rest fill the oval room. When the last correspondent has entered, the door is closed and a Secret Service man takes his place before it. Behind the President, McIntyre, Early, Charley Michelson—Democratic publicity chieftain—Qualters and another Secret Service man line up, facing the room.

Roosevelt releases any news he has; then the "off-the-record" phase begins. Questions come from all directions, the President fencing when he gets a difficult query. At a recent conference one man tried to trap him with a question on which a definite-"yes" or "no" before the foreign correspondents would have been dangerous. Roosevelt passed it off with a laugh.

"That's like asking a man if he's stopped beating his wife."

When it is a morning conference, there are other appointments until luncheon, which is served at the President's desk. Sometimes he has one or two guests, combining luncheon with business. Occasionally there are exceptions to this procedure, as when State Department protocol calls for a formal White House luncheon to some foreign representative.

After lunch, or sometimes just before it, there is a period reserved for the disposition of important mail. Routine letters are handled by a force of clerks. Anonymous letters, if threatening, are turned over to the Secret Service; if amusing enough, they may be sent up to

the President, One believed to have come from a lonely spinster read:

Please, Mr. President, open a matrimonial office under the WPA and have Congress pass a law making everyone over twenty-one get married—especially those on relief. This will start the wheels of industry going. They'll need baby clothes and baby carriages, and we'll soon have prosperity.

Roosevelt laughed, sent a solemn letter of transmittal to the WPA.

Many people attempt to discuss private matters with the President by personto-person calls. Except for long-distance messages from members of his family, the only calls ever put through directly are from a small and very select group of New Dealers on whose desks are special telephones, painted white. These are connected by direct lines and are known as the "White Phones." The President also has a direct telegraph service.

The time for ending the official day varies greatly. Ordinarily, it is somewhere between five and six, but during a crisis or when the pressure of congressional business is heavy, Roosevelt may not leave the office until eight-thirty or later.

There is no schedule for the hours after Roosevelt leaves his office. If he chooses, he may stop at the swimming pool which was built in the West Wing after he became President. By the regular use of the pool, Roosevelt has more than held his own under the strain of an office which has broken several Presidents.

Before dinner, the President may meet house guests, work on his new book or sketch a suggested design for a new stamp which, if approved, will later appear in his famous collection. According to the late Louis Howe, his secretary and intimate adviser, it was Roosevelt's interest in stamps that saved his life during

They thought Betty would never be







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THE HAPPY ENDING

IT WAS A HAPPY DAY FOR ME WHEN TED PROPOSED I CERTAINLY FOOLED THOSE TWO WHO SAID ID NEVER BE A BRIDE!



his illness. Since then his collection has become one of the greatest in the world,

The family dinners at the White House are informal, sometimes with last-minute guests invited to take "potluck."

When the President dines out it is a high-light affair, such as the Gridiron Club Dinner or the annual Press Club party. The latter, while less publicized, equals the Gridiron in the fun it pokes at the Chief Executive. The main stunt originated in the Coolidge Administration, and was intended as a test of the thirtieth President's sense of humor.

The Press Club committee took newsreel films of Coolidge wearing the cowboy costume in which he had posed during a trip West, and combined them with rodeo scenes and a lurid scenario enacted at the Fort Myer cavalry post. The result was a burlesque Western, with Coolidge moving sheepishly through a melodram of charging steers and flying hoofs.

Coolidge watched the picture with a dry grin, and the stunt became a tradition. The film at the last dinner combined as some of salmon swimming upstream to their spawning grounds with one of the President fishing. Trick photography made it appear that the fish were fighting for the honor of being caught by the President of the United States.

Other "off-the-record" evenings for the President are the meetings of a unique organization called the J. Russell Young School of Expression, of which Roosevelt is Graduate Number One. There are fifty-one others, from Ambassadors and Cabinet members to well-known figures in private life, all of whom have been caught in some published "boner." Each June, secret exercises are held in a private dining room of a hotel.

held in a private dining room of a hotel. The "Faculty." headed by John Russell Young, dean of White House correspondents, is no respecter of persons. During the last meeting, a "football rally for possession of the Vassar daisy chain," the President heard himself described as "Franklin 'Daredevil' Roosevelt, firststring quarter last season, but on the

bench this year for fear he might purge the right side of the line."

The President has a wide choice of entertainment without leaving the White House. If he wished, he could have a première of practically any moving picture made in this country. He likes action pictures, especially those about the sea, and he is quick to spot technical errors.

Famous musicians are glad to appear before the President. He likes music, and his taste runs all the way from Mischa Elman to such performances as "Tommy the Cork" gives when he drops in to play the piano or the accordion.

If no special entertainment is scheduled, Roosevelt sometimes receives old friends in the presidential apartment. While it may be for an official chat, it is often just for the purpose of getting together and "swapping stories." The President loves jokes, even when the joke is on him. One of his favorites goes back to the time when he was first campaigning for President.

During a radio speech at Albany, he brought up the subject of legalizing beer, and in his best Harvard accent declared, "I want bee-ah; you want bee-ah; we all want bee-ah!"

In a pool hall in Albany, a drunk sat listening to the words from a loud-speaker. After a moment he turned to another listener. "Shay, mister." he demanded, "what th' hell is bee-ah?"

Another Roosevelt story centers about politics. In the last election there was an Irish district about which the Democrats were anxious to get early returns, as it had been a barometer in preceding elections. A loyal worker named Casey was appointed to relay the returns to Washington by long-distance phone. Early in the evening the call came through:

"For th' Dimmicrats, 784—for th' Ripublicans, 12—and tell th' President 'tis a domned shame th' Irish can't stick togither at a tolme like this!"

In decided contrast to the story-swapping type of evening are those set aside for state dinners. At these functions, intricate rules by the State Department decide where guests shall be seated.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have partly reduced the stiffness of these official dinners, but they can hardly be said to be Roosevelt's favorite type of entertainment, nor does he care particularly for the average reception. His liking is more for affairs at which he can relax, such as the summer garden party he gives for newspapermen and their wives.

By no means all of the President's evenings are taken up with amusements and entertainment. He spends a number of them studying problems of government, reading biographies and selected papers or working on his new book.

During the night a telephone operator remains ready to flash presidential calls to any part of the world, or to receive word from abroad in case of an emergency. Once in a while Roosevelt makes a late call, but so far he has not had to duplicate the one which occurred in a former administration.

It was a summer night, and two blocks from the White House the Press Club was having a gay roof party which became louder as the hour grew late. About two o'clock the phone rang, and the late Ring Lardner, the humorist, went to answer it.

"Stop that racket over there, so I can get some sleep!" snapped a vaguely familiar voice.

"And who do you think you are, the President?" queried Ring Lardner.
"Young man," said the voice, "I am the

President!"
It was Warren G. Harding.

While the President sleeps, the special White House policemen guard the grounds and Secret Service men patrol the upper halls. With clocklike precision this patrol is maintained until Roosevelt rings to signal the start of another day.

Surprises, excitement, genial humor and stern disapproval in an unpredictable series are the only real routine in the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt. And as long as he remains President the White House motto might well be: "Never a dull day."

* * * * * * Between Ships (Continued from page 31)

bank. Also, he is the owner of our villa."
"Women are all alike!" shrugged
Roger, and reached for his mail, reminded
of the fact that even his Cynthia had
shown more willingness to marry him
after he came into his late uncle's property.

He looked up presently, beaming. "Daniel, old pal, you've done me a good turn, getting me all smashed up this way! Cynthia's all of a twit about it. She says that Harry fellow ought to have stayed to look after me; says she has decided to wait in Paris and get married to me right then and there; says Im too valuable to trust around loose. Whoopee!"

"This pleases you, then?" the child asked, "You wish to become married?"

"Who wouldn't? Everybody wants to marry Cynthia! That's the trouble. Too much competition. Twice I thought I had her stymied—but no. My mistake. The first one died in less than a year, poor chap. The date was fixed again, when along came a dashing Russian refugee. But he dashed through most of the first husband's property in record time, and last month Cynthia came back from Reno, and there was I again, Fido on the doormat."

The child's grave interest encouraged him to continue.

"So, when she said she needed to go away somewhere and forget it all, preferably on a high-brow cruise of the Greek Archipelago, and wouldn't I please go along and take care of her, I thought I'd better. Cynthia always needs a lot of taking care of. But what she didn't tell me was that this Harry chap she'd met in Reno was also going along to help take care of her. I got fed up, and tried to forget it all—you know how that is?"

João nodded intelligently.

"But now it seems"—Roger gave a bashful grin—"that I was just being more of an ass than usual. For it was me she wanted to be with, all the time; she was using the Harry fellow as a blind; a new divorcée has to be careful. But what I secretly suspect, young Daniel my lad, is that Cynthia didn't begin really to appreciate her Fido until she jolly well thought she'd lost him. See?"

Again João nodded. "Myself, I shall never keep a woman," he said. "To keep an automobile is better."

"Why an automobile?"

"It would be helpful in my Senhor's practice. Also, if a ship is in, one could rent it out to touristos, who would pay good money because I am so small to drive a car so well."

João, it appeared, had been receiving, from the obliging chauffeur of Miss Urquhart's future husband, instructions in automotive affairs, for which he had a marked enthusiasm.

A voice from below inquired whether the gentleman was ready for his breakfast.

"Ask your mother to bring it up herself,"

suggested Roger. "Perhaps you two might do that song-and-dance act again?"

"Here, in the upper house?" João was shocked. "English, Senhor, do not approve of fado."

"Doctor Urquhart seemed to be approving of it yesterday."

"That was in my mother's quarters," explained the child, "Also, the Miss was

explained the child. "Also, the Miss was absent."

The woman who brought the tray had

a plump, brown comeliness. Roger apologized for the trouble he was making; but she assured him that it was nothing.
"But I'm afraid I am putting Doctor

"But I'm afraid I am putting Doctor Urquhart and his daughter out of their drawing room?"

She lifted an expressive shoulder. "It is the place to receive guests, no? There is no other room to spare. We are many in

this house. Too many!"
He said that he, at least, hoped soon to be out of the way; and the woman protested, in polite apology. "But it is not you of whom I thought, Senhor. It was of the Senhor Gonçalves, who comes to live with us also after the marriage."
"My word! He'd crowd almost any

"My word! He'd crowd almost any establishment. I wonder why the bride wants to bring him here."

"Because," said the woman, "she is unwilling to leave her father, believing that he needs her. As if we had not done without her very well while she was at school in England!"

The situation became plain to Roger—

the Englishman's unhappy, dissipated face; the native housekeeper's jealousy; the daughter's pathetic effort to save a situation long beyond salvage. A wave of sympathy swept him.

"Listen, Senhor!" said the woman, eying him closely, "Although the girl has been from the first my enemy, I have no hatred of her; I have even pity. At her years, not to have known love! And once married to such as Dom Polycarpo . . . She shrugged again significantly.

"The English are cold; yet can they melt, especially those with hair of such a color. So, do not be in too great haste to leave us!" She gave him a meaning smile. "Already the girl can never remain long away from you. Have you not noticed? See, even now she hastens back."

The woman glided noiselessly away, leaving Roger as angry as he was amused at the outrageousness of her suggestion that he might provide the missing love interest in the life of a young English girl whose face he had barely noticed.

He took pains to notice it now, as she came into the courtyard below. With the possible exception of the hair, there was no beauty. But then, compared with Cynthia, few women had beauty for Roger, Instead of a skin like flower petals. here was one showing the honest, rather endearing freckles that often accompany Titian tresses. The figure was flat as a boy's—indeed, Maeve Urquhart's whole appearance suggested a well-bred lad,

Her clear-clipped words came up to him distinctly, "Esperança, down in the town I saw my father, going into that wine venda near the market. You promised not to let him leave his room!"

"Is it possible? He must have slipped away when I went to take the Americano's tray. I will send João at once, Senhorita."

"Do, please. Tell him by no means to let my father enter the English Rooms or the Strangers' Club. I will not have him snubbed!" the girl said.

"Yes, yes, Senhorita!" Evidently on one point the two women were in accord.

Again a wave of deep pity swept Roger Furness. Afraid I can't oblige with love interest, he thought, but I'm certainly going to make friends with Maeve Urquhart. The poor girl needs help!

His convalescence progressed almost too rapidly, since there was no great haste about leaving. Cynthia's cruise of the Greek Islands would keep her from arriving in Paris for some time yet. Meanwhile, letters came from her with unwonted frequency.

Roger was soon promoted from bed to a long wicker chair on the upper pergola, from which he became increasingly familiar with Urquhart domestic affairs.

Presently, outings by hammock were recommended for the convalescent. "Pracclimbing!" Roger pronounced it.

The girl beside him, keeping step with

the shuffle of the hammock-bearers, eyed the lazy length of him. "I thought Americans were always so keen on activity-

sports, politics, money-making?"
"Not unless they have to be," he told her. "Afraid I haven't any proper ambi-

tions, Maeve! Except perhaps just one."
"I know—to marry Cynthia," she said. She knew all about Cynthia, as did most people who had any acquaintance with Roger Furness, "I can almost see her," sighed the English girl. "One of those lovely Americans, with divine clothes, who come off the cruise ships looking as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox out of the same bandbox," she added, with a glint of humor.

Roger grinned appreciatively, having himself more than once deplored the fact that most of the women he knew seemed to patronize the same milliners and dress-

makers and beauty shops. But it occurred to him that criticism of Cynthia and her lovely kind came oddly from a young woman whose habitual apparel was a faded blouse and a corduroy skirt. Despite these anomalous garments, however, Maeve Urquhart had an air of distinction. however.

His cheerful candor had broken down Maeve's reserve, though she still talked to him only of impersonal matters. About Madeira, for example, which seemed to have more history than he had thought-Columbus' marriage there; the discovery of certain maps which led to the finding of America; the exile of unhappy Emperor Charles, last of the Hapsburg rulers.

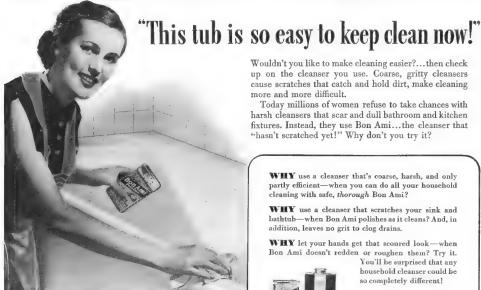
'Certainly, if the poor man got nothing else out of his exile here, he got plenty of peace!" was Roger's comment.

"Unless a tornado happened to be going on, or a revolution or a saint's festa," the girl observed.

A few days later such a festival did occur, arriving with a deafening uproar of cannon, firecrackers, skyrockets, clanging church bells; the object being apparently to attract the ear of heaven with as much noise as possible. That day Roger was taken by hammock up the mountain to the church of Nossa Senhora da Paz, approached by a long, steep flight of stairs which many peasant women were climbing laboriously on their knees. Among these, the American was astonished to recognize the doctor's house-

Later, Roger twitted the woman, with whom he found himself on terms of mutual understanding, with her pious performance.

"Ca! You have seen me at the romana?" she said. Two good new stockings had been sacrificed, she told him, for her intention. She added with sudden smoldering passion that what she had demanded of Nossa Senhora in return was to rid her



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soon of the presence of the Miss, by marriage or even, if necessary, by death.

Startled, Roger asked why she was so anxious to be rid of the doctor's daugh-

Esperança gave a sullen shrug, "Do you not see that so long as Dom Felipe remains under her influence, he will never give me the ring to make of me a respectable Senhora?"

Roger inquired what she expected to gain at this late date by being made a respectable Senhora.

'The priest would no longer scold! And there is the matter of the bemfeitorias."

"The what?"

She explained that by island law, half of a man's personal property, or bemfeitorias, belonged to his legally wedded wife. What with the doctor's habits, his waning practice, and his fondness for gaming, soon there would not be enough bemfeitorias left for any of his family.

Roger realized that Maeve Urquhart was literally none too safe in her father's household. There was, for all Esperança's amiability, a touch of primitive about her which would stop at nothing when aroused, It occurred to the young man that the time had come to do something for his friend.

For his first prescribed exercise, Maeve took him to walk in the little British cemetery where her mother was buried.

"Papa and Mamma came to Madeira to start life afresh," the girl explained. "You see, Mamma's people did not approve of her marriage to a young professional man. So they decided to elope . . . This is her grave.

Roger read the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Lady Mary Urquhart, née Trevor, third daughter of the Earl of Petersham, beloved wife of Philip

Of Petersham, beloved and Urquhart, M. D."

So that, he thought, accounted for the family disapproval of a mere professional man! Also for Maeve's impregnable reserve, her unconscious air of authority. Beautiful she was not, nor ever would be; but there was about her some look of gallant breeding that had more appeal than beauty.

"I hope the two lived happily ever

after?" he murmured.

"Oh, I'm sure they did! Someday I must show you the quinta where we lived, near the Emperor's. Papa named it for my mother, 'Evermay,' just as he named me 'Maeve.'"

"Of what did she die?" Roger asked.

"Tve never known; she didn't cough, I think. But in spite of everything poor Papa could do, she just seemed to fade away from us." Roger called attention to a fresh

bouquet of flowers on the grave.

"Oh, yes. From Dom Polycarpo again," said the girl. "He always admired my mother extravagantly-my father, too. He is our oldest friend on the island; in fact, our only friend."

"Oh, come now!" protested Roger. "Surely there must be plenty of nice Eng-

lish people still living here?

"I do not keep up any acquaintance with the English colony, Mr. Furness. I prefer to have nothing to do with people who prefer to have nothing to do with my father."

Roger saw that the subject was closed; but the conversation had given him another idea of the fat Portuguese. Indeed, Roger had found the man rather pleasant company, his ceremonious, almost Hispanic courtesy tempered by a certain disarming, childlike simplicity. He was generous to the point of lavishness. Perhaps the girl would have some chance of hanpiness, after all, with so indulgent a husband. Roger sighed, however, at the thought,

It was in Dom Polycarpo's automobile, proffered for the use of the convalescent. that Maeve took her friend across the island to show him the home to which Philip Urquhart had brought his bride. João accompanied them, as usual, in the rôle of chaperon.

Evermay had all the wistful charm of deserted dwelling places where happiness has once lived-a shuttered old quinta house of faded yellow plaster, surrounded

by ill-kept vineyards.

Why in the world," wondered Roger, and, "if your father still owns such a aloud delightful place, does he choose to live in that shoddy little stuccozy villa on the railroad track?'

"He finds the funicular convenient. But surely you cannot think," Maeve said in a low, shocked voice, "that even Papa would be willing to bring his-his present house-

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hold into a dwelling where he had lived with my mother?

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion." quoted Roger to himself: and asked aloud, "Does he ever rent the place?"

"Oh, yes, when he can. But he's never been willing to sell it. He's trying to keep it, I think, for my marriage portion.

A practical idea had entered Roger's mind. If Cynthia was so keen on remote islands, this one was certainly ideal for honeymoon purposes, "Look here! Do you suppose your father would be willing to lease it to me?"

She stared at him in dismay. "You? You want to stay on in Madeira? Oh, no! Not

you, Roger! You mustn't!" "Why not? It's the most idyllic place

that ever was!" "And the most evil," she muttered, "All these unnatural flowers with too much scent, the overgrown fruits without any flavor, the treacherous African sun, the violent rains . . No, no, my father shall never rent you Evermay. I shan't permit it! You must get away as soon as possible. I've seen what this place can do to men like you, Nordic men. And already you are too much inclined-why, the first time I ever saw you, it was plain that you had been-that you were-

"Plastered," admitted Roger, "Stewed to the gills, my dear. But it's not a habit of mine, honestly. Only when Cynthia's eye wanders . . . Not that my weakness is any fault of hers! What I mean to say, the demon rum hasn't got a strangle hold on me. When I do a binge, I do it on

"Don't men always do it on purpose, if they're unhappy enough? And islands like this are where they seem to come to do it." "Why, Maeve, I believe you hate the placet

"I loathe it as I loathe-Esperança, she said. "To see someone you love being pulled down and down and down . . . Oh, no! I couldn't bear it; not again!" She stopped, crimsoning helplessly.

"Yet, feeling like this about it," Roger pursued, unnoticing, "you're planning to spend the rest of your life here with Dom Polycarpo! Why, my dear? Just be-

cause the fellow's in love with you?" "But he isn't, thank heaven! It's just that he admires English people so touchingly. The natives do, you know . . hate love!" she burst out. "There's nothing decent about it; nothing lasting. Think how my father adored my mother! And yet-" To Roger's distress, Maeye buried her face in her hands, sobbing.

At that moment a diversion was created by João, arriving in the rôle of avenging fury, his cherub face contorted, "Our Miss weeps; you have hurt her!" he panted. "For this, Senhor, I shall kill you! I shall

kick your shins!"

He proceeded to do so with such ferocity that it took the combined efforts of Maeve, the chauffeur and the astonished Roger to pry him loose.

On the way home, with the boy subdued and contrite on the front seat, Maeve said to her friend in a low voice, "João is, as you see, intensely loyal to his own. You asked why I intend to remain here, Roger. That"-she nodded toward the child-"is one reason. Dom Polycarpo understands. He will help me do what I can about-my

father's responsibilities." That night Roger slept less well than usual. The summer wind known to Madeira as l'este was blowing straight across from Africa, bringing into his room unknown heady fragrances, so sweet as to be almost sinister. Roger began to understand Maeve's feeling about the island. And as he tossed and twisted, indignation mounted in him against any man who could so betray a woman-indeed, two women-who loved and trusted him, Lady Mary Trevor and her daughter were not like Cynthia, who, despite her pretty feminine helplessness, managed always to look after herself extremely well. Cynthias of the world, he reflected, knew too much about men to expect a great deal of any one of them. But to fail such a girl as Maeve Urquhart!

By morning, Roger had a practical plan worked out, to lay before her.

"How would you like to go to Boston and stay awhile with my mother? She's all alone in her big old house on Beacon Street, and awfully keen on women's independence. No doubt she could find you some congenial work to do."

A gleam of eagerness died slowly out of the girl's eyes. "All my life," she sighed, 'I've seen ships set sail for America, and have longed to be on each one of them. I want terribly to be self-supporting, too. But my place is here with my father, you see. Otherwise, he might in the end

you see. Otherwise, he man to be even—"She stopped, with a blush.
"Marry Esperança," Roger finished brusquely. "Well, why not? She knows how to make him comfortable."

Maeve uttered an exclamation. "Let him put that peasant, that vulgar native dance-hall woman, into my mother's place? But I see," she said haughtily, that you think as my English relatives do: My father is not worth saving. You're wrong, all of you! That's why I left England and came back to him-as I knew my mother would wish me to do.'

"I'm not so sure." Roger said, "If Lady Mary Trevor was the sort of woman her portrait looks like, loving and gentlehearted, she might be glad for your father to have any comfort he can find, now, Life's a lonely proposition for a man who has-well, taken the wrong road."

Maeye gave him a stricken startled glance. Presently she said, "In any case, we've given our word to Dom Polycarpo. We owe him a great deal, you see—even money. And the only way I know to repay all his kindness is to provide him with the English wife he wants. I'm not only English, you see, but the granddaughter of an earl; and people who aren't quite gentlemen think a lot of that sort of thing."

Roger found his anger rising unaccountably. "Oh, very well, have it your

own way!

Her hand shyly touched his. "Thank you for wanting to help. Only, you see, Dom Polycarpo offered first. Anyway, it's been wonderful, knowing you." She added tonelessly that a ship for Europe was due in harbor three days later.

in harbor three days later.
"Fine," declared Roger, "I'm ready for it!" His odd anger with the girl persisted, however, even while he made his prepara-

tions for departure.

On the morning the ship was due, awakened by the popping of distant fireworks, Roger asked Esperança, who brought his coffee, whether some saintly celebration was in progress.

"Not so, Senhor. It is probably the revolution again." She shrugged indifferently. It seemed that a local revolution, which had been postponed during the tourist

season, was now being resumed.

Doctor Urquhart, emerging from his seclusion, said that he feared their guest might have to put up with their hospitality awhile longer. "For it isn't likely that the port authorities will let any ship enter the harbor today. However, I have sent out both my daughter and João to make inquiries."

Maeve returned first, to report that the disturbance seemed to be a labor uprising, directed against the Goncalves interests.

directed against the Gonçalves interests.
"Ha! Bolshevists, eh?" shrugged the doctor, "I thought our friend was getting too fat and prosperous to escape their attentions long!" As he spoke, the Portuguese gentleman's car arrived at full

speed, driven by young João, bursting with information.

Dom Polycarpo, it appeared, was being besieged in his own bank by unfriendly persons with rifles; and a clerk, going out to parley for time while his superior retired by a rear exit, had been shot down. The Gonçalves chauffeur had vanished, leaving the car at the rear exit. João had commandeered it to come for aid.

"Well played!" approved Urquhart. "We must get Dom Polycarpo out of that at

once, of course. The question is, how?"
"Don't bother, Papa," said the girl. "I'll
drive back with João and walk in by the
front door, and bring him out myself.

They'd hardly dare risk hitting me."
"Good idea, Maeve! I'll go too." He got

to his feet unsteadily.

"You don't mean to let your daughter take such a chance?" Roger exclaimed. Urquhart shrugged, "Oh, these people are chivalrous about women, you know. Besides, I'll be with her, and any native would think twice before endangering an English subject—which I still happen to be, believe it or not!" He spoke with smiling bitterness.

"How about an American subject?" suggested Roger. "Let's handle this ourselves, sir, and leave your daughter out of it."

"Come along by all means, if you like, Purness. But have no anxiety about my daughter; the natives know her as well as they know me. Between us, we've delivered half the Portuguese brats in the island; eh, Maeve, my dear? My practice, you see, is entirely native nowadays."

At the entrance to the deserted central square of the town, two armed men respectfully invited the car to halt.

"We shan't mind a bit of a walk; get out, all of you," said the Englishman, taking command. They crossed the Praça three abreast, João trotting after. "At least send that child back!" urged Roger nervously.

"The more the merrier, Our friend Gonçalves will require a good deal of coverage," smiled Urquhart,

As they neared the bank, a polite voice from a near-by window advised them to go no farther, as a machine gun was trained upon the building.

"So, it's you, Manoel Zargo?" said the doctor, wheeling, "You know my daughter, who is betrothed to Senhor Gonçalves You do not know our American guest. We have come—unarmed, of course—to take Dom Polycarpo home with us. For any accident that might occur—and your people are damn poor marksmen. Zargo, even with machine guns—you will be responsible to two powerful governments. Come on, Maeve. Come on, Purness."

They had some difficulty at the door, which seemed to be barricaded with furniture. Nor was Dom Polycarpo prepared to make a public appearance, much preferring to remain where he was.

"Nonsense, man, you can't keep on lurking here in your burrow like a fox gone to earth!" said Urquhart. "It isn't dignified. You don't want those chaps out there to imagine you're afraid of them?"

Dom Polycarpo stated with candor that he was afraid of them, and did not care who knew it. But at last he consented to emerge, quaking in his wilted white linens like a large mold of blancmange.

They crossed the Praça amid tense stillness, Doctor Urquiart marching in front, Maeve guarding her flancé on one side, young João on the other. Roger Furness brought up the rear.

Nothing happened, until a small questing mongrel dog added himself to their company. There was a slight crack, and the dog rolled up into a little jerking ball.

Urquhart said over his shoulder, "Zargo evidently resented my slur on native

Hello there. What have you been doing all day?

Well, Dorothy, early this morning I went to the grocer's . . picked up a bargain downtown . . . got the recipe from Mrs. Darrow for that nice apple popover your Daddy liked so much at dinner . . .

M-m-m-m. That did look good.

Then I arranged to have the car washed and back home by noon . . . got your new formula from Dr. Francis . . .

That's good too.

Called the upholsterer about the chair that's being fixed...told Grandma about your new tooth...helped Mummie make plans for the trip this week-end...

Goodness gracious.

Don't you ever get tired?

No, Dorothy. The telephone saves people lots of steps every day, but it never gets tired itself, Your Mummie says it's one of the most useful things she has. Cheap too,



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marksmanship." Then, as Dom Polycarpo took a few anxious trotting steps, the doctor muttered, "Steady on! Take your time, you idiot!

They reached the car. "Anybody but natives," remarked the

doctor, "would have had the foresight to puncture these tires for us. In with you, son, and start the motor, Now, Goncalves oh, very well, crouch on the floor if you feel you must! Maeve next; then Furness." From the sten the doctor. ness." From the step the doctor turned to address the silent, empty, watching square. "Now then, my friends, shoot off all your little populus and be damned to you!

In that moment Roger knew that he loved this laconic, outlawed, broken wreck of an Englishman like a brother. He also knew, by the sick acuteness of his relief, that he loved Urquhart's daughter by no means like a brother.

He caught her hand. Maeve turned to look at him. They were still gazing at each other when they reached the villa, unable to wrest eyes or hands apart,

The tearful gratitude of Dom Polycarpo took histrionic but practical form. "Be-tween us, most gallant of saviors," he declared, saluting the doctor upon both cheeks, "there shall never again arise any unworthy question of indebtedness! I beg you to regard my purse hereafter as your own. To this hero child—come to my arms, Joãolito!-I give, in token of how a Gonçalves rewards true friendship, the automobile in which you created so magnificent a rescue."

The boy, with a gasp of incredulity, began hastily crossing himself with one hand while forming with the other the sign of the horns, in case any envious Evil Eye might be present.

'As for the peerless Senhorita, noble

daughter of a most noble race . . ."

But Maeve was not at hand to receive her share of the dividend, having retired with Roger to the privacy of the mirante.

"The very next boat—not for Europe, but for home," Roger was urging, when they were discovered there. "We two together. Say it, darling!"

"Oh, but Roger, how dare I? What would your mother think of your bringing a strange woman home to her like that?"
"My mother will welcome with thank-

fulness any wife of mine who isn't Cynthia," he confided.

"Oh, but Roger, I'm not your wife!"
"You will be, after the first day out. Don't you know that a ship's captain has the right to marry people on the high

"Oh, but Roger! After all, there is

Cynthia!"
"I'm not so sure," he said. "You never can tell about Cynthia. Now you see her, now you don't. Kiss me again! And if you've any more 'oh-buts' to utter—about Dom Polycarpo, for example—"
"I haven't!" she interrupted, her head

lifting from his shoulder. "I couldn't pos-sibly marry a man who—who shows when he's afraid of things. My father wouldn't let me! Besides, we've paid off our debt to

him by today's rescue, don't you think?"
Two days later, as they reached the gangway of an American-bound freighter, a boat from shore overtook them with a last-minute cablegram. Roger handed it to his companion.

She read, "Have been in Paris waiting all week. If you expect me ever to marry you, come immediately or you will be too late. Cynthia.'

She also read Roger's reply. "Sorry. My wife won't let me. Felicitations to whoever it is now, Ex-Fido."

Soon: Sgrah-Elizabeth Rodger will use Aiken, S. C., as the scene for her next "Social Seasons" story



by HUGH WALPOLE

RIVEN BY the angry, threatening wind, they found the waiting room. Christina stopped at the sight of its bleak ugly unfriendliness

Joe kissed her. "Don't worry, darling. There's no one to see, And if there were it wouldn't matter After all we're married' He held her close against him, and she could feel the strong beat of his heart.

They sat down on the bench, A sulky flame struggled to die in a wedge of sodden-looking coal,

"Do you think the luggage will be all right?"

"Of course, I've known that porter almost since I was a baby, Cold, darling? Come closer," He pressed her to his side; kissed the back of her neck, "I love you . . . I love you . . . I love you."

She didn't respond, "Come on. Tell me."

"You know. You don't need telling."

"No, I don't-after last night." He burst out laughing and jumped to his feet. He began to dance about the waiting room, humming to himself. He was over six feet tall, with black hair. brown face and hands, his mouth large and boyish, his body broad, muscular.

Christina's mother had said, at the very first, that he was just like an Italian. His family, however, had been English for centuries, but there had perhaps been foreign blood once. Many ships had been wrecked on that Glebeshire coast. The Fields had lived at Scarlatt in unbroken succession for five hundred

Christina thought of these things and then suddenly she smiled: that quick shy smile, sprung in an unexpected moment from her gravity. Joe looked like a little boy, dancing,

He sat down and once more put his arm around her.

She asked, "Do you think they'll like me?"

"Of course, You're not frightened, are you?"

She spoke hurriedly. "Yes, I am. I can't help being shy, You remember the first time you met me you said how shy I was." 'No-the second time.'

"Well, the second time. You said, 'How shy you are!' and I said it was because I'd lived so much alone with Father and

"Not forgetting sister Anne."

"Oh, yes-Anne. I'm glad they've got her. They won't miss

He took her hand in his. "Chris darling, you're not to be frightened of anything. I'm here to look after you.'

"Oh, listen! There are the bells."

Faintly from behind the blurred windows came the sweet

rocking murmur of the Cathedral bells.

"Yes. All my life I've heard them." Joe's voice was grave now. Christina was looking at him, seeing him again as though for the very first time. "Twenty years ago, when I was tiny, we'd come in with Mother for a day's shopping. We'd take the slow train-you'll be in it yourself presently-and stop at every little station. Then there'd be the shopping, lunch and toys. Mother would give us anything." He laughed. "She still would and does.

"She's kind then"

"Kind? I should say so. Of course she likes to have her own way. We let her think she runs the lot of us. That keeps her

Christina held his hand more tightly. "She must have been angry when she heard you'd married.'

"I expect she was for a moment. The very last thing any of them expected. I'm not like Congreve, though-I've flirted and that sort of thing. Mother must have expected me to marry someday.

"I do hope she'll like me."

"Like you! She'll adore you. Everybody will."

"Congreve is a funny name for a man.

"Yes-that was Father. He used to read a lot when we were babies. Congreve and Wycherley and all sorts of old boys.'

"Doesn't he read any more now?" "He thinks he does, but I'm afraid he's frightfully lazy,

Mother and I spoil him, I look after the place, and Mother looks after the house.'

"And Congreve paints?"

"Yes-awful pictures I think they are."

"Does he ever sell them?"

"He used to try to. He even had a show in London once. He doesn't bother any more."

"And then there's your aunt."

"Aunt Matty. Yes. And then there's the captain." "Cantain Green?"

"Yes—the captain. We never call him anything else, As soon as you see him, he'll tell you he's leaving next week. But he never does. He just hangs around.'

"Everybody seems very lazy." "Yes, I suppose so, I never noticed it till I went up to London.



Not often are we privileged to present, complete in one issue, a novel of such substance and distinction as this famous English writer's study of a domestic vampire



Three months is the longest I've ever been away from home.' None of this was new to her. She had asked about them all again and again. Only now, with every minute they were coming closer. An hour in the little train, and they'd all be! She had feared the dentist in just this way, with a hot, dry, heart-hammering panic.

How foolish, though, to feel this about Joe's family, for Joe would be at her side. And after all, it would not be forever. After a month or two they would have a home of their own. This led her to say:

"If you manage the place and the others are all lazy, what will they do when we go away to live by ourselves?"

He kissed her, "They'll just have to get along somehow." He added, "I haven't a profession, you know. I've always looked after the place, and I was too busy to learn anything else." There was a silence. Then she said, "Do you mean we'll be

living with your people forever?" "Of course not, If I can look after Scarlatt-and I do it jolly

well, I can tell you-I can look after some other place. Besides, Father's got plenty of money. He'll help me when the time comes.

"Where do you think we'll go?"

"We'll go wherever you say."

"I think Wiltshire would be fun."

He laughed, "Why Wiltshire?"

"We've got a sketch of Stonehenge. The Downs look so wideas though nothing stopped them.'

"You wait till you see the sea. You've never really seen it."

"No. Only Brighton once, with Mother."

Why was she asking questions to which she already knew the answers? Only this about Wiltshire she had not said before. It was perhaps this grimy, cold, shut-in room that made her long for those cloud-shadowed downs, those timeless stones.

The door opened. A porter, the wind howling around him, stood there. "Train's ready, Mr. Field, I've put your luggage in. Train's up there on the right."

They walked along, hand in hand. The wind drove down the platform as though it were rushing on some urgent mission. Christina saw the lights of Polchester blinking below her. Then the Cathedral bells rang the hour. There was no one on the

In the chill, silent carriage they sat close together, and when the train started, Christina began to speak hurriedly, as though she had no time to spare.

"Joe, we've been married a week and it's been like heaven. I never dreamed anything could be so wonderful. But now I'm frightened. I feel as though it's all going to change."

Joe turned to look at her. Yes, she was like a frightened child, her brow wrinkled, her mouth a little open. Her beauty, he thought triumphantly, no one could deny; he never read noetry, but from somewhere he remembered some words. He had thought of them the first moment he had seen her standing in front of the fire in her parents' old-fashioned drawing



room, so tall, slender and fair. "Our girl white as snow, the one speckless lily since the world began

He had longed, at that very first instant, to run his fingers through that gold hair: to clasp and protect that slim child's body. Her fairness was not chill, for when she smiled her whole face was alight with friendliness. Her eyes were clear as flowers touched with the sun. Had you told him before that moment that eyes could be like flowers he would have laughed at your affectation, but now he knew it could be so. Her body was a child's body, firm and sweet and strong, but in this last week it had become a woman's body.

There had been nothing in his life to approach in ecstasy those long hours when they had lain enfolded together, without speaking-and beyond the window there had rumbled the first trams of the early morning. They would lie so again, but in his beloved home, and they would hear not the trams, but the sibilant whisper of the sea, the splash of the waves on the rocks below the Tower.

Then, looking at Christina, he realized that his mother would not like her to be so tall. His mother disliked tall women.

"Of course you feel frightened, darling, I know I should be in your place. But there's nothing to be frightened of."

"Perhaps there isn't. But Joe, I want you to remember one thing. I've hardly ever been away from home before. I've only really met Father's and Mother's friends, except the girls at school and they don't count. Perhaps," she smiled, "if I'd met more men I wouldn't have fallen in love with you.

'Oh, yes, you would. We were destined for each other,"

"All lovers think that."

"Ah, we're not like other lovers."

"All lovers think that, too." She was serious again. "I want you to understand one thing. You're always complaining that I can't say pretty things. Well, I can't. But now I want you to remember this.

"Remember what?"

"Remember this moment in the train going to Scarlatt for the first time. Whatever happens afterwards, I love you forever and ever. Joe, I do, I do, I can never change. Nothing can alter it. I know it. Whatever you are, whatever other people make you, even though you hate me, I'll love you forever and ever." "Hate you!" Joe threw his head back and laughed. He tried to kiss her but she would not let him.

"No. This is serious, I don't know much about life yet, but I do know that men aren't like women, Love isn't to them what it is to women. A woman wants only one man, and when she has him she wants nothing else. That isn't what I've read in

silly novels. I feel it in myself. And so, even if you change or get tired of me. I shan't change." She added: "Of course if you tired of me I wouldn't hang on to you, I wouldn't keep you if you wanted to go. I might be ashamed of you or despise you. but I'd always love you.

"Darling, you're trembling." He caught her in his arms and held her as though he were defying all the world,

In his arms she felt safer, but not very safe, She touched his neck, and he laid his cheek against her hand. How comforting that warmth of the fleshly contact of two lovers. But she had heard a girl say once: "You wake up in the morning, and it's all gone. You don't want him to touch you any more.'

Then what was Love? Its very essence seemed to reside in this gentle touch of cheek and hand. But when that was gone what remained? How had she been so sure she would love Joe forever, as she had just said? She knew; she knew! She had known from the first instant, when she had sprung to her feet at the sound of the opening door and the voice of the maid saying, "Mr. Atcherley to see Mrs. Foran, Miss Christina," and behind fat, stupid Tom Atcherley there had been this stranger -tall, dark, handsome, like an actor in a play,

He had not been like an actor for long! In ten minutes he had become a boy who was bashful when he made a call. Not bashful with her, though. Almost at once he was telling her about his home in Glebeshire, with the Tower five hundred years old. Soon he was telling her about himself: how he'd come to London for three months' instruction in farm planning and building-some very modern course. It had been his mother, he said, who had suggested it. He had spoken of his mother almost as though he were still a little boy.

They had told each other afterwards that they had fallen in love at that very first meeting. A week later he had proposed to her, and she had accepted him. Her father and mother had received him as though they had known him always. Only her sister Anne had objected. Anne didn't like men in any case, but especially she didn't like Joe Field. He was too good-looking and too sure of himself, Did Christina realize, she had asked what living with Joe's family would mean?

"It's only just at first," Christina had answered.

"Just at first! That's what they always say. He hasn't a profession, has he?'

"He manages estates"

"Manages estates! If he's managed his father's estate well, they won't let him go. And if he hasn't, he won't be able to manage anyone else's.

It hadn't mattered what Anne said. They had a quiet wedding. Two days before their departure for Scarlatt, Christina had received a letter from Mrs. Field:

Dear Daughter:

We eagerly await you and long to make you feel that you are now one of the lamny, 11000 I know he is a very lucky man.

Your expectant, are now one of the family. From the picture Joe sent us,

Elizabeth Field

A strange letter-old-fashioned: regal, too, Christina imag-

ined Mrs. Field as a tall, commanding woman. She murmured now into Joe's waistcoat: "You've never shown me a photograph of your mother."

"No." said Joe. "You'll see her soon enough."

Christina said, "I see your mother as tall and commanding."

"After that letter she wrote me."

"As a matter of fact, she's short and plump,"

They didn't talk for a while. There was a small dust of constraint between them.

"You must let her know," Christina said at last, "that I'm not at my best at first. I can hear them saying to one another: What ever he saw in her!'

Joe said, "Look at me, Christina."

She looked at him

"Do you love me? Do you trust me?" "Yes."

"Do you think I would let any harm come to you, ever?" She smiled, her whole face lighting up. "Not if you could prevent it.'

"Very well, then. Don't talk nonsense!"

But she realized that she was, in truth, terribly frightened. She saw them all standing in a group awaiting them: Mrs. Field, Mr. Field, the captain, Aunt Matty, Congreve-waiting as judges wait, angry that their beloved Joe had given himself to a stranger, determined not to like her or receive her as one of them, She was trembling. Her feet were cold stones,

The train stopped with a bump.

Joe said, "We're here!"

In the road outside the station a car was waiting, but Christina had no eyes or ears for it. She stood transfixed. The wind was roaring in her ears, but it was not the wind she heard. It was the sea. The sea was pounding and crashing, as she fancied, at her very feet. She was excited; she had never known the sea.

Joe touched her arm, "Come, darling, The car's waiting." She sat very close to him now, "How far is it?

'About ten miles

She was summoning all her reserves. She would not be frightened. She would not allow them to think she was afraid. She





did not care what they said or how they looked. Oh, but she did! This first impression was so dreadfully important, If she did not impress them at once, she would never impress them.

She realized then that Joe too was nervous. Almost furiously she said, "You're afraid of what they'll

think of me!" "Of course I'm not."

"It doesn't matter what they think of me. If they don't like me, we can just go away, can't we?"

"Yes, Of course. She was not satisfied with his answer. She was almost crazy with nervousness. "You promise me that we'll go away if they don't like me?"

He said jokingly, "It's my home, you know."

"Yes, of course. I'm very silly."

And she was. The older self within her told her that she was behaving like a baby. This was the way to bore a husband! Had she not told herself over and over again that she would behave like a mature woman-be subtle, wise, adroit? Was she being subtle and adroit? Most certainly not!

She put out her hand and rested it on his firm thigh for confidence. He laid his hand on hers. His voice was trembling as he said: "Just about here, in another minute or two, we are almost on the sand. The road skirts it. If I open the window a second you'll hear the sea."

Hear it! It broke into the car like a tornado, splashing its thunder all over them. There was a wonderful rush of sea smell, and a freshness that was like a new world blowing itself into existence.

He closed the window. "We're nearly home. Oh, it's wonderful to be back again. Why, I've been away three months!"

"It means a lot to you." "Yes. There's no place on earth like it!"

The car stopped. They rolled in through a gateway, Almost

at once there was a tall door with an arch over it, lighted windows, and as the door opened, Christina smelled dank rhododendrons and heard the sea again.

She was standing in the hall behind Joe. It was dimly lighted. She saw a stone staircase and a large plaster cast of Saint George slaying the Dragon, Somewhere a dog was yapping.

"How are you, Simpson? This is my wife."

"How d'you do, ma'am?"

"I'm very well, thank you."

Christina looked at a severe uniformed woman with the face of a moral, self-satisfied horse. From the beginning she disliked Simpson,

"Is my mother in?"

"Yes, sir, In the drawing room, sir,"

His voice was joyful, "Oh, we'll go along then." He ran forward, calling, "Mother! Mother, where are you?"

Christina followed him. Inside the drawing room she stopped.

It was all she could do not to cry out. The long room was beautiful; faded, even shabby, but beautiful, The rose curtains, the soft wine carpet, the dove-colored wallpaper-all were shabby. The two big armchairs, one on each side of the fireplace, covered with rose damask, were worn. There were tall lacquer screens, a long bookcase containing tattered volumes, three tall white vases filled with chrysanthemums. Everything was old; even the flowers seemed ancient. But the effect of the room, softly lighted, was beautiful: colors dim and deep-rose and faded purple and dusky gold.

In the middle of the room stood Queen Victoria. Well, wasn't it? So absurdly like her, in a black silk dress with the white ruffles, a large brooch on her bosom, soft gray hair parted in the middle, round puglike face, soft boneless hands.

Joe's arms were round the small figure. "Dear darling Mother, how are you? Have you missed me?" He turned eagerly. 'This is Christina, Mother.'

Christina felt soft firm lips on hers, and the sweetest, kindest voice said:

"Welcome, my dear, We all welcome you."

She was held back by short strong arms. She was examined, Then Mrs. Field said:

'Why, how beautiful you are, my dear-and how tall!"

"And now, dear, I must show you everything." Mrs. Field was standing beside Christina in the hall.

At breakfast there had been Christina, Mrs. Field and Congreve, Mr. Field, it seemed, always had his breakfast in bed, Captain Green, whom Christina had not yet seen, had gone off with Joe early to visit the farm. At six-thirty Joe had jumped up, was out of bed, in the bathroom and back again with his shirt on. He had looked at her.

"I'm awake," she had said, smiling,

Breathlessly, as though he had been running, he had said, kissing her: "Look, darling, I must be out to see the place. There'll be a thousand things to do. I shan't be back till the evening. You won't mind, will you? It will be a fine chance for you and Mother to get to know each other.'

Only yesterday he had said, "Showing you everything will be the great thrill of my life."

She said now, "Of course I understand,"

"You have another hour's sleep." He had kissed her again, murmuring tender words in her ear.

The dining room was vast, and white flakes were peeling off the walls, which were hung with very bad pictures of defunct Fields. Three dogs-two setters and a Sealyham-sat on their haunches, slobbering, and were given scraps.

Congreve Field was tall and dark like Joe, but very thin, very pale, with a big Roman nose, No one spoke much. Mrs. Field read her letters and once or twice smiled at Christina. She had a sweet smile, and there was a dimple in each cheek. She finished her coffee, said, "At ten o'clock we'll have a look around, shall we?" and disappeared,

Congreve stared at Christina, then apologized. "Forgive me,

but I'm a painter, you know.' "Yes, I know. Joe told me."

"It's been a shock to us, Joe marrying," he said. "But now I've seen you I don't wonder." Then he too disappeared.

So at ten, there she was with her mother-in-law, and very nervous. Mrs. Field wore a black dress with a soft white collar and a black bonnet. On her hands were gardening gloves. Her small body was tight as a drum, yet softly rounded-feminine, too. She carried herself regally, walking with her head up, challenging, her brilliant eyes looking into everything. She

moved from the hips, her square back as straight as a board, "The old house was burned down in 1830," she said, "Only the Tower remains, It's very old."

Turning a corner of the terrace, leaving the flower garden behind them, they faced the full blow of the sea, A lawn ran to a stone wall. Beyond the wall there was a rough path and then a little sandbank that ran to a beach,

On the right, standing forward on a huddle of rock that ended the beach, was the square Tower. Because the mist was sun-drenched, the Tower had a pearly color, as though in its heart was hidden the sun that the mist reflected. The sea today. was still. Narrow slits of windows like the strokes of a pen broke the silver-pearl parchment of the Tower walls.

'What is it used for now?" Christina asked. "Odds and ends—lumber."

"Has the sea had no effect on it at all?

"None. It's as strong as time."

Mrs. Field said this with pride and satisfaction. They turned back to the garden. Mrs. Field asked some questions,

"You're an only child?"

"No. I have a sister."

"That must be some comfort to your parents. They must have thought you very young to be married.

"They were glad to see me so happy.

"Ah, yes. Joe is a dear boy. It must have all happened very suddenly, did it not?"

"I think we fell in love at first sight."

"Yes. Joe is very handsome, isn't he? I always expected him

to marry. Now, Congreve is different. Congreve will never marry. He is entirely devoted to his painting."

"It must be wonderful to paint."

"It gives him great happiness. He had a show in London once and could, I think, have done very well, but there seemed to him something vulgar in that success. Now he paints only for himself."

They came upon a gardener—a strong, cross-looking man with huge shoulders and a surly mouth.

Mrs. Field spoke to him sharply. "The rock garden above the pond is looking untidy, Curtis."

"There's a lot to do, ma'am."
"What's Harry doing?"

"He's in the houses this morning, ma'am."

"I want the rock garden well kept."

"Yes, ma'am.

As they walked away she smiled, "It's a difficult garden. There's the sand and the wind, It's very exposed. Only certain flowers will grow." She took off her gardening gloves. She put one plump pink hand on Christina's arm. "I do hope you'll be happy with us. dear."

I'm sure I shall be."

"That's right. What are your tastes? Do you play games? Are you domestic? What do you like best?

"I'm afraid I'm nothing much. I did help in the house at home," Christina said.

THAT'S RIGHT, I'm sure you'll find plenty to do here. Of course Joe is very busy. He looks after the place. My husband has a heart and mustn't exert himself."

They were now standing by the criticized rock garden, Like many other things inside and outside the house, it appeared only half cared for. There was something curious here, for Mrs. Field herself was so perfectly ordered.

Christina looked back at the house.
"It's very ugly, isn't it?" Mrs. Field said, "But we're all fond

of it, as you will be too, my dear."

No, Christina thought with a flash of conviction. Whatever else happened, she would never be fond of that house. The mist was clearing, and now the sea was sparkling blue. But the house was ugly, sulky. The Tower, against the blue sky, was resplendent in contrast.

'How beautiful the Tower is!" Christina cried.

"You will see how attached to the house you will be," Mrs. Field repeated, It was almost a command. Then her hand rested on Christina's arm again.

At luncheon Christina met two more members of the family. Mr. Field was astonishing to look at, for his head was covered with beautiful white hair, but above his black eyes were jetblack overhanging eyebrows. He was very tall, and as thin as a diviner's rod. He had rather the air of one who hangs above suspected hidden water,

He was languid and lazy. He greeted Christina without interest, He said, "Sorry I wasn't at breakfast. Got a heart, you know." He did not speak again throughout luncheon,

The other member of the family new to Christina was Matty, Mrs. Field's sister. It's too obvious, Christina thought, that she should be called Matty, for she is the typical old maid of all the novelists. She was short and plump, eager and ceaselessly talkative

"The dear, kind Sheppersons! Too good they are; too kind. They met me just as I came out of the post office, 'Why,' they said, 'we must drive you.' 'Oh, no,' I said. 'It's the merest step and a little exercise . . .' 'But we insist,' said they. So step, and a little exercise . . 'But we insist,' said they. So into the car I had to get. Such a handsome car. 'Dear Mrs. Shepperson,' I said, 'such a very handsome car' and . . . "

Throughout the meal Christina had a sense that something

was waiting to be said. What was it?
"What are the dogs called?" she asked.

The two setters were called Daniel and Lion. The Sealyham was called Snubs. "He's very snobbish, self-satisfied, arrogant," Mrs. Field said,

as though she rather liked those qualities in him. I like most Sealyhams, but not this one, Christina thought. There were now three whom she disliked: the maid, the gardener, the dog.

Congreve left before the end of the meal.

"He's gone to work," Mrs. Field explained. "He mustn't miss
the light." Afterwards she said, "Now, dear, you'll amuse
yourself, won't you? I have to go to the village." She did not
offer to take Christina with her.

The dining room was now empty and silent, so Christina went up to her room. She stood there and saw that the sea mist had come up, blotting everything out. It spun in the wind like a huge spiderweb. Her room was cold, and greatly to her surprise, she began to cry. This was extraordinary, for she scarcely ever cried.

She could not say that she was unhappy: it was, rather, the sudden separation from Joe. For weeks they had been constantly together. She had not realized beforehand that there would be this sudden change. That had been foolish of her, 146

because of course it was bound to be so. She must reckon with his whole family, and already she had been made to feel that

they had a great claim on him.

She must be wise. Oh, she must be terribly wise! But she was crying also because of her inexperience. She had known very few people, and those whom she had known had always been kind to her; now, perhaps, they would not always be kind, Moreover, she was inexperienced in love. She had never been in love with anyone before. Joe, absent, acquired a kind of added glory and also an added apprehension. Suppose he did not really love her! Of course, of course he did. She had the evidence of the nights and days to prove it: but that might be only physical love, and when physical love quieted-why,

She dried her eyes and resolved that she would not cry again. They were all kind to her, and of course they had their own lives. It would even be natural if they resented her a little, but so long as Joe was at her side, nothing else mattered. Joe must be away from her often during the day. And suppose they remained here for months and months? That must not be. She must be clever and subtle; she must influence Joe without his knowing she was influencing him, until one day he would say, "Darling, we must go away and live by ourselves."

She stood up, resolving to be wonderfully wise, subtle, intelligent. She had a secret plan and purpose. She would be charming, friendly, useful, but in reality she'd be living only for the day when Joe and she could escape. Escape! Already she was thinking of escape when she had been in the house only

one night.

She had stopped crying, but she had an overmastering impulse to find Joe, to seize him and say to him: "You do love me, don't you? Say you do-more than anyone on earth, You will give them all up for me. Say so! Say so!"

Idiot! That was the way silly girls behaved in novels: the way to disgust a husband, kill love, ruin trust and confidence. Nevertheless, she cried aloud in the cold room: "Joe! Joe!

You do love me, Joe, don't you?"

She would go out in spite of the mist and investigate a little for herself. She put on a waterproof and went out on the ter-

race, liking the wet mist on her cheeks. To the right, above the rock garden, there was a building by itself. She opened a door and looked in. She stopped and said breathlessly, "Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't know—" For it was a wide studie with a glass roof, and Congreve Field, in a stained white smock, stood there staring at her.

"Corne in Delichted to see real."

"Come in. Delighted to see you."

She looked about her. Against the white walls pictures were piled, only their backs visible. From where she stood by the door she could see clearly the picture on the easel. It was of a naked man and woman embracing, a pale blue sky and a white pillar behind them. The woman's face was a white mask; the

man's back and thighs were white like death.

Congreve stood regarding her with admiration. "Sit down. That's the only comfortable chair. How do you like my picture?" "They are like ghosts—but I don't know anything about painting," said Christina.

He came and sat near her. "I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he said. "But you need have no fears. I shan't want to make love to you. I'm like my pictures bloodless. I have no sexual life of any kind."
Almost without knowing she said it, she murmured; "Oh, I'm

so sorry."
"You needn't be. I never had very much, but when you've been here a month or two you'll understand why I have none at all now. I'm perfectly happy," he added quickly.

She said nothing,
"That will seem impossible to you—because you are very young and, I suppose, madly in love with Joe. When you're dder, you'll know I was right. I have surrendered myself completely, and so I'm happy.

What have you surrendered to?" she asked.

"Ah, that too you surrendered for she asked.

"Ah, that too you will find out later. If you look at that picture it may seem a symbol to you later on. How do you like us all?" he asked abruptly.

"I can't say," she answered lightly. "I've only seen most of you once, and Captain Green I haven't seen at all."

He had been looking at her intently, "I know what you've been doing. You've been crying."

"Yes, I have. It was very silly of me. I wasn't unhappy exactly -but it's the first time Joe and I have been separated for a long time."

Congreve nodded, "I know, And you've been thinking you'll never see him again. In a sort of way, you won't." The fright in her eyes amused him. "Not as he's been the past week, I mean. You've been his sole horizon since he married you, But of course that couldn't go on.

"No. It couldn't," she agreed.
"If I'd been you," he added, "I'd have made the honeymoon last a little longer.

"Oh, but this is still our honeymoon!" she cried.

He looked at her almost maliciously. "You've walked into the Enchanter's Castle. Nothing will ever be quite the same again 'I can walk out again.'

"With Joe?"

"Of course with Joe."

"Any time you like?"
"Any time I like." She looked at him defiantly.

"Any time you and Joe like, you mean."

"Any time Joe and I like."

"But suppose Joe doesn't like?"

"We're married. We like the same things."

He got up and went over to his picture. "By Jove, you are

young!" he said.

Her heart was beating tumultuously. She stood up and faced him. "I wish you'd tell me what you're hinting at. It's perfectly simple. Joe and I are married, and we love each other. We've come here to stay with your mother for a few months, Later on, we shall have a home of our own." In spite of herself, her voice was shaking.
"Don't be angry," he said, laughing. "You mustn't take any

thing I say seriously. I'm quite meaningless—except to myself. All I mean is that it is very interesting to me to see you here, to speculate on what will happen, to observe my brother, now

that he's a married man.

"You speak as though there's something I ought to be afraid of

"Isn't there always something we ought to be afraid of, all of us?" he asked.

"I needn't be afraid of anything," she said stoutly, "so long as I've got Joe.

"Well, supposing Joe's afraid of something-or someone?"

"Joe's afraid of nothing on earth!"

"Isn't he? He used to be. Perhaps marriage has changed him. That's what I want to find out."

She went to the door, "Good-by," she said, smiling. "I'm not afraid of you, anyway."
"Of course not," he answered. "Nobody is."

She slipped out into the sea mist, and there in the heart of it, like a wreathed Triton, was Captain Timothy Green. She knew at once that it was he. His physical appearance was all that it should be: short, square, thick about the shoulders, chest like a barrel, little bright blue eyes, the fair eyebrows bushy, the face weather-beaten. Yes, the sea captain of Conrad's novels. But when he spoke, the voice was all wrong, for it was soft, high-pitched.

"Joe's wife. I'm Timothy Green." He said, grasping her hand.
"Joe's wife. I'm Timothy Green." He was grinning. "I'm lucky to catch you. I'm off next week."

"Oh, are you?" Christina said. They moved toward the house.

"Now you can't say that," he laughed, "when you don't know me even a little bit. The fact is, Mrs. Joe, I've been idling here for months. Yes, idling. That's the word, I'm afraid. You see, Mrs. Joe, it's so pleasant here. Everybody's so kind to me. Your husband and I are brothers-that's what we are, Mrs. Joe, although I'm a lot older. We're brothers. We'd die for each other if the call came. I ought to be jealous of you.

"Don't be jealous, Captain Green," she said, "Joe isn't a man

to change. He'll be just as fond of you."
"Women make a difference—anyway, where men are con-

cerned. I'm a widower, you know.' 'No, I didn't know.

"Yes, I'm a widower. And I find it hard sometimes, I like women. I always have. Yes, I'm a widower these three years, worse luck." He gave a profound sigh.

Christina had noticed that a note of protest, almost of anger, had crept into his voice. For a moment she thought he looked

troubled.

"I'm very glad indeed that I'm to have a few days with you," he went on. "When you love a man as I love Joe and that man marries, it's mighty important to you the kind of woman it is. Now I have seen you—forgive a rough sailor—I don't blame Joe. I don't see how he could have helped it."

"Thank you, Captain Green."

"Now, look here, Mrs. Joe—Tim, Timothy, not Captain Green. Am I Joe's best friend or am I not?"

And my name's Christina.

'Fine, Pretty name. I like it. We'll shake on it, shall we?" They stood close together, her hand within his strong clasp. It seemed he did not want to let it go.

But she had suddenly realized something, If Captain Green was here, that meant that Joe too had returned.
Wildly, almost triumphantly, she cried, "Joe must be back!"

"Of course. He's in the house."

She broke from him and ran, pushing back the front door, through the hall, through the drawing-room doorway. There she paused. It was Joe's voice she heard.

On one side of the fire Mrs. Field was sitting, her hands moving at some sewing. Opposite, Joe, still in his riding clothes, was seated. He was reading, "'Lovely she looked in the perfect

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tea gown that she had chosen for his allurement. Her little throat, bubbling with laughter . . . '"
Mrs. Field looked toward the door, smiled, held up her hand

for silence.

Christina stole softly to a chair, sat down and waited.

Joe's happiness was complete. Three days after their arrival at Scarlatt, walking with the captain across the fields, he could say to himself: For the first time in my life I know perfect happiness. There is not a flaw anywhere, I am in love. My love is returned. I am in the place I adore.

Shortly before six that morning he had wakened to find Christina, her back curled against him, looking toward the open window through whose dim shadow came the soft lazy purring of the sea. He had drawn her closer to him, kissed the back of her neck, buried his face in her hair. Then she turned and lay in the fold of his arm, staring up at the ceiling. "Slept well?" he asked her.

"Yes. Very."
"You know I've slept steadily ever since we said good night. And yet I've been awake too. What I mean is that through my sleep I've been conscious of my happiness. I don't suppose there's anyone as happy as I am in the whole of England.

He wanted her to say that she was as happy as he, but she did not speak. So he kissed her eyes and said:

"Are you happy? Although I know you are—say so."

Still she did not speak.

He whispered in her ear: "Say you're as happy."

"I'm as happy." After a pause she asked: "Does your mother like me?"

"Of course, She adores you."

"How do you know? Has she said so?"

"I haven't asked her."

"Then she hasn't said so on her own account." "You can see it, Everybody adores you."

"Simpson doesn't. Snubs doesn't."

"Of course they do. If they don't, what does it matter?" He moved as though to get out of bed. She pulled him back against her.

"Listen," she said, "I thought I loved you in London, I thought I loved you in the train. But that was nothing at all to the

way I love you now."

"I don't know why you do," he said. "I'm so ordinary, I'm not clever. And you're so beautiful, Congreve is crazy about you. He says you've given him new life, a new sense of beauty. Last night he said that because of you all his ambition is rising again.

She hadn't heard. She was thinking something out, "Joe, I've discovered something. I always thought I was a meek, mild little thing. Now I know I can be flerce, selfish, cruel."

"You!" He leaned over her, stroking her face.

"Yes. If anybody tried to take you away or come between us. 've read in novels about women murdering for their husbands. It always seemed nonsense, Now I know it isn't."

"Whom are you going to murder?'
"Nobody. But I could."

He got out of bed, stripped, and did exercises. She watched him as the light grew ever stronger about him.

He strode with the captain over the fields to the top of the hill. He always paused at the little gate that perched on the ridge between the hedges. He always paused and looked back, for this was the view that was the very heart of his fancy, He had thought of it again and again in London—seeing the house, the terraced garden, the sea wall, the saffron-shadowed strip of beach, the silk-flowing sea, and the Tower, pale and strong, defying old Neptune. Then, to the right, the coast curved on; there were the Duntrea Rocks, Colder Bay, Colder Point—and from this swaying sea all the land leaning back, the brown, red, purple-shaded fields, hedges like elastic string and houses like upright dominoes. Now, this morning, there was an autumn-honey air and gulls flying like scraps of paper.

A thought struck him. Christina ought to be here seeing this, leaning on the little gate with his arm around her. Another thought. Christina had wanted, every one of these three mornings, to get up and come with him. Although not a word had been spoken, that was what she had wanted. And he had known it. A further thought. He had not asked her because his mother would not have liked it.

He turned from the gate as though something had hit him. He caught Tim's arm. "Come on. We can't dawdle here."

Why would his mother not like it? How did he know? She wouldn't like it because he'd told her in the past that he didn't want women hanging around when he was on a job. He had told the Old Lady that because she'd suspected he'd been talking with her arch enemy, Mrs. Lavinia Peacock, or Betty Goos, that girl he'd had a bit of flirtation with. But his wife? Wasn't that different? Of course it was. And Christina should come with him. Would she not love it—the grass damp with dew or crackling with frost, the friendly animals, the coffee and bread and butter at Dewlap's?

In olden days the Old Lady had sometimes walked with him. But it had not been a great success. She had wanted everything done her way, dear Old Lady. Sometimes her ideas were very odd indeed, She had not enjoyed it. And then-how like her!when she had decided not to come, she had wanted him not to go! There had been quite a battle about it, he remembered, but for once he had been obstinate. He gave in to the Old Lady about most things; about this, no.

There had been, he was now remembering, a number of battles just before his departure for London. In one of her tempers she had said: "You shall go to London and see that Scarlatt is your home." And by Jove, she had been nearly right. With every added week in London he had longed more for Scarlatt; and not only Scarlatt but the Old Lady herself,

because there was no one like her; no one he loved He pulled himself up. There was Christina, And if he had not met Christina, he would indeed have come rushing back to Scarlatt swearing to the Old Lady that he would never leave it again. Even as it was, in that first meeting with his mother he had for a second forgotten Christina—Christina whom he loved with so passionate a longing, desire, fulfillment. Well, it was lucky that they were friends. They had taken to each other at sight. He had known, of course, that they would.

They were turning down the lane to Dewlap's.

"Well, Tim, old boy," he said, "what do you think of my

The captain stopped and looked at him; there was a quizzical look in his eyes. "I've been waiting for you to ask me

that," he said. "And what can I say except that she's the most beautiful creature I've ever seen in my life?"

Joe grinned like a pleased boy. "Yes. She's lovely, isn't she?" "Lovely! And I know something about women." Tim pointed down the lane in the direction of the invisible sea. "Two passions of my life—the sea and women. I've failed one, and the other's failed me. That night my wife left me-and me off to the West Indies in the morning, as I've often told you-I swore I'd be done with them, for what but cruelty and unkindness had they ever shown me? And what had the sea been to me but just the opposite? Kind and faithful and rewarding.

"Yet here I've been six months now, just because your mother likes to keep me, and I so feeble that I can only murmur, 'Next week I'll be off.' Yes, staring out to sea from the top of the Tower. But your mother's a woman, even though she's an old one now, and she has a power over me no man could ever

have. I eat my meals and run her errands.' "My mother's not such a tyrant as all that," Joe said.

"Isn't she? Well, maybe you don't know your mother. Oh, there are other things, of course. All the same, I was going next week. For one thing, I can't stand your brother, as you know. And then that girl comes-the lovely child, as fair as the sun on water; if she weren't your wife, Joe, my boy, I'd have to make love to her."

Joe put his hand on the captain's thick arm and they went walking down the lane. "I want you two to be friends, Tim. I'm fonder of you than of any man alive. But aren't I lucky? Aren't I? To think that it should happen to me! Anyone so

"Aye," said the captain, "It's a wonderful thing to happen to a man, a happy marriage—as wonderful as commanding a ship or discovering a piece of land no one's ever seen before. Yes, you're lucky, Joe. She's good as well as beautiful. I've been watching her. She loves you and is going to try to love your family, too—not so easy, that."
"What do you mean? Are we a difficult family?"

Oh, your girl will manage you all, I haven't a doubt." He paused as though he had something to say, then changed his mind. "But women—they're extraordinary, as you'll find out before you've been married six months. They'll fight for their lover with a courage no man can summon, then tear that same lover to pieces. When they're fine there's nothing in this world finer, A lovely woman like your wife, Joe, and all the values go up. There's a fire in the sky, and your heart beats like a hammer."

Joe knew the captain liked to talk, and he had not been listening. Now he passed through the Dewlap gate, calling: "Henry! Isaac! Where are you?"

Dogs began to bark; children ran out. They went into the farm kitchen, and soon they were drinking coffee and eating bread and bacon, while the flames leaped in the stone fireplace.

It was homely and pleasant, with stout Mrs. Dewlap and long, thin, brown-faced Dewlap, dogs, cats and children. Then old Dewlap, Dewlap's father, came in. He was blind and helped himself along by touching familiar things,

Emma Dewlap bustled about paying special attention to the captain, whose exaggerated way of talking always fascinated her. Also when no one was looking, he'd pinch her fat arm,

Joe, who had been away so long, had plenty to talk over with 148

Isaac Dewlap. The discussions in London had fired his brain. "Soon, Mr. Joe," said Dewlap, "you'll know so much you'll be managing a richer place than this."

"I'll never leave here, Isaac," Joe said, "This is the only place in the world for me."

The captain said, "Mind, Joe, you're married now, Freedom

ceases with marriage." "For shame, captain!" Emma Dewlap said, "You to be talking against marriage.

The blind man said, "The gulls are inland. There's a storm

blowing up. How had he heard their cry? To Joe's fancy it seemed that the wide kitchen was suddenly filled with that complaining

"We must be moving," he said. "We have to be back at the

house by midday. I'll see the calves tomorrow, Isaac."

At the top of the lane, standing looking at them, was Mrs. Charles Peacock-Lavinia, She was a gaunt woman, dressed in faded tweeds, her sparse gray hair caught into a tight bun She had bright blue eyes, a long nose, high cheekbones, and a figure as straight up and down as a man's,

ER HUSBAND, Charles Peacock, had left her long ago. She had money of her own and lived at Bagge Hall. Some five years ago a young man named Eastlake had come to live there. He was known in the district as the Canary. He went about with Lavinia Peacock everywhere. The Peacock and the Canary. Bagge Hall was nicknamed the "Aviary."

A year ago the Canary had departed. He told his friends that he had a job in the Air Ministry. However, the great point about Lavinia Peacock was that she was Mrs. Field's abiding enemy. The feud was an old one now-no one knew its origin. The two ladies rarely met, but what they said about each other was a wonder—for it seemed there were always new things to say.

Joe liked Lavinia-men did, for the most part-but he knew it was perilous to talk with her. Birds carried the news to Scarlatt within a day and a night, and then there was trouble!

Scariatt within a day and a light, and then there was trouble:
So now he touched his hat and would have passed on. But
Lavinia said, "Joe, wait a minute. I must congratulate you."
He grinned, "Thanks, Lavinia."
"I hear she's lovely. I'm really delighted."
Joe said, "Thanks ever so much," and took a step forward.
"Here, what's the hurry? Afraid your mother will see us?
Warrick bring your bride to the one afternoon?" Why not bring your bride to tea one afternoon?" Joe looked sheepish. "Well, you see, Lavinia, it's like this—

Lavinia laughed. "Afraid of the Old Lady? I'm ashamed of you. You're not a baby any longer. You're a married man."

Joe was furious. He said: "That's all right, Lavinia, I must

be getting on."

She looked at him with warm kindliness. "I didn't mean to tease you, Joe. There's no one alive wants your happiness more than I do. You ought to know that." She strode away.

"Old Dewlap was right," the captain said. "There's a storm coming up," He added, "Mrs. Peacock's a bit in love with you."

Joe looked out to sea and found that the world had changed. A cloud speckled with dark spots like a shredded newspaper was spreading over the blue. The sea ran in a gray shadow, was spaceding over the Bulle. The sea ran in a gray shadow, trembling, it seemed, with chill. The bare autumn trees seemed to quiver in melancholy anticipation. The early morning had been too bright, and Joe, very young and conscious of weather, had lost his first joy, as it seemed, in the bottom of the lane. He was angry, too, with the captain.

"Oh, drop it, Tim! Why is your head always crammed with

sex? Can you never think of anything else?

"I'm a natural man," the captain said. "Sex is the finest flower in the garden until you've plucked it."

There were times when Joe hated Captain Timothy Green; when he saw him only as a lazy, lecherous, worthless loafer.
"What you need," said Joe crossly, "is to leave here and go
back to work. It's because you're idle that you think of women

so much. Get back to the sea. That's where you belong."

The captain sighed. "I know, You were never more right. Another week, just to look at your wife a little. Then I'll be off." But Joe was filled with fear. He hadn't wanted to talk to Lavinia Peacock so soon after his return. He didn't want a quarrel with the Old Lady. He wanted to be at peace with all the world now, in his great new happiness. He didn't know why he should suddenly feel an apprehension so acute that he

looked behind him as though someone were following him.

From where they now walked they could see again the house, the gardens, the Tower. But now color was drained from the scene: the house was squat and hideous, the Tower menacing. What if something had happened to Christina? How absurd! Yet he began to walk swiftly. He saw now only Christina, his darling, his wonder, his wife and child and friend. She should come out with him another morning whether his mother liked it or not. Had he not left her the very first day, although before that he had insisted that he, and he alone, should show her the place? Shameful! And she had not reproached him with a word or a look. Maybe even now she was crying her eyes out

And at that terrible thought he ran down the steps into the garden, up more steps into the house.

And so it was that in the hall he brushed against his mother, had not a word for her, but cried out: "Christina! Where's Christina?" and was up the stairs in a twinkling.

Christina, however, was seated on the bed in their room sewing a button on a blouse. That morning she had gone to the village with Aunt Matty, and very pleasant it had been. Joe had never left her mind, but she had not felt uneasy. She would see him at luncheon, and . . . Now his arms were round her; he was kissing her eyes, her

cheeks, her hair. "I thought something might have happened

to you. I ran all the way home." Why, what could have happened?"

"I don't know. I haven't been looking after you as I ought. I've left you alone,"

"But you have to. You've got work to do."

The gong for luncheon sounded.

"There's the gong. I must brush my hair."

They embraced until they were indeed one flesh, one heart,

"Cet's not bother about lunch," Joe said.
"Of course we must. What will your mother think?"
"Yes. There's the Old Lady." And now he remembered he had brushed past her rudely in the hall.

So they went down. Everyone was at table except Mrs. Field: Mr. Field, Matty, the captain, Congreve. Everybody was very

Then Mrs. Field came in.

It was exactly, Christina thought, like the old days at Guy House when Miss Hussett had neuralgia. The whole class had sat shivering. Now she had to control her merriment, for surely there was something absurd in the immediate freezing of the four grown men. There was a mortuary silence as Mrs. Field took her place. It was not so much that she was angry as that she was a remotely offended Queen of Heaven. It was not only that she was silent but that her silence had a thousand voices, all expressing royal anger. Her chair became a throne. She helped herself to soup as though she were ladling penalties for all mankind.

Then Christina laughed.

It was Aunt Matty's face that provoked her. Aunt Matty looked so surprisedly dismayed. It was the very last thing that she had expected, this angry entrance.

After Christina's laugh there was a dreadful silence. Then Christina said: "Oh, do look at Snubs! He's slobbering with

greed."

Then Mrs. Field said, "I'm still waiting, Joe, for you to wish your mother good morning."

Joe got up, went to her, kissed her cheek, "Good morning, Mother dear." Then he went back to his seat.

'You seemed in a great hurry just now when you came in." "Was I? I wanted a wash after grubbing about all the morning.

Yes. I've told you before that all that running about early is unnecessary. I'm sure your father agrees with me."

Mr. Field looked languidly at his son and said, "I don't know

how you can do it, Joe-get up so damned early. Joe said, "Sorry, Mother. There's a lot to see to after being

away so long.

And then, in the tick of the clock, Mrs. Field was warm with love. She beamed upon them all. "I expect you're right, Joe dear. It's a good thing there's somebody to take the place seriously. Well, Christina dear, what have you been doing with yourself? I hope somebody's been entertaining you. I had so many letters to write.

A spiritual sigh of relief, soundless but shaking the air, beat through the room.

Mrs. Field was born on January 29, 1874, Stephen Clowes, her father, was a successful solicitor in Polchester, Elizabeth Clowes' memory went back perhaps as far as her second year, when her stout, rubicund, bewhiskered Papa sat throwing her into the air and catching her again. Although now sixty-odd, she remembered perfectly the whiskers, the rocketing laugh, the thick hands that pinched her legs. She adored her father, and he adored her. So far as she could tell, in the innocence of her childhood, she was the only person who counted for anything in his life.

Grown-up, her dear father dead, she understood that there had been "ladies." It was true that he loved his little daughter. just as it was true that he despised his wife and never even considered Bessie's younger sister Matty. Matty was a weak, colorless little thing, always eager to please. Bessie tyrannized

over her from the first-bullied her.

In any case, from the very earliest years Bessie Clowes learned to despise women, Her mother seemed to her a weak creature.

Bessie could not have been more than seven or eight when one day at dinner her father said to her mother: "Pooh, Marianne, mind your own business." The child beat with her fists on the table. "You shan't speak to my mother so!" she

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cried, but even while she was defending her mother, she looked at her contemptuously for submitting with such meekness

And though she rated her father for it, she worshiped his haughtiness, intolerance, loud laughter, physical energy. Bessie Clowes does not, possibly, sound a charming little girl. She was not, however, uncharming. She was self-willed but not mean. Her father spoiled her, but she loved him. She despised her mother and her sister, but was often kind to them. She had no small faults. She demanded her own way, but she could love passionately, give generously, behave fearlessly.

Her love for her father grew into a passion so all-devouring that it tortured her. He, busy with affairs both public and private, realized his little daughter's love chiefly as a pleasant tribute to himself. Because he liked everything feminine except his wife and his younger child-he enjoyed kissing little Bessie. He was as fond of her, perhaps, as of any human

being save himself.

When one morning he was found dead in his bath of heart failure Bessie was for a while desperately ill. No one knew what was the matter. They had always said that she was a "hard" child. They added now, rather grudgingly, that "she must be grieving for her father."

Suddenly she was ill no longer. She was strong, reserved, hard, a woman. She was seventeen, and the year was 1891.

She quickly took a prominent place in the little Polchester world. Her mother died; Bessie and Matty lived near the Cathedral in a pretty house with a walled garden. They had ample means, for Mr. Clowes had left a considerable fortune. Bessie was on intimate terms with the Cathedral set-Archdeacon Brandon and other important men. Indeed, she always preferred the company of men and was considered by other Polchester ladies rather daring.

SHE STUDIED herself closely and without any sentimental bias in her own favor. She knew that a deep spiritual blow had been dealt her by her father's death, but a more serious blow followed when she learned his true character. Gossip, then letters and documents accidentally discovered in a drawer. proved to her that he had been dishonest in business and lecherous in morals. His adventures in love had been for the most part conducted outside Polchester. Generally he was a prudent man, But one bundle of letters, every word of which she read, were of the grossest indecency. Here he had not been so prudent.

However, after these discoveries she did not disown him. She considered the women whom he had loved fortunate, and at the same time despised them for their weakness and was jealous of them for the intimacy they had shared with him.

She also obtained from the letters a rooted hatred of sexual adventure. At the same time she longed flercely for the emotion she had felt for her father. She had a passion within her like a fire, but not a sexual passion. She longed to have someone of her own-someone whom she might possess and love and never let go.

Because she had means, proposals of marriage were made to her. All of them seemed to her ridiculous.

When she was not crossed, she was kindly, gentle and generous. She knew her own faults: her temper, her imperiousness, her desire to possess, and she had no great conceit. She was, however, altogether unaware of one very serious lack: she had no sense of humor.

Then, at long last, Archer Field appeared. She might have met him years before, because he had always lived at Scarlatt, which was not far from Polchester. When she met him, he was handsome and energetic. He came to Polchester for a Christmas dance and was at once attracted by her. He danced with her during most of the evening and only at the close discovered her identity. When he heard she had money he was pleased.

On her side, she really fell in love with his good looks. Besides, it was time she married. She liked the idea of being mistress of an estate. It would be pleasant to live on the sea, yet be near Polchester, Archer Field was bold and a little impertinent.

It pleased her to think that she would tame him.

So she married him and took Matty with her to live at Scarlatt. Here she was happy and contented, and for a year or two as agreeable a woman as you would find anywhere in England, There was plenty to be done at Scarlatt and she found a man, Morgan, to manage the estate. Archer protested, but she persuaded him that he would be much happier in his library arranging his books. She dominated him at first by treating his physical ardors with tolerant elusiveness. Side by side with Morgan, she gained complete possession of every-thing and everybody. Morgan, who was a capable rogue, thought her a fine woman and, out of sheer admiration for her character, was honest for longer than he had ever been before.

Then, after three years of marriage, Congreve was born. In a moment everything was changed. At the hour of Congreve's birth, her husband ceased to have any meaning for

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her. With the first tug of the child at her breast she was a sanctified woman. She knew for what she had been born.

Congreve was a delicate baby and needed much care. His mother fiercely willed him to live, and soon he looked to her for every source of vitality.

Two years later Joe was born—a lusty squalling fighting baby and at first rebellious. This rebellion delighted his mother, and she fought it every inch of the way. As the boys grew, she 150

In the silence of her room she heard her father's voice, "Spoil her beauty, Bessie!" And then in a frenzied hurry she drove more pins into the doll until it seemed to cry out in agony.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM WEBB

became the only figure in their lives. They disregarded their father from the very first,

Joe was her kind, He was gay, matter-of-fact, physically strong, handsome, Congreve was different. He was more feminine, given to moods, silences, noticing lights and colors, dis-liking rough behavior and loud voices, deeply sensitive, walking by himself. But she did not know which she loved the better.

Because Congreve was difficult and strange she was gentle with him, bought him picture books and his first paint box. She rejoiced that her two boys were so different. It would have been dull had they been alike. With Joe, she was a friend and companion, and soon he came to her for everything.

Archer made what seemed to him a vigorous attempt to regain his relationship with her, but he had nothing with which to hold her. He threatened physical infidelity, but she laughed. He attempted to practice it but had not the temperament. He said he would dismiss Morgan and manage the place. but he was, by that time, too lazy. He was still in love with his wife because he had never possessed her, and so, because he wanted what he could never obtain, she sapped his vitality.

A day came when the two boys were lost. They had escaped their governess and wandered to a distant beach. Bessie Field knew a terror on that dreadful afternoon that showed her something of the passion that possessed her. The boys, too, had been frightened. They clung to her for weeks afterwards,

They were now charming boys. She never had to punish them, for they quaked with fear at her displeasure, not because they were afraid of her, but because they hated to give her pain. No wonder they loved her! She saw to it that every facet of their personalities was fed by her and by her alone, She was a different person with each. Congreve liked to tell her of his dreams, imaginings, visions. She listened with patience, but thought them baby nonsense. Joe was different, He liked the companionship of other boys, and she saw that he had it.

The brothers were never great friends, Congreve was fiercely

jealous of Joe.

The time came when Mrs. Field must face the problem of school. About Congreve she felt no uneasiness, but Joe, she knew, ought to go to boarding school. He was exactly the boy for a boarding school—strong, sturdy, fearless, rejoicing in games and all outdoor exercises. She knew she would be doing her son a wrong if she kept him at home. But without any compunction she kept him at home.

She engaged a tutor, and this strange young man influenced the boys' development considerably. His name was Tatham Flutley, He was an absurd creature—fat and flabby, effeminate in voice and movement. But he was just what Mrs. Field wanted. He became at once her fellow conspirator. He strengthened in every way the boys' absorption in their mother.

By this time she was an assured middle-aged woman, She dominated everything in Scarlatt. She was known in the neighborhood as Boadicea. Morgan had been replaced by an excellent man, Santley. Santley was admirable, but did not

yield to her quite as Morgan had done.

The first crisis with her boys arrived when she discovered Joe in the vegetable garden kissing the little kitchenmaid. For a swift moment she hated the maid so deeply she could have struck her dead there and then. She was, however, quiet and restrained. She discovered that both the boys had confused ideas about their sexual nature, so she quietly instructed them. From that time her personality, her love for them, her wishes dominated their sexual instincts.

During the remaining two or three years of their boyhood she knew once again a happiness similar to the first years of her marriage. The three of them were wrapped away from

the rest of the world.

Joe was much with Santley, and he discovered a natural talent for estate management. He adored his home and his mother. He wanted nothing else. Unlike Congreve, however, he was aware of the attraction of young women, and young women were aware of him, for he was handsome and strong.

Congreve cared nothing for women but was determined to be a great artist. His mother allowed him to go to London to study. As she watched his train steam out of Polchester tears dimmed her eyes. She knew her blissful years were ended. It was her first test. She was certain, however, of victory. Like many another, she believed in God when she needed Him. Now she prayed:

"Oh, God, bring Congreve back and keep him here safe with me forever." And: "Oh, God, if Joe must marry, make him marry someone I can love who will live with him here in peace

forever."

By "someone I can love," she meant someone who would

surrender to her love just as her sons had done,

God heard her first prayer, for after two years and a one-man show Congreve returned. He had been back for holidays before, He meant this return to be a holiday too, but his mother built him a studio. He stayed three months, six months, a year. He could not leave her.

Joe's difficulties were other. He was healthy, vigorous, a strong



animal. He could not altogether sublimate his passions. His mother decided that he must marry, and proceeded to select a bride for him, She found a handsome girl, daughter of one of the Polchester canons. Her name was Katherine Heron. She spent some weeks at Scarlatt, and at first it seemed that all was well. Although she was proud, it was clear that she was deeply in love with Joe. Joe was beginning to care for her. All that was needed was that she should care for Joe's mother. Mrs. Field poured out her charm.

Then quite unexpectedly one evening Katherine Heron said. "Why don't you let Congreve go and paint in London?"

'Oh, my dear, he doesn't want to.'

"He soon won't want to if you don't let him go. Then he'll become a rotten painter. And then he'll be nothing at all. It would do Joe good, too, to get away for a bit."

Mrs. Field, her fingers trembling on her lap, said: "My dear, think you must let their mother judge."

Why? They're not children!" There was an eloquent silence, and then Katherine Heron burst out, "Oh, Mrs. Field, I am so sorry! Have I been tactless? I'm always interfering. Do forgive me."

Katherine Heron went back to Polchester and was seen at

Scarlatt no more.

But later, one day when Joe was sitting beside his mother, she asked, "Do you think I absorb you and Congreve too much? Do I keep you from doing what you want? I love you so dearly it's difficult for me to see fairly. Tell me honestly."

He put his arm around her and drew her close to him. Darling Mother, of course not!"

'No. But let's not be sentimental. Be honest. Are you happy? Have you the kind of life you want?'

"Happy? I should say so! I have everything in the worldthe place I love best, work I care for, and you! I don't suppose

there's such a lucky man anywhere." "Yes, but you'll marry one day. You must. It's right. I want

to be a grandmother."

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that, Of course I like women. It's only natural. But there'll never be any woman to compare with you! I don't know how it is, but when I'm away from you I'm restless, uncomfortable."

However, he was also a little restless with her. She noticed it. So she ventured on Test Number Two. She sent Joe to London for three months. She had no doubt of the result. His letters to her proved it. He was enjoying himself, the lectures were interesting. He had met a wonderful agriculturist. He had had a most amusing night at the theater. "All the same, Mother, I doubt whether I shall last the three months. I miss Scarlatt like hell. I'm always wanting to tell you things, and you are not here. The fact is, I miss you damnably, and your photograph on my mantelpiece isn't enough." Then came the letter announcing his engagement.

This, she knew at once, was a blow comparable only to the death of her father. The letter had come with the second post, and the little pile was handed to her by Simpson as she sat at table with Archer, Congreve and the captain.

SECOND POST. It's late. Ah, a letter from Joe!" She tore it open eagerly, a smile on her lips. A snapshot fell out on the tablecloth and lay there disregarded.

"She is lovelier than anyone you ever saw." (Dear Joe, not very clever of him!) "I'm sending you a picture. Of course it's

only a snapshot.

She picked it up and looked. It was one of Christina laugh-

ing, holding a biscuit up for a puppy.

Mrs. Field smiled on them all. "Great news. Joe is engaged."

For an instant she looked at the captain. He would understand. What was he doing there, anyway? She felt a sudden rage against him. She had met him in Polchester six months before, asked him to stay at Scarlatt for a week end. Joe had taken a liking to him. She had been amused by him, enjoying her power over a man so animal and masculine. She slowly mastered him. He became weak and lazy under her force, even as her husband had become weak and lazy.

But now in a flash she realized (because she was no fool) that you never get anything for nothing and that the captain's surrender to her had given him a knowledge of her that bound

them together. He saw instantly what this news meant to her. They had all cried out, "Joe engaged! Who is she? What's she like?

The snapshot was passed round.

"By Jove, she's lovely! Joe's a lucky fellow."
"They're to be married at once," Mrs. Field went on. "Then
he'll bring her down here." Her voice was steady and calm.

"That's a bit hole-and-corner, isn't it?" Archer Field said.
Why can't they have a decent wedding here?"
"I don't know, You must ask Joe."

Yes, that was the worst blow of all. They were to be married at once. Was Joe afraid that she might stop the wedding? Was

It the girl's influence? The girl. Christina . . . Christina . . . All that night she lay awake. She called all the resources in her nature to her aid. After all, she had known that Joe would marry. She herself hed word marry. She herself had urged him to do so. The hurt, the dreadful hurt, was that he had chosen his wife without consulting her. That the girl was beautiful she could see from the photograph. She was very young. She would be easily influenced.

There ought to be no trouble about the girl.

When she saw Christina she realized instantly that the snapshot had not done her justice. She was the most beautiful human being Mrs. Field had ever seen, and with that realization came the queerest mixture of feeling: pride that Joe had won a creature so lovely, fierce jealousy and a wounding fear. It was not only that the girl's body was of perfect grace, her fair color blended to an exquisite gradation of pale gold, ivory shadow, faint rose, but that in her eyes and mouth there was much sweetness and in her forehead a grand honesty. Mrs. Field realized all these things. As she kissed the child she thought: You shall be mine.

Those first days were strange indeed. She loved Christina, she feared her, she hated her; she was compassionate for her youth, tender for her childlike submission, jealous of her love for Joe and Joe's for her. She knew the girl was no nonentity.

She would not be subdued easily.

Then came the laugh. Mrs. Field had been hurt at Joe's brushing past her with not so much as a good morning. She was, in fact, not only hurt; she was in a raging temper. She had long ago learned that it was in her nature to have raging tempers, and that raging tempers put her at a disadvantage. Indulged, they weakened power, authority. Therefore, when the temper uncoiled in her, like a snake raising its cold and scaly head, she drove it down. It was still there. It coiled, its tongue flicking, its eyes on the watch. Controlling it, she assumed a commanding austerity. In fact, she sulked imperiously.

She had learned long ago that these grand silences disturbed everybody around her. Anyone who loved her would do anything to shift her into kindliness again. Wisely she did not apply them often—only when the thing she really wanted to do was to stamp, shout and tear someone's hair. As she sat there in regal majesty, she enjoyed the contrast of her icy indifference and imprisoned fury. There was a consciousness, too, of a poor little girl vilely ill-treated. She thought of her father and of how angry he would be to see her treated so. She was sorry for herself and proud of herself. She was altogether tremendous. And then the girl laughed!

Later on that same afternoon Mrs. Field came into the drawing room, where Christina and the captain were waiting for tea. She had a son on either side of her. Her arms were around

their waists.

"Tea ready? Splendid! You pour, Christina dear. There!" She seated herself. "Now you are here, Christina, I can begin to be the old lady I really am."

THE CAT'S BACK! They were standing gazing out of the long windows—the captain, Joe, Christina, Matty sat reading a novel. Mrs. Field was writing letters. Joe had his arm around Christina's waist. It was eleven in the morning of a lovely day in November.

"We were thinking of rowing over to the island, Christina and I," Joe said. "Taking some sandwiches with us."

The little island was called the Cat's Back quite naturally, for there the Cat was, its back hunched, its paws spread out. It was not more than a mile across to it, although when tides were strong it might take an hour to row over to it.

Mrs. Field looked up from her letters. "The Fauntleroys are coming to tea this afternoon."

Major Fauntleroy, Mrs. Fauntleroy, fat Cissie Fauntleroy.

"Well, they can do without us for once."

Mrs. Field looked at Joe and Christina standing close together, the sun enwrapping them. "I ought to have told you before, Joe. Major Fauntleroy wants to talk to you about his vegetables. They aren't doing as they should. He asked especially whether you would be in. I said you would."

"Oh, well, we'll be back."

His mother said, "It's hardly worth it, is it, Joe dear? It takes nearly an hour to row over. Why not go another day when you can have all the time till dinner?"

Joe went over and gave her a kiss. "You old bully! Look at the sun! Do you really think there's going to be another day this year like this?"

She put her hand on his arm. "I thought we might go to see the Dewlaps this afternoon. It's a perfect day for it, and

Mrs. Dewlap wants-

Joe grinned at Christina, then shrugged. "All right, Old Lady." Christina heard the whole room singing in her ears. She had been in the place a month now, and every day had driven her nearer to this moment. It was as though she had come to a high fence. Over it she must go or remain forever in the wrong beshadowed field.
She said, "I want to go, Joe. It's a perfect day. We may never get another."

Mrs. Field's little hand stroked Joe's arm, "Of course you'll get another. Christina dear, you don't know what it's like down here. We get day after day of this Indian summer."

"If Joe's busy, I'll take you, Christina," the captain said.

"No, thank you very much. I want Joe to take me."
There was a silence. Then Joe said: "We can be back by tea,

"Much better choose another day, dear," Mrs. Fleid said. "Christina naturally doesn't understand yet all the things you have to do.

Christina said lightly, "We'll be back for tea, I promise you.

I'll get my things, Joe. After she was gone Joe said: "You don't mind, Mother?

Christina seems awfully set on it."

Mrs. Field was busily writing. "My dear Joe, you're not a

child. I can't make up your mind for you."
"All right," Joe said, like an excited boy. "We'll be off. Back for tea, I promise you."

The quickest way to the little beach was through the Tower. Inside, it was always dusky. In the far corner worn stone steps ran crookedly to the upper floor.

They went through the farther doorway and on to the beach. Together they pushed Joe's boat into the shining water.

OE TOOK OFF his coat and began to row. Christina looked back, as though to make certain they had left the shore. Then she said:

"Joe, was that awful of me?"

"What, darling?"

"Making you come when your mother didn't want us to go." "You didn't make me."

"Well, contradicting your mother, then."

"No. It amused me. People don't stand up to the Old Lady very often."

"I had to. After all, we are married, aren't we?"

"I should say we are."

"Joe, what will happen if your mother and I disagree very often?"

"Oh, but you won't." "I do hope not."

She said no more. As the boat pushed forward, she felt such a freedom as she had never known before. Her heart leaped "We're leaving the shore! We're leaving the shore! We're leaving that house!"

She stared at Joe who, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, looked her own homely husband—homely in the sense of belonging to her, to her alone! She would give him up to nobody. Of course not. Was he not her husband? But—to be safe—she

must take him away from that house.

Leaving the shore, they left also that strange group of Leaving the shore, they lett also that Strange group of people who were pressing in upon her and Joe. It was on her lips to cry: "Suppose, Joe, we don't go back? Now we're this far, let's go on!" But she did not. She was beginning to learn subtlety, a thing she had never known anything about before. She had realized by now that things weren't as easy as that. Joe loved that place, and he loved his mother.

She shivered. "Cold, darling?"

"No. It's as warm as midsummer."

Why was she afraid, then? This was a different fear from the one she had known in the train. She had always been shy about people. That had been a natural nervousness. But this was different. She wasn't shy of Mrs. Field, Congreve, the captain. She could stand up to any of them. Her love for Joe had done that for her. What she was shy of was entering into new worlds. The captain often looked at her strangely; Congreve talked to her as though she were not a human being; Mrs. Field . . . Did Mrs. Field not like her? What was Mrs. Field really thinking?

I'm not clever about people, Christina thought. I'm ac-customed to being straightforward. I don't know what any of them are thinking. And all the time the only thing I want is

to be alone with Joe.

Then Joe surprisingly spoke her own thoughts: "It's nice getting away from them all."

"I've been feeling that, but I didn't think you would." "Why not? Aren't we just married? We should have gone

away by ourselves first for two or three weeks."
"Why didn't we, then? I'd have loved it."

"I wanted to see the place again. And it would have hurt my mother." He said anxiously, like a child, "You're fond of my mother, aren't you?"
"Of course I am," Christina said.

"Because you're the two people I love most in the world.
You must be fond of each other." There was anxiety in his
voice. Then he chuckled. "I didn't think you'd stand up to her like that."

"If there'd been any real reason for your staying-"No, you're right. There wasn't. But Mother likes her own

The boat went swiftly. There was not a ripple on the water. Soon they were approaching the island, They were near enough

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now for it to be a real place. On its rocky central hump there was grass growing. There was a tiny beach of crystal sand,

The island was real but the world wasn't, A thin mist-not a haze, for that would be summer heat, but an autumn mistmade the air a faint Chinese gold, that gold with a rosy shadow. Christina looked back and still the Tower was there. pale and ghostly now like a tower in a Canaletto print.

The boat grated on the beach, Joe helped her out. They sat down close together.

"We'll have lunch soon." Joe said, "I don't know why I'm so

hungry

Christina put her hand in his. "Joe, I feel as though this were fearfully important. These hours here, I mean. If we don't settle something out here, we'll never have the chance again.

"Settle what?" he asked lazily.
"I don't know." she said. "That's the dreadful thing. We've got to hit on it by chance."

"You're being very silly and very solemn," he said. "Every-thing's all right, isn't it?" 'Of course it's all right, But it mayn't always be. Everything

will depend on this moment. That's rot," he said. "You like to analyze everything. I don't.

I take things as they come. Are you sorry you married me? "Of course not."

"Do you love me as much as you did in London?"

"More. Every day more.

"And I love you every day more. See? So that's that." He leaned over on his side, looking up at her. "What is it like to be so beautiful?" he asked her.

"What do you mean?"

"I really want to know. You're so simple about it. Men must have been staring at you for years, wanting to kiss you. Of course there are lots of girls who are pretty, but your beauty, Chris—it's astonishing. You must have had to deal with it long ago. I mean, you must have had to face it as a condition of life and decide how to behave.

Because he wanted to know she tried to tell him. "Of course I know I'm nice-looking. The first time I knew it was when I was about fourteen, when a nasty old man who had come to tea said, 'You're lovely, my little dear,' and tried to put his hand down my back when mother wasn't looking. After that it went on all the time, and honestly it's been more of a bother than a pleasure. But now for the first time I'm pleased because I've given it, for what it's worth, to you."

HE KISSED HER, and they lay side by side, cheek to cheek. Then she sat up. "The fact is, Joe," she said, "we're both awfully young, aren't we? And we're both very ordinary too." "Ordinary!" he cried.

"Of course, Not remarkable in any way, You're good-looking too, but our looks will go. We've got nothing else but our characters. We know nothing about music and painting and literature. We don't talk cleverly. We've no original ideas. We're like millions of other people. We're just beginning together, two commonplace people, and that's why, if it's worth our being alive at all, we've got to be kind, unselfish, brave; it's our only

"Aren't you preaching a bit?" he asked, grinning.

"Perhaps I am." she answered. "But I can see already that later on our lives are going to be filled with everyday things. There'll be children; you'll be working; I'll be running the house. But now-on this island-while we still care passionately for each other, there's a kind of pause. We can look ahead and swear that whatever happens we'll try to be especially decent, because if we aren't there'll be no point at all in our being

"Except to have fun," Joe said.

"That's not enough reason for living. Because there will be plenty of things that aren't fun. It's those we'll have to deal with decently. Shall we swear to be as good as we know how?"

"So do I," said Christina, holding up hers. "And now we'll have lunch." "No. Wait a minute," said Joe, standing up. "You didn't hear

anything, did you?"

'No," said Christina.

"I thought I heard someone say, 'Swear.' " He stood listening.

"It was the waves."

"There aren't any today. Except there's a little cave on the other side. I'll show it to you after lunch. The sea runs in there and makes an echo. This is a rum little island. I could have sworn I heard someone."

Christina said, "Perhaps the captain swam across."

Joe cried excitedly, "T'm going to swim! It's November, but people swim here at Christmas. Can you wait ten minutes for lunch?"

He threw off his clothes and waded out. Almost at once he was in deeper water and his thighs were covered. Then he struck forward and, a moment later, only his head was visible.

At once Christina was curtained in loneliness, and she was



afraid again. She felt once more the warning of her own weakness, her ignorance of life. Marriage itself should be a sufficient problem for her: how to keep her love and Joe's sincere and honest; how to make their relationship so valuable that no person, no force could separate them. Human beings were never held together long by physical attraction. She was frightened by what Joe had just said to her. He was clearly blinded by her beauty. She knew she was beautiful, and she wished she weren't. If she were plain, Joe would see her as she was, but if she had been plain Joe wouldn't have married her. She honestly, and quite humbly, believed that she had qualities—qualities of sincerity, pluck, kindliness. But if she hadn't had any of those-if she had been trivial, false, cowardly —Joe would have loved her just the same, simply because her nose was straight, her color fair, her body slim.

He was, as he had said, simple. He didn't go into motives. When he had held her in his arms sufficiently often he would be open to attack from any quarter. His mother! Christina knew now very clearly that his mother's influence was something deep in the marrow of his bones. Christina was not jealous of that filial bond. But would his mother surrender any part of him, and if she would not, what would Christina do?

She rose; she stretched out her arms, Why, she would fight

to the last ditch, the last well, the last bullet.
"Joe! Joe! Joe!" she called, and the voice echoed her: "Joe! Joel Joel"

Warm, exquisitely happy, they ate their luncheon. "It's very good," Joe said. "That's because Simpson loves me. I can do anything with Simpson." "She doesn't love me," Christina said.

"No, I don't believe she does, I wonder why."

"She hates your marrying. I caught her looking at me yesterday over the potatoes as though she'd put strychnine in them!"

Joe laughed and yawned, "That swim has made me sleepy. Simpson thinks Congreve and I belong only to Mother. She worships Mother, Now come, I'll show you the rest of the island." They climbed the few rocks and stood on the grass-grown

summit. Christina felt the quick change from the view of the near-by shore to the isolation of the limitless ocean.

"We used to come here as kids again and again," Joe told her. "The island seemed enormous then. For a long while we believed it was a real cat. We could feel it raise its back. When the sun shone it stretched its claws. Silly things, kids."

The sun still blazed as though it were summer. The ocean trembled, and a lake of purple shrank to a river, while a forest of little white flowers sprang up over beds of dancing green. A wind was rising. A spurt of spray hit the rocks beneath them. "I have a feeling that we shall never come back here again,"

Christina said. "Of course we will."

"Not for years and years, then. I shall look across to it and think of today and long for it.'

"Come see the cave.

The cave was small, and its mouth was a little like that of a yawning.

When they were on the beach again Joe said, "Do you believe in God, Christina?

"Yes, At least I believe in some life that isn't physical."

Joe drew her close to him. "It's damned rum, isn't it? Life, Joe grew ner close to nim. "It's damned rum, isn't it? Life, I mean. I'm never much good at thinking. I go a certain way, and then my brain stops—but why should I like the sea to be so green, such a lovely color? Why should I care, I mean, whether it's green or just a dirty gray?" He shook his head. "I hate thinking, but marrying you has made me.., Here." He drew her down. "Let's have a snooze, I'm awfully sleepy."

So, queerly enough, was she. They lay down on the sand and almost at once were asleep,

But just before they slept he murmured, "You will be nice to Mother, won't you?"

"Of course."

"She's been so awfully good to me. You don't know how good ever since I was born, I love her so much, I love her .

His voice trailed off into a kind of spiderweb which spread over the whole island. The web was made of silver, but without warning a large man appeared, tore the web with his hand, and voices cried: "You mustn't! It isn't decent."

Centuries passed, and the man waved his hand again, cry ing, "You think this is the real thing. It isn't at all. You watch!" Christina watched, and exactly as you take the silver-plated cover off the platter that contains the Sunday joint, so the man took the cover off the island. With a single gesture, he removed rocks, sand, tufts of grass, silver beach, and instead, there was a pink trembling jelly. On this trembling surface nothing could stand. The sea was rising. The island floated. Somewhere drums began to beat-at first very softly, then more loudly, then with a deafening uproar.

A gull came swooping down and screamed in Christina's

ear: "Now you'll need all your pluck! Can't you hear the drums beating? You'd better be off. Discretion is the better part of valor." Then, without a moment's warning, Christina was struggling in the water, which was as black as ink and pierced with fishbones. Struggling with her was Mrs. Field. "One of us has got to go," said Mrs. Field, "and it won't

The drums roared for execution.

With a start, Christina woke. The sound of the drums had been the beating of the sea, It was almost dark and bitterly cold. Over the shore hung a ragged strip of vellow sky. Little white horses leaped on the gray sea. She shook Joe.

"Wake up! Wake up! It's cold!"

He stirred. He grunted. He looked up and saw her in the dim light. He put up his arms. "I was dreaming about you, Christina. I love you, I love you as no husband ever loved wife before.

She knelt beside him. "Let us love each other forever and ever

"I swear, Christina, that I will love you forever."
"Joe . . . Joe darling."

"Christina!"

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, "Oh, Joe, the Fauntleroys! We promised your mother we'd be back for tea. We've forgotten all about them '

He too sprang to his feet. "Oh, Lord—so we have! It's getting dark. What time is it?" He looked at his wrist watch. "Heavens! It's nearly half past four. We've been asleep for hours. Come on, we must hurry!"

They climbed into the little boat and launched it. Not a word

was spoken now.

The tide was against them. They made slow progress. It was a quarter past five when they pulled the boat up on the beach. They ran to the house.

In the hall were Mrs. Field and the captain.
"They've just gone," Mrs. Field said and moved toward the drawing room.

Joe, his voice beseeching, followed her. "But Mother, we're awfully sorry. It was the silliest thing. We went to sleep." The door closed.

The captain, grinning at Christina, said, "You are naughty children, it seems."

Christina rushed violently upstairs.

AT TEA Major Fauntleroy had said, looking at Mrs. Field, "It's not like Joe to be late." And it wasn't Joe had never broken such a promise before! And once the major had remarked, "Marriage. Marriage, my dear Mrs. Field, makes changes.

Meanwhile, there was an ever-increasing pain at her heart. With this pain there was a mingling of anger, apprehension and sorrow for herself. Joe had never broken his word to her

It was Christina, of course. She had persuaded Joe, and at present she could make him do as she pleased. Well, that was natural for the moment. She was beautiful, and they had been married so short a time.

"I particularly wished to ask him about the potatoes," said the major. "I am disappointed, I must confess." The major got up from his chair, looking like a pink rhinoceros who had unexpectedly taken to plus-fours. "He must have found out a lot of new things in London-including a wife. Ha! Ha!"

"He did," said Mrs. Field quietly.

"How do you like her-eh? I hear she's a stunner. Well, we must be going, I'm afraid." He went to the window. "Clouding over. Such a lovely morning, too. Sea getting up a bit."

They had been gone but ten minutes when the culprits arrived.

Mrs. Field felt a grim pleasure at Joe's self-humiliation. He stood there in the drawing room, a small boy brought to judg-

"The ridiculous thing is that we went to sleep. I can't understand it. I've never done a thing like that before.

His mother sat there grimly, her back very straight, wanting to kiss him: yes, and to torture him a little. "My dear Joe, you're your own master," she said.

"No, but Mother, I always keep my promises. You know I do. I didn't want to go, really. It was Chris--" Then he pulled himself up. He was not going to be disloyal to Chris.

"Quite," Mrs. Field said. "I understand perfectly. It was only

that the Fauntleroys were surprised. He was-

"Oh, I know. His beastly vegetables. But it's you, Mother." He knelt beside her, put his arms around her, rubbed his cheek against hers. "Don't be angry, Mother darling. Come on, for-give me. Don't be cross. You mustn't!"

And she forgave him. Of course. How could she help it? She loved him so dearly—him and Congreve. They were all she had. Her whole life, Everything, She kissed him,

"Dear Joe. Dear, dear Joe."

That same afternoon the Severings had come to tea. Mr. Severing was a gentleman of private means who lived five miles away in a little house overlooking the sea. He was a mild man, uncertain, timorous; if he had ever had any vitality, it had been 154

sapped by Mrs. Severing. She was a slim taut woman with gray hair, very talkative, very silly, and conscious only of her husband in all the world. They were Matty's especial friends, and Archer Field liked Mr. Severing.

Mrs. Field despised the Severings, but was annoyed with them if they didn't call. She knew they had come that day to see the new Mrs. Field. They had been in London, and reports about

Christina had greatly excited them. Congreve also was present.

"Oh, yes, London," Violet Severing was saying. "We went to several plays there. What did we see, Dick? Oh, that funny musical thing with the funny little man in it and the tune that is all the rage-and a Shakespeare."

"Oh, dear," said Matty, "that's what I miss-a play. I haven't been to a theater for years."

"How did you find the traffic?" Archer Field asked Dick Severing. "Pretty damnable, isn't it?" "Quite," said Severing. "Most confusing."

"Oh, Dick was wonderful about the traffic!" Violet Severing exclaimed, "Just as though he'd lived in London all his life. But London isn't at all what it was. I remember only ten years ago when Dick and I-

She broke off, Joe and Christina had come in.

Yes, Violet Severing didn't speak. She sat there staring, for in all her life she had never seen anyone as beautiful as Christina.

They were all silent at that instant. Mrs. Field, realizing what Violet Severing felt, even as she said, "Ah, Christina, come along. You don't know Mrs. Severing, do you?" looked at Congreve. His absorbed gaze stabbed her heart. It was exactly that. Her heart felt a pain so sharp that her breath caught, and for a second she raised her hand as though to protest against the thrust.

The girl's beauty was a challenge to her and a warning of danger. This was the moment when Mrs. Field realized for the first time the acuteness of her danger.

Christina took her cup of tea, and as she took it, she looked up and smiled at Joe. Because of that smile Mrs. Field, for the first time, hated her.

The Severings didn't remain much longer. As Violet Severing said good-by she almost forgot Mrs. Field in her excitement at Christina's beauty.

Five yards from the house she said: "Mrs. Field will hate such a lovely girl marrying her Joe, Boadicea's got a job there."

Christina and Mrs. Field were alone. Christina said, "I want to say something, May I?"

"Why, of course, my dear," said Mrs. Field smiling. She was sitting on a straight chair, busy with her sewing.

Christina kissed her cheek, then took a chair close at hand. "You're angry with me because we were late for tea vester-

"Angry?" Mrs. Field gave her a quick friendly look. "Why, no; you don't understand."
"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"You don't understand, dear, I was cross with Joe for a moment because he'd promised-

But not with me?

Of course not!

"But you should have been. It was my fault. It was lovely there, and we fell asleep."

"Most natural, I always say it's a funny little island, Most unexpected."

"No. But I want you to say that you forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive.

"There is. There are several things, And there will be more." Mrs. Field paused in her sewing and gently patted Christina's cheek. "My dear, I'm an old woman. I've lived a long time and learned a lot. I know Joe is married now. I remember my own early married life, and when one's in love one can't always be thinking of other people.

"Of course Joe and I are in love," Christina said. "More and more. But you're his mother; he's lived here always. He owes you everything. But it's about myself I wanted to talk to you. I had never been away from home before I married, I expect I've been spoiled. You've all been so wonderful to me, and I want to say—don't think me silly—I can love you if you'll let me; be a daughter to you. If you'll let me I'll help you as I helped Mother. I'm very young for my age, I think, I've got an elder sister who's always bossed things and that's kept me back, perhaps. Anyway, marriage is teaching me a lot. Husbands want looking after, don't they?"

Mrs. Field bit off a piece of thread, looked into the fire. "Of MTS. Field bit on a piece of enterty, rooted that we have course they do," she agreed. 'It's a splendid thing for Joe to be married. He's been far too long at his mother's apron strings." She paused, then added, "It's sweet of you to speak to me like this. I don't suppose any mother finds it easy at first to give her son up to someone else."

"Oh, but you're not giving Joe up!" Christina cried. "He's yours as much as ever he was. A man's feelings for his wife shouldn't interfere with his feelings for his mother. They're quite different, aren't they?"
"Quite different," Mrs. Field agreed.

"When I have children I'm going to try very hard not to be possessive, I know it will be difficult."

"It is hard," Mrs. Field said, "but one mustn't expect life to

be easy."
"No," said Christina. "I know the time must come when Joe won't love me as he does now—perhaps as much, but quite differently. Men are very different from women, aren't they?"
"Very," Mrs. Field agreed. "And I think if married people

don't have children, then things become very difficult

later on."

"The great question is where our children are going to be born," Christina said, looking serious, "I think that's very important. I incline to Wiltshire myself, although Joe hasn't come to any decision yet."

Mrs. Field let her sewing drop to her lap. She sat without loving. "This must be your home, dear, for a long time to moving.

come," she said at last.
"Oh, of course," Christina agreed. "It will always be our home. But we must have our own home, too—our very own, I mean, that we make ourselves.'

There was a silence.

"Have you talked to Joe about it?"

"Oh, yes, I don't think he minds where we go as long as I'm happy.

And how soon do you think of leaving us?" asked Mrs. Field. "Well, I thought we might stay here until the spring-if you don't mind. You'll be sick to death of us by then. Of course Joe has to get a job, but there are a lot of things he can do, and I really don't mind how little we live on."
"There'll be time enough," said Mrs. Field.

"Oh, yes, and you can come and stay with us. You will, won't you?"

"I will. Certainly. And now, dear, I have letters to write." She

kissed Christina and walked over to the writing table.

Alone in the room she sat at the writing table trying to still her agitation. That was the first thing she must do, for she could not think with any clarity while her heart was hammering in her ears and her hands were shaking. She steadied one hand as it were defiantly, by pressing it on the shining surface of the table. Then she began, coldly, resolutely, to think.
She had given everything up—her soul, her entity, her inner

being-to the love of her sons. All she had in the world now was two sons. To them she had surrendered everything gladly. She regretted not a thing. But was she, after all this, going meekly to surrender her boys? Of course she was, Every mother had to surrender her sons when the time came. Yes, every ordinary mother. But there was something special in her case.

She was calmer now, Her body no longer trembled. Joe and Christina had already been discussing the date of their de-

parture.

Ah, but Christina didn't know Joe yet. What could a child like that even dimly surmise of the hold a mother could have over her son? And it would be good for Joe to remain here. This place was his charge; everything for which he cared was here. And Joe's children should be born here and grow here, making this place their home. What could a girl like Christina do against these tremendous influences? Reassured, her head up, Mrs. Field walked about the familiar room

She was possessed by a driving vitality, and any uneasiness there might be must be settled, and that quickly. She was un-

easy about Congreve.

IN AN AFTERNOON of pale winter sunlight she broke all her rules, pushed open the door of his studio and looked in. He was deeply absorbed in his work, and at once she began to apologize.

"Darling, you know I never come in here. You're not to stop or speak or anything. I shall simply stay a few moments.

He did not stop, which was unlike him. She had a wild desire to tear the studio down, throw the pictures into the sea. How ridiculous of him to work with this seriousness, as though it mattered! He would never be a painter of importance, and for a long time now it had seemed that he realized it. Why this new energy? She felt one of her fierce tempers rising and quieted it, biting her lip. She sat on a stool and waited.

The light faded. He turned around, came to her and kissed her. She could see that he was greatly excited.

"The light's gone. Damn! Well, Mother darling, it's some-thing to see you here doing nothing."

What are you painting, darling?

"Nothing Everything A mousetrap."

"A mousetrap!" She was standing beside him. She looked at the canvas, her head on one side as though she would be critical, But it was difficult to be critical, for there was only an outline of a female form, "You haven't got very far."

"No. I never do. There! That's enough for the time." He put his arm round his mother. "It's your lovely daughter-in-law."

"Christina!" "Christina—who has bewitched me."

"Congreve, what nonsense!"

"Oh, I'm not in love with her, None of that folly, But she has

A Cosnopolitan Complete Book laugth Nova

made me believe again that I can paint-and that belief, Mother, if I can only keep it . . .

Why, Christina doesn't know anything about painting,"

said Mrs. Field.

"Not a blessed thing—any more than you do, darling. She knows nothing about anything except that she's in love with Joe. But she's honest and single-hearted. She hasn't the remotest notion of what's going on in our wicked minds. But she makes me believe I can paint, Mother. She has given me a new impulse . . . There! Forget it! It's all nonsense except her beauty." He looked at his mother curiously. "Is she happy with us, do you think? It must be so strange for her. She must want so much to be alone with Joe."

'A wife can't always be alone with her husband. That's

ridiculous

"Yes, I suppose it is, I know nothing about it—nothing about love; nothing about women; nothing about anything! Come on. Let's go and have some tea.

They went across the darkening garden arm in arm. Across the sky, over the leaden sea, there was a band of gold and above the gold a single star. An owl hooted. Mrs. Field felt a

melancholy so deep that she shivered,

But on that same evening she had them as she wanted them, as she loved them, seated about the drawing room; yes, all —Archer, Joe, Congreve, the captain, Christina and Matty. She sat in her chair and felt her maternal love and charity spread out over the whole world. This was what she really was—the mother of them all; yes, even of Archer and Matty. She loved them all, and in her head was spinning her plan for keeping, holding, embedding Joe and Joe's children and Joe's grandchildren. And the first part of the plan was sweetness to Christina.

"I remember when I was a little girl," she was saying, "we'd go on picnics to Bodenno. Do you remember, Matty? We'd go in a jingle and have to walk the hills behind the fat pony. It would take all day. We'd be at the beach by noon, then bathe. then eat; then the older people would bathe and we'd paddle and shrimp; then tea and the drive back. A hot summer evening, the pony flapping his ears, the last look back at the sea, the gathering dark, the smell of the hedges—don't you remember, Matty, how lovely and exciting it was?"

Archer surprisingly spoke. "What a sentimental woman you are, Bessie, crying over the past. The past! It's all non-sense! There never was a good past, Ask the Tower! It can be sentimental to the control of the contro remember a lot of things-young John Trefusis, for instance, being tortured and hanged for kissing old Endicott's daughter. Queen Anne's time. Endicott was squire here, Trefusis the schoolmaster's son in the village. He was hanged from the large ring just inside the Tower door, It's there now. It's all in Cooper's Glebeshire book. This very place and this very Tower."

Archer got up, his black eyebrows beetling down upon them. "Humans! They're a bad, cruel, cowardly lot, always have been and always will be. There's insanity and cruelty in every pile of old stones.

"That's so like you, Father," Joe said; "because there was one bad lot in Anne's time, everybody's bad. I like human beings-on the whole they make a decent show of it."

But Archer Field did not care to argue, He found a book on the shelf by the window, sat down and began to read.

Mrs. Field said, "As you're going to make your home here, Christina, you mustn't let Archer frighten you about the Tower. I'm sure you love it."

Joe laughed. "Good for you, Mother, I don't know that Congreve and I love it. You shut us into it once to punish us.

Now, that wasn't good of Joe! Mrs. Field was irritated. just when loving them all was so pleasant. She shook her finger at him. "Joe, that isn't right of you. You and Congreve were never punished save when you deserved it. Don't you agree, Christina, it was for their good? Haven't I given you an excellent husband?"

Christina put her hand on Joe's. "Indeed you have. I'm

glad I wasn't there to see him punished, though.'

The irritation persisted. Mrs Field knew she was showing it in her voice when she said: "Now, Joe, put me right with Christina. You've been making me out a tyrant."

Congreve looked up from his sketching, "So you were, darling,

So you are. So you ever will be."

They were laughing at her, of course, teasing her, but she did not wish to be teased in front of Christina. And she hated being laughed at.

There was a silence. Everybody was aware of it, and Christina, all unwitting, eager that everybody should be happy, began: "Anyway, there are some nice people round here. I made friends with the most delightful woman this afternoon." "Really, dear?" said Mrs. Field. "Who was that?"

"A Mrs. Peacock, I had walked out to those rocks beyond the beach and was taking the short cut Joe showed me. We met in that little lane. She stopped and held out her hand and said, 'You're Joe's wife, aren't you?' We walked back almost as far

The Sea Tower

as her house. We took to each other. Why haven't you told me about her, Joe?"

No one said a word. Christina went happily on.

"She said she'd been chaffing you, Joe, about your marriage. She told you to bring me to tea. We fixed Tuesday."

The captain got up while she was speaking, went over to the window and tapped the barometer. "Going down like anything.

Then Christina realized. She looked around, "Hello! Have I

said anything wrong?"
Mrs. Field said, "We don't like Mrs. Peacock in this house.

She's not a nice woman!"

Christina flushed. "Oh, I see! Well, I liked her, and she said she was a friend of Joe's

"So you've been seeing her again, Joe, have you?" Mrs. Field grimly inquired.

"We met by chance the other morning when the captain and I were coming from Dewlap's."
"What's she done?" Christina asked. "What's the matter

with her?"

"She's not at all a nice woman, my dear."
"No—but what has she done?"

"A young man lived with her a long time," Joe said, "Mother doesn't like her.'

"I don't know why you should put it all on me, Joe," Mrs. Field said acidly. "She's certainly been most offensive to me personally, but none of us like her. I don't think it's loyal to me, Joe, that you should still be friendly with her. I'm disappointed."

"No, but look here," Christina protested. "I started this. I don't see what Joe's done wrong. He met her by accident. He couldn't help—"

help-

"That's quite all right, dear,"
Mrs. Field said. "Joe's perfectly able
to defend himself. I'll only say that I'd rather she wasn't a friend of anyone in this house. You're very young, Christina, and you've only been here a little time. You can't know the people round here as we

Christina laughed. "I may be very young, but I'm not quite an infant. And I still don't understand what the poor woman's done. I must say she seemed jolly—and living with a man you're not married to isn't so very awful."

"Oh, drop it, Chris!" Joe said crossly. He could feel his mother's anger. Joe's irritation irritated Christina.

on, all right—but you're all making a fuss about nothing, it seems to me. I liked her and I shall go to tea if she asks me. Why shouldn't I?"

"Because I wish you not to," Mrs. Field said. "This is a personal matter. You're my son's wife, and I wish you to have nothing whatever to do with someone whose life is a disgrace and who has been abominable to me."
"But I think that's stupid," Christina answered hotly. "We

all make our own friends. Naturally we don't always like the

same people."

"Then it means nothing to you that she's my enemy?" Mrs. Field said, her voice trembling.
"Enemy?" Christina said. "That's ridiculous! She spoke of

you ever so nicely. She asked how you were and—"
"Thank you," Mrs. Field said. She was walking toward the

door. "I don't want to know what she said." At the door she turned, "You aren't making things easy for us, Christina. We're all trying our best. If you thought more of others sometimes, it wouldn't be a bad thing." She went out.

There was a grim silence.

Archer Field got up, closed his book, said: "That was unfortunate. But you couldn't have known, could you?" Then he

Christina, standing in front of the fire, looked rebellious. "I don't care! I must be allowed to choose my own friends." She looked at the three men. Then she realized that the captain

was staring, Congreve was grinning, and Joe was angry.

Joe said, "I wish you wouldn't irritate Mother like that. After all, she's years older than you are and has lived here all her life. Lavinia Peacock and she are deadly enemies have been for years.

Christina, dismayed at Joe's anger, covered her unhappiness with indignation. "I couldn't have known that, could I? Why didn't someone warn me?"

"We didn't have a chance," Joe said. "I wish you'd be nicer to Mother, Chris. It isn't too easy for her, having an unexpected daughter-in-law-

Christina, knowing that tears were not far away, her voice trembling, cried: "I see! She hates your marrying, Joe, that's what it is. You, all of you grown men behave like babies, do exactly what she tells you. Well, I'm not a child although she called me one. I'm my own self and I'll make my own friends just as I please. I'm not afraid of her, even though you all are!'

She walked across the floor with all the dignity she could command. In her heart was dismay. She looked back at Joe once. She had never seen him angry before. Then, with her head up, but seeing the handle of the door mistily tripled, she turned

it and went out.

Every morning of the year Captain Green bathed in the sea: if he was anywhere near it, that is to say. So on this morning, a fortnight before Christmas, he ran down the stairs in pajamas and raincoat, across the garden into the Tower. It was raining steadily.

Inside the Tower it was dark, but he quickly slipped off the pajamas and did some exercises. His body was white and firm, his skin as smooth as silk. Although thick and heavy in build, he was not fat. He was as fit an animal as existed.

He opened the little door and ran down to the beach, his toes curling on the sand. The darkness was thinning. The sky above the sea had a faint glimmering light. against which the sea lifted a blacker wall.

He delighted in the sting of the cold air on his body, and as he stepped forward the icy clutch of the water at his ankles, then his knees, then his thighs, was like the comforting hands of a friend, Deep enough now, he dived forward, struck out and was, as all day he wished to be but never was, an accepted part of life-received, acknowledged, even blessed.

After a while he floated. His head back, he looked up into a sky that, in its darkness, seemed alive with vigor. He felt the rain on his face. It was like a message from the sky, as though the heavens approved of him

When he struck out into the sea again and felt the light about him strengthening, he was, for this moment, reassured about life, unafraid, eager to take what came. Often, in these morning swims, pushing out into the limitless sea, he had thought he would go on and on until at last, wearied, he would sink and so vanish.

Death was often in his mind, for he had made a mess of his life. It would be perhaps still worth living were it not for the sting of sex that

was forever aggravating him, leading him into folly, betraying him with relationships that were worthy only of a fool or a sot. He was neither, so why could he not deal with this absurdity?

At such moments as these, when for a happy instant he was free of sex, he could see so clearly what life might be without that nonsense. He could be a hard, active worker in the world, doing some good with his vigor. In actual fact he was lazy, worthless, preoccupied night and day with one senseless thing. And now he was caught again. He lusted after his best

friend's wife. Whenever he was near her, his body pulled him toward her. He could not see her without desiring her.

He turned and started for the shore. He must go away. But he could not. He had to look at her, be near her, listen to

As he touched the sand and stood up, feeling the cold raindrops on his shoulders, he was acutely miserable. His brief mo-ment of impersonal freedom was over. He was a slave again.

Inside the Tower, light was now stealing from old stone to old stone. He stood there drying himself. A beam of light suddenly struck through the little window, and he ran up the rough steps and stood looking out and rejoicing because the light was running in streams over the field of the sea, and a blue, wet and shy and trembling, had broken into the luminous gray sky.

A few hours later he was standing at the top of the old steps

again, clothed now. He was looking down at Christina Field, who was standing in the doorway.

"May I come in, Timothy?"

"Of course. It isn't my Tower, you know."

His heart was racing and hammering. He turned to look through the window at the sea. That's what he should be

NEXT MONTH: A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELETTE

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doing! Swimming out and out until he was lost; until he sank; until he vanished for evermore.

'No." Christina said, "but you are here much more than any-

body else."

"I love it," he said, coming down to her. There was an old packing case in the corner. He turned it over. "Sit on that, Christina." He loved to say her name. He sat on the lowest Won't that give you-

"No, it won't. Besides, if it does, I have an infallible cure. In fact, I have a cure for all ills but one."
"And what's that?" she asked.
"Love," he answered, staring at her.

She liked him very much, Besides, he was Joe's best friend. But she no longer smiled. She was intensely serious as she leaned toward him. "Tim, I've come for advice. I'm really in trouble, and I don't know whom to ask but you. Congreve would laugh; Matty's too kind; Mr. Field wouldn't be bothered."

"There's Joe." "Joe's cross with me. That's part of the trouble. Already he's cross, and we've been married such a short time. It isn't only cross, and we've been married such a snort time. It isn't omy Joe. It's Mrs. Field as well. And I don't mind Joe's being cross, because he loves me more than ever. But he's unhappy, and he's unhappy because of his mother."

"Yes. He is," the captain said.
"Now isn't it ridiculous?" Christina asked. "Or isn't it? You see, Tim, I know very little about people and I never dreamed

that anyone would behave as Mrs. Field is behaving.

"How-behaving? She was sweet to you after breakfast to-

day; she patted your cheek.'

"I know, But I can't believe it any more. She was furious with me for talking to Mrs. Peacock—absolutely furious. I'm always offending her in one way or another. Tim, it's as though aways onenoung ner in one way or another. Tim, it's as though she were trying to make a prisoner of me, with Simpson and Snubs to help her. I'm beginning to imagine all kinds of things. You've been married. I want to know if all mothers-in-law behave like this. Am I only going through a normal process? Is it quite natural—all that's happening? If so, I won't mind."

The captain paused, Then he said: "There are two unusual things in your case, Christina. Most daughters-in-law aren't as nice to look at as you are, and most mothers-in-law aren't as devoted to their sons as Bessie Field is to Joe."

"You mean she's jealous?"

"Of course she is. Now, mind you," the captain went on, "I have the greatest admiration for Bessie Field—and liking, too. She's an exceptional woman. That's the trouble. The only things in the world she cares about are her two boys. I suppose the day she heard Joe was engaged to you was the worst of her life. I'm not telling you this to exaggerate things or frighten you. But you have got a job here, and you'd better realize it."

"What am I to do, then?"
"Give in to her on all the unimportant things. Don't fight her. Don't argue unless it's dead necessary. I would urge you to be a little more subtle. You've got everything on your side. You're married to Joe, and he loves you. Let his mother have all she wants at present, I'm asking you to think of others just now more than yourself—of Joe, his mother, perhaps of all of us. For our sakes as well as yours. There might be trouble. Bessie Field isn't quite normal in that one thing-her love for Joe and Congreve. She wants to do the right thing, but she's always been boss and she has a hell of a temper; she might go even a little cracked if she thought you were taking everything away from her.'

Christina now had the anxious, frightened face of a child. "I don't see why it should all be like this," she said. "I wanted to love her; I wanted her to come and stay with us—."

To stay with you?" the captain broke in. "Why, you're not going away?"

"Sometime, of course. We've got to have our own home."

"Lord! You didn't tell her that, did you?"

"Yes, I took it for granted, Joe and I aren't going to be here

forever." "No. But why did you tell her? She'll never forgive you!

Oh, Christina, you're too simple."

He felt her hand quivering beneath his. He found that he

was trembling. He rose and walked away from her

"Now, be clever. Wait your time. Reassure Bessie, so that she won't be afraid of you."

Christina gave him the loveliest smile. "I'll try," she said.

"I think that after Christmas I'd better go home for a bit." Christina said.

It was a week before Christmas, and the Fields were giving their annual dance. Christina and Joe were dressing.

"Got to?" she said, "Why 'got to'?"

He did not answer.
"This is a good time to talk, I think," she said, "We've been putting it off. You've been cross with me for weeks-except at night. We're never happy except when we're by ourselves. And that's what I propose—that after Christmas, not only I go away

A Cornepolitan Complete Book length Hovel

for a little, but you go away too. That we go away together." Oh," said Joe, "we couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Oh, everyone would think it so funny."

"Your mother would, you mean,

He looked at her, frowning. Then he said: "Chris, I don't want to make you angry, only I must know one thing. Why do you dislike Mother so?"

Christina held out her hand, "Joe, come here, Take my hand,

I don't dislike your mother. I'm afraid of her,

"Afraid of her! Mother? Why, she's the sweetest, kindest-

"Yes, I know. All the same, I'm afraid of her."
He broke away, "You're not to say that! You were right just

now. I have been annoyed with you and that's the reason. Why do you always annoy Mother—say things that irritate her, talk to people she doesn't like, get angry with Simpson because she doesn't come when you want her for something? Chris, honestly I don't want to be unfair. You know I love you more than anyone in the world, but I do think you're selfish. Mother has her feelings like anyone else. For instance, I like Lavinia Peacock too, but I don't see her simply because Mother hates it, and I owe the Old Lady something, after all she's done for me.

Christina said, "Joe, you remember the day we went over to the island, I said to you then, 'What will happen if your mother and I don't get on?' Do you remember?"

"I saw it coming then. Now it's come. Your mother and I don't

get on?

He was, in a flash, angry. "If you don't, it's all your fault!"
"Not all of it. Some of it. I'm no angel, and I'm very inexperienced about other people. I've never met anyone like your mother before. There's nothing new in the situation, of course, Mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law-old as Sarah and Hagar. All the same, I'm sure your mother is exceptional, And I'm sure of another thing: my behavior would have made no difference.' "Of course it would. If you'd been-

Do ME justice, Joe. This past fortnight, haven't I been behaving perfectly? Giving in to her, agreeing with her, wanting to please her. Ever since the captain——"Tim! What's he to do with it?"

"We had a talk one day.

"Oh. you did, did you? What you need to go complaining-"T wasn't complaining. Anyway, that isn't the point. Will you agree that I've done my very best?"

agree that I've done my very best?"
"I don't know. The other day when you spoke to Simpson—"
"Simpson hates me. She has from the moment I entered the
house. You admitted it to yourself. I understand Simpson's
point of view. She'd have hated any woman who married you.
The fact is, Joe, there are too many women in this business."
He looked now so miserable that her heart ached for him.

She held him close.

"I've learned a lot in a very short time," she said, "There's only one condition your mother will accept your wife under, Joe—complete submission. If I gave in to her entirely, surrendered you, myself, my opinions, my children—when we have them—then she'd be the sweet lovable old lady she can be. But I can't surrender, and I won't." She looked beyond him to the window, "Loving you has made me grow up. I told you in the train coming here that I'd love you always, whatever happened. So I will. And loving you like that, I'm not going to give you up for anybody-and I'm not going to give myself up either.

He kissed her passionately. "No. No. You're right, Chris. You mustn't, I tell you what it is, Chris. It's up to me. I've got to be cleverer. I'll manage the Old Lady, You see if I don't.'

"Try not to be cross with me. It hurts so."

"I'll never be cross with you again."

When Christina came downstairs she was astonished at the gaiety presented to her. The house was transformed. The drawing room-the only room she loved-was filled with people. It had been cleared for dancing and in one corner near the window was the orchestra from Polchester—piano, violin and saxo-phone. In the hall was a large Christmas tree brilliant with lights. The stairs were festooned with holly

These delights were, by themselves, ordinary enough, but there was something more—a real sense of gaiety. The cause was Mrs. Field. In a black silk dress with a sprig of diamonds at her breast, she looked the queen of all possible ceremonies. She was in her element; she was gracious and kindly; regal but also human.

Christina stood in the doorway with Joe, and at once there was that moment of suspended wonder that her beauty roused. Many there had never seen her before. She saw some acquaintances—the Fauntleroys, the Severings, the Reverend Mr. Power, clergyman of the parish—and moved toward them.

The orchestra struck up. The dancing began. The captain said, "Christina, what about the next dance?"

"The next but two. First Joe, then Father Field. I promised him this afternoon.'

He wandered into the dining room, had some "cup," walked into the hall and there found Congreve.

The captain leaned against the stairs. "The drink's quite good. That's your father's doing."

"Well, don't drink too much. No. Don't be offended. Why is

it we're always quarreling?'

"T'm not offended," the captain said, grinning. "You're quite right. Drink goes to my head. We don't quarrel, do we? Of course we don't like each other, but that's not the fault of either of us.

"Don't we like each other?" Congreve smiled, "I don't dislike you, Timothy, and you'd like me if I cared for women, and I might care for women if it weren't for the Unicorn.'

"The Unicorn?"

"Yes, the lovely white Unicorn—its horn tipped in red. The beautiful Unicorn that comes once a year to find its beloved, and then, its mating over, goes back to the desert. The Unicorn that cleanses the poisoned waters. She's lovely tonight, is she not? And all the more lovely for being married to my stupid brother Joe."

"I think a little less lovely."

"Ah, that's because you're jealous. Tim, she's performed a miracle, She's made me believe I can paint again. Later, come to the studio. Nobody's seen it. She waiting naked under the tree, and the Unicorn coming to lay its head in her lap, and the Enemy—the Evil Ones, the Shadows—in the dusk with their nets and spears. I'm alive again, I was dead, and now I've alive, Listen, Tim. I shall have to go back to London again.

"Go back! But your mother!"

"I know. I've been thinking about nothing else for days. You're not to breathe a word. I've got to go. I'm all alive again, I can be something. I know I can. That girl showed me."
"Yes, but how will you live? You haven't a penny except what your mother allows you."

"There's a fellow-a well-known portrait painter-who has a grand studio in Portland Place. He'll give me bed and board. And then I'll make money quickly. Picasso and his imitators—that's the thing. I can do little Picassos by the hundred and sell them. And meanwhile, slowly, Myself is being born. My-

self. Myself." "Here, Congreve, don't get so excited. What I want to know is

what the Old Lady is going to say to this." Congreve gazed at the captain with the troubled eyes of a "I know. That's the awful thing. I love her, I wouldn't hurt her, and yet I've got to hurt her.

"I should say so! Why, if she loses you-on top of Joe's marriage-she'll go crazy. It would be a bad business."

"I know it would. It's awful. But what am I to do?"

They had encored the last dance. Mrs. Field went over to the orchestra. "You must be tired. Have a rest after this one."

Mr. Power, the clergyman, spoke to her then. A stalwart, robust man, he boomed in her ear. "I must congratulate you on your new daughter. Quite exquisite. Dear me, yes." "We're all very happy about it," said Mrs. Field, "You must be. You must be indeed. Now, Mrs. Field, what

about a dance? I promise not to tread on your toes."

"Oh, no!" She must escape from Mr. Power. "I must see that the supper-

"Quite, Quite, Delightful party, Delightful party."

But she did not go into the dining room. She went out on the terrace.

It was one of those nights common in Glebeshire around Christmas when a kind of Italian warmth lies like a blessing over land and sea. The sky was as full of stars as a lawn is of crocuses after a night of mild rain.

crocuses after a night of mild rain.

She walked up and down the terrace. Why must people taunt her about that girl? "Your new daughter. Quite exquisite!"

And the girl had seemed radiant with happiness. Not only radiant but triumphant! Had there not been something in that smile more than happiness? A taunt! "Do you see me, the sensation of the ball, the possessor of your son, soon the owner of this house? What can you do against my success?"

A melodramatic question. Bessie Field could laugh at non-same melodrama and sentimentality as well as another but

sense, melodrama and sentimentality as well as another, but unfortunately, what seems sentimental melodrama to the on-

looker often appears poignant reality to the actors. Mrs. Field stopped. She stared at the sea.

It appears to me I've got to make a choice. I can give over this place, and Joe with it, to Christina. She has character and personality. It would mean that my life is finished; I subside with Archer and Matty into the chimney corner.

The alternative: Joe and Christina go to live elsewhere, as the girl had already threatened. At that imagined picture such a love for her son rose in Bessie Field's heart that it choked her.

She would lose Joe forever-simply that,

Then, in that warm air, under that great galaxy of stars, she knew such hatred of Christina that she was herself astonished. She had never cheated herself about her nature. She knew she had a temper that could be demoniac, and for many years she had trained it to obey. But never before had her very exist-158

ence been threatened. She would fight this threat to the last inch. She looked from the purple-dark skein of sea to the stars and it seemed for a moment that they had no brightness, It was as though she were blind.

"Supper! Supper! Everyone, supper!" she cried, and in they all trooped. Mrs. Field was at the head of the table; in its center was a small Christmas tree blazing with lights, gay with silver and gold. Large crackers of crimson lay about with holly berries and tiny Father Christmases. And what a noise! Everybody was talking at once.

Christina had Joe beside her. She did not know that she

had ever been so happy before.

Dick Severing broke a wineglass, pushing it with his elbow. Its tinkle of destruction broke the clamor of voices.

"Oh, it's unlucky!" someone cried, and everybody laughed.
Young Mr. Featherstone jumped to his feet. "I have a toast,"
he cried. "The new Mrs. Field—Joe's beautiful bride!"

Everybody was standing except Christina.

"Speech! Speech!" they cried. She stood up, her hand on Joe's shoulder. "Thank you all but you've made me so happy. I haven't been here long, but you've made me feel I'm among friends. Joe and I thank you so much, and when we have our own home we do hope you'll come to see us, You'll all be welcome-even though you all come at once!"

Everybody laughed, Joe had to make a speech, Archer Field and then Mrs. Field. How they cheered and clapped!

Then there were the crackers. They were big ones and made

a great noise. Very clever the paper caps were, for in the front of each one was the head of an animal—cats and dogs and monkeys, cows and donkeys and lions. What laughter and clapping of hands when it was discovered that Archer Field had a donkey's head in front of his. A gay cap of gold paper, and a red band with the donkey's head in black. He looked quite idiotic when he put it on over his white hair. He went "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" He was doing it to amuse his wife. He didn't often amuse her, although he often wanted to. In his eyes was a longing that she should be amused. And she was. She laughed and clapped.
Then she said: "All right, Archer. That's enough."

"I'll keep it," he said to Mrs. Fauntleroy when he sat down. "It's an unusually good cap, don't you think? I shall put it away in a drawer."

At the end of supper the captain knew he had drunk too much. One more glass and he would be behaving foolishly. If he stopped now he would be all right,

He rose from the table without drinking any more, feeling very happy. This happiness was a wonderful thing because, for most of the ordinary day, he didn't feel happy at all. He had missed his way-life had taken the wrong turn. Why, he could

But now he was reassured. He was a fine fellow. Soon he would be back on the sea again, doing splendid things

Over everything shone the loveliness of Christina, That was his peril. That was why he must drink no more. Another glass, and not to kiss Christina would be a problem. There was no true reason why he should not kiss Christina—in a brotherly fashion, of course. Everybody knew he was Joe's best friend, so a kiss would be the most harmless . . .

But he must not. He was sober, and he knew it would be a fatal thing to kiss Christina. There was something strange about this party tonight. It was as if everything was urging him

After that, nothing was very clear to him until he heard Christina saying, "It's our dance, Timothy, I couldn't think where you were". where you were.

They danced once or twice round the room, the captain smiling and smiling. He led her then to a little room filled with old books in leather and gold.

The captain said, "I'm in love with you, Christina. Isn't that dreadful? And you married to my best friend!"
"Tim, you've drunk too much," she said. "Go to bed. You told

me the other day-

"I didn't tell you anything, Christina. All I've ever said to you has been lies. I'm just a simple man in love with you. I want you in my arms. I don't give a damn for Joe!"

He rose, stumbled, fell on his knees, caught her round the

waist, reached up his hand to pull down her head. Christina slapped his cheek good and hard. The captain caught her hand and began to kiss it, while with his other hand he struggled to pull her down to him.

While she fought she saw the doorknob turn. Instead of the door, there was Mrs. Field. The door was closed again.

The captain struggled to his feet. His cheek was bleeding The capiain struggieu to his reet. His cheek was bleeding where Christina's ring had cut it. He looked at Bessie Field. "The executioner," he said, and stumbled out. The two women were left alone. Christina rearranged her dress. In spite of herself, she was trembling. "I shouldn't tell Joe," Mrs. Field said, smiling.

"I'm going to him now," Christina answered, "There's very little to tell. Timothy, unfortunately, is drunk. He didn't know what he was doing

"He knew very well what he was doing.

The two women looked at each other. What Christina saw in Mrs. Field's face was dreadful.

Christina murmured, "Why, you're glad! You're glad this happened. You've wanted this to happen."

Mrs. Field answered, "It's nothing. You're right. When Tim-othy's drunk, he doesn't know what he's doing,"

Christina was still staring at her. "But that's dreadful! You're

glad. Of course. You want to ruin me."

Mrs. Field patted her shoulder. "My dear, you're absurd. Of course you're upset, but the captain—well, the captain's the captain. He'll have to go. He should have gone long ago." She laughed, then kissed Christina on the cheek and took her by the hand. "It's your own fault a little, my dear, for being so beautiful. Now, come. We'll join the others, I shouldn't say a word to anyone if I were you."

But Christina gently withdrew her hand, "You go, I'll stay

here for a minute."

"All right, then. But the captain must go. He's behaved like this once too often. Don't be too long, dear, or people will won-

der." Mrs. Field went out. Christina sat down. She was frightened—frightened as never

before in her life. She was in danger of losing Joe; even of losing her life, fantastic though it sounded. Yes, if she stayed; if she refused to go away. But she must stay if Joe stayed. She must not separate herself from Joe even for a day. She must make him understand. But how could she? Whom would he believe?

ONGREVE was in the studio, looking out the window. He had intended to slip away this very week. His art was increasing within him every hour. He was learning for the first time in his life the lesson that all artists learn: that it isn't for the artist, the question of whether he works well or badly, but whether the creative impulse is strong within him.

Congreve had not known this impulse for years, and he realized that it was his mother who had dulled it. He did not blame her for that or love her the less. He only thought: How my mother would hate Christina if she knew what Christina

has done to me!

He stopped. Why, she does hate Christina! he thought, Poor Mother! Damned bad luck for her.

Inside the house, on the afternoon of the same day, Congreve was reading a French book to his mother. Bessie Field loved to be read to by her sons. While she sat listening to their voices, they serving her, she loving them, she felt the relationship to be perfect.

As Congreve read now he was aware of the desertion he was contemplating. This would be possibly the last time he would read to his mother. A horror, mingled of his love for her, her domination of him, and her swiftly approaching sorrow, hidden from her so utterly, seized him. He paused. The impulse, almost uncontrollable, caught him to throw the book to the floor and cry: "Drop this nonsense! I'm going to London this week, and I'm never coming back."

His mother looked up. "Go on, dear, unless you're tired."

Congreve went on reading.

Christina's preoccupation was with her own situation as it had been ever since Christmas week. She was sitting near Joe, yet she was far from him. She knew he was unhappy. Their plan had not turned out as he had expected. She was not a success here. But was that her fault? He knew in his heart that it was not, but he would not permit a word of criticism of his mother. So that brought her back again to the puzzle, the terrifying puzzle of Mrs, Field.

It was then, sitting there quietly listening to Congreve, that Christina began for the first time to hate Mrs. Field. She raised her head. The clock was striking the hour, Mrs. Field looked up. She looked at Christina, and Christina looked at her. They

smiled. They had engaged in battle.

"I think that's enough, Congreve darling. It's six o'clock. You read so beautifully. Joe, dear, come upstairs with me for a moment. There's an account about that plumbing. It seems to me far too large." She turned, "And what are you going to do, dear?" she asked Christina.

"I shall write some letters, I think."

"Ah, yes. You've just got time before dinner."

A moment later Christina saw that she was alone in the room with Congreve.

He smiled at her. "I'm going to tell you a secret." He lowered his voice, "A real secret. You must swear you'll not tell a soul." She saw how serious he was, "Can I help you if you tell me?"

"It's something I'm going to do. You're responsible for my doing it. You're to swear you won't tell a living soul.'

"Very well. I won't."

"Not Joe."

"No. Not Joe."

He said: "I'm going away in a day or two to London."
"No! Oh, no!" she cried.

A Conspolition Complete Book length Hovel

"Hush! Someone might hear. I'm going very soon. And I'm never coming back.

"Oh, you mustn't! Your mother-

"I know, It will hurt her terribly, But there's nothing else to be done. So long as I thought I'd never be worth a damn as a painter, it didn't matter, But as soon as I saw you something woke up in me-something more important than any human being, I don't mean that I'm going to be a good painter, I can't tell. Perhaps I am. I have hopes, You've made me hope,"

"I!" She was aghast, "I've done nothing."

"No. Nothing except exist. But from that first moment of meeting you I realized that, whether I'm a good artist or a bad one, I've got to try; otherwise, I'm dead, buried. I was dead. I tell you, Christina, these past weeks I've been so happy that I could sing, dance, do anything crazy. I'm going to London, and I'm going to be free. Here I'm a slave. When I was in London before I was still a slave, I had to come back, But now you've freed me."

She cried again, "You mustn't! You owe everything to your mother. Already she's unhappy about my marrying Joe. This

will simply break her heart. And she'll blame me.

A curious cunning look masked his face. "I don't care if she breaks her heart and yours and everybody else's. I love her, and now I'm going to be free of her."

"You must tell her! You must tell her!"

"I shan't tell her and you won't either. You've given your word." She caught his hand. "Congreve, please! Don't you see what

you'll do? It will ruin everyone—your mother, Joe, me. Oh, Congreve, please, please!"

"Most mothers would want their sons to be free, if that made them happy," he said slowly.

"Your mother isn't .

"No. My mother isn't That's why I've got to." He went out, closing the door gently behind him.

She stood looking about her as though prison doors had suddenly been closed on her. What had she done to deserve all this trouble, and, more practically, how could she prevent some intolerable scene? Her immediate impulse was to find Joe and tell him everything, but Congreve had trusted her, and a promise to her was a promise. But how monstrous it was to say that she had been to blame!

It was nonsense, this whole thing. Joe and she loved each other and wanted to be alone together. Others insisted on involving them in trouble for which they, the lovers, were in

no way responsible.

Every morning now, Christina woke with fright and appre-hension. She would lie for an instant wondering, and then the question would shoot up from the mists of sleep: Was it today that Congreve was going?

This particular day she slipped out of bed and dressed with-out waking Joe. She crossed the lane from field to field, mounted the rise, and there, looking out to sea, was Lavinia Peacock. Christina by this time liked her better than any woman she had ever known.

Hitherto she had told Lavinia very little of her troubles, but today she said, "Lavinia, I'm frightened, and I want your ad-

Mrs. Peacock put her hand on Christina's arm. "Don't be frightened. There's never anything to be afraid of. One can stand the very worst. I know.

"I don't know. What I mean is that I don't know anything at all. I seem to have been thrown right out of the schoolroom into a devil of a mess. Even you'd find it a job, I think. And I! I never dreamed I'd have anything more to deal with than

marriage, and now marriage is the least of it. "Well, what is it?" Lavinia Peacock asked.

"Joe's mother means to get rid of me. About a week ago I was told about something that may happen any minute-something that will break her heart and that she'll blame me for. I can't stop it and I can't tell anyone about it."
"Umph!" said Lavinia Peacock. "Don't be afraid, I won't ask

you, I know already. Nothing could be really bad for her except that Joe or Congreve should leave her. It can't be Joe, so it must be Congreve. He's going to London to paint, and he confided in you. Good for him! I'm glad he's going at last. But I quite see—Boadicea will be very unhappy and in the devil of a temper."

Christina said, "Never mind what it is. But tell me about Mrs. Field, I must know. What can she do? What's she going to do?"

Suddenly Lavinia Peacock kissed Christina. "Yes, my dear, you're right, It's serious.

"Why? I've done her no harm, I wanted her to like me. I could have been fond of her.

"The thing that Bessie Field has feared ever since Congreve was born is about to happen to her. I'll try to explain Bessie to you. I don't hate her myself. I never have. Only years ago,

when we first met, I refused to surrender my liberty. I was younger then; I was having the great love experience of my life. I was damned if I was going to have this woman telling me what I should do, whom I should like, how I should behave. I warned her, but she wouldn't listen, so I told her a few things about her husband, her sister and her sons—that she was a bloodsucker, a domestic vampire; that if she didn't let those boys go out into the world away from her they'd soon be no good for anything. Finally, that she was as good as a murderess.

Lavinia Peacock laughed. "Yes, my dear, that was a scene! One winter afternoon in that beastly house. Well, had it been the good old times, she'd have ordered her slaves in and held me down naked over a red-hot fire. I'd touched her on the raw, you see, and quite right, too. Who was she to say I was

too old for a man-

Lavinia Peacock stopped. Her thin bony face was gray against the early January light. "Never mind, That's over. That's dead. But because of that hour I know, Christina, that you've got to take her seriously, I don't say Bessie Field is mad, but I say she could be if you took her boys from her. She isn't a bad woman, but she lives for one thing and one thing alone. It's as though you were saying to her now, 'Bessie Field. I want your heart. Give it me, please."

'But I don't!" Christina cried.

"No. Of course you don't. But it's the same as if you did.
Look! There's young Dewlap. News of our meeting will be at
Scarlatt in half an hour. Rotten luck! Good-by. Let me know a message, somehow.

Once she was out of sight, her words seemed unreal. All the same, Christina thought, what she said is true. Joe's mother has

only one purpose-to be rid of me.

Not that Bessie Field, later in the morning, seemed to have any purpose walking, Snubs at her heel, toward the Tower. She wore her gray bonnet and her gardening gloves. She moved slowly. She had called up to Joe, who had been looking from an upper window: "Come down. I want to speak to you." For something had to be done. The girl had been meeting Lavinia Peacock again, They had had a long conversation. The Dewlap boy had seen them. She herself had been told of it half an hour ago, Lavinia Peacock-her deadliest enemy!

Bessie Field, sauntering along waiting for her son, was conscious for the first time of a nervous throb just above her left evebrow. It was not painful, It was rather like the pressure of a thumb upon the place—a slight ache, a neuralgic twinge, but chiefly a reminder-someone reminding her of something she

must not forget. The pressure was irritating.

Joe joined her. He put his arm through hers. They walked

down to the beach below the Tower.
"I think I'm going to pull the Tower down, darling," Mrs. Field said,

"Mother, of course you're not!"

"No, not really. But I've always hated it so. It's supercilious, conceited, wishes me ill. That reminds me, Joe, you'll have to speak to Christina!"

Joe's face took on that sulky, obstinate mask she knew so well.

The pressure on her temple increased.

"I'll tell you what, Mother," he said, "there's been a lot too much talking. That's my idea. We've been here over two months, and there's been nothing but chatter. Even Simpson's been doing her bit. Why does Simpson hate Christina so?".

"I don't know that Simpson dislikes-

"Oh, yes, you do, Mother." He stared at the sea. Now that his mother had started it, they might as well have the whole thing out. "And there's another thing," he said, "What about Tim Green?"

"Well, what about him?"

Well, what about him. "Christina told me the night of the party that he'd tried to make love to her. I'd have thrashed him, but she pleaded for him—said he was drunk. Then he apologized to me himself." "He hasn't bothered Christina again."

'No. He'd better not." Mrs. Field sighed. "So much of the trouble comes from Chrissheaty. It isn't her fault that she's lovely, but there it is—she does upset people. That will be your trouble, Joe, I'm afraid, for years to come."

'Christina can look after herself."

"Oh, of course she can. She has plenty of character. What she hasn't got is experience. She doesn't understand how other people feel. For example, she's been having confidential conversations with Lavinia Peacock again. They were together this very morning.

"How do you know?" Joe spoke sharply

"The Dewlap boy saw them. He told Curtis." Joe turned toward the sea. At last he spoke thickly. "That's too bad. She promised me she wouldn't."

His mother put her hand on his wrist, drew him round, walked on with him. "No. No. You mustn't be cross with her. She has

every right to make her own friends. But she might be more discreet about it. Getting up early in the morning to have intimate conversations with a woman who hates me, confiding in her, asking her help, in all probability against me-

She broke off, the words choked in her throat. She put her gloved hand to her eyes.

Joe was in a panic. Of everything in the world, he had hated ost to see his mother cry. "Mother! Please, please don't be most to see his mother cry. "Mother! Please, a unhappy. Christina simply didn't realize—"
"I told her, you remember, before them all."

"Yes. I've told her too. I'm afraid she is obstinate about some things. Spoiled at home. Mother—darling Mother!"

She slipped her hand in his. "Oh, Joe, what a dear boy you

are! And mind now"-she threw up her head bravely-"I'm not complaining. Christina is simply young, inexperienced. She doesn't realize how she can hurt. She's tactless, too, in talking so much about leaving here. As a matter of fact, a year or two with me—" She gave a chuckle and pressed Joe's arm. "Isn't that conceited? But I really could help her."

"Of course you could, Mother. You're just what she needs. But don't you worry. Christina may have her ideas, but she won't do anything without me. Don't you worry, darling." He

kissed her.

But later in the afternoon of the same day he did not kiss Christina. "See here, I want to talk,"

"Let's go to the Tower, then."
"Very well."

There was a dusky glow in the Tower. They stood a little apart from each other.
"I'm glad we are going to talk, because this can't go on."

said Christina.

"No, it can't," said Joe. "Mother's very upset because you talked to Lavinia Peacock this morning."
"Oh. That's it!" Christina drew a long breath, "How did

she know?"

"Young Dewlap saw you."

"Well, that's the first thing. Joe, do you know that I'm being watched and followed now wherever I go? If it isn't Curtis, it's

wateried and onlowed now whetever 1 gor 11 it isn't Curtis, it's Simpson, if it isn't Simpson, it's Matty."

"Oh, damn!" Joe cried. "You're getting hysterical. You're behaving like a silly child. You aren't the girl I married."

"I am exactly the same," Christina said quietly. "There's only

one difference. I didn't know when I married you that you were so dreadfully under your mother's influence. If you don't take care, our marriage is going to be completely ruined. That's what your mother wants."

He came closer to her. "If you say that again—

"I do say it again. It's true! Your mother wants to separate us. She shan't. I love you, and I'll fight and fight." Her voice trembled. Then, unexpectedly, she laughed. "What nonsense! As though anything or anyone could separate us!"

Joe said nothing.

Christina went on, "I'm safe in this Tower. When I'm here,

I can see things in proportion. You love me and I love you. Let's start on that as a fact that can't change."
Joe said slowly, "I don't know that it can't. These past weeks something's been happening to me. I can't attend to my work. I'm not sleeping properly, It's all horrible. What you want to quarrel with my mother for-

"I don't want to quarrel with your mother. Why should I? I've done everything I can to make her like me, short of surrendering to her completely."

"Oh, yes, you have, haven't you?" said Joe furiously. "You like her so much that you go out and kiss her worst enemy in

like her so much that you go out and kiss her worst enemy in front of the whole countryside."

"Worst enemy!" Christina said scornfully. "What nonsense! And it isn't that at all. I know now that whatever I did your mother would find it wrong. She's determined to. She was glad Tim tried to assault me on the night of the party. She thought it would make things worse between you and me. Can't you see, Joe? Are you blind?"

"You shan't say that! My mother's not like that. What's happened to you? You say you love me, but you won't do the least thing to please me."

"I won't surrender myself. I won't become just nothing to

please your mother. I won't give you up. Those are the things I won't do. "Very well." He turned toward the door. "I'll manage you. I'm your husband. You'll do what I say from now on." He

I'm your husband. You'll do what I say from now on." He turned back and looked at her. She was unbelievably beautiful, a shadow of gold and gray in the dusk.
"I'm free," she said. "I love you and I'll do anything to please you, but I'll stay free. Whatever your mother does, I'll stay free. And you'll have to let me, Joe, because you love me. If you didn't, it would be easy enough. If we didn't love each other, I'd go away and everything would be settled. But your mother can't separate us. She can't, and you know it."
He stood there looking at her. She thought he was going to come to her and take her in his arms. But he didn't. He opened the door and left the Tower without a word.

opened the door and left the Tower without a word,

Mrs. Field woke up one morning sobbing bitterly, "Don't take him away!" she was sobbing. "Leave him with me, He's all I have!" Dark men wearing masks were dragging Joe in chains

up a black moss-covered hill. At the bottom of the hill his mother wept

Bessie Field's dreams were constant now. Often, as on this particular morning, she would wake crying—lost, desolate, abandoned. Then, before the mists of sleep had quite cleared away, she would fancy that someone, a stranger, was standing in the room saying in a soft voice: "But 1 shouldn't endure it any more if I were you. I shouldn't indeed."

Now she thought of Christina all day long. She could not help it. There was some especial relation between them; they were both intensely aware of it. Yet nothing but kind words

passed between them.

Joe was delighted with their friendliness and congratulated himself upon it. He was more deeply in love with Christina than ever. He clung to her like a child.

During these days she said only one strange thing. One morning she whispered, "Joe."

"Yes, darling, what is it?"
"Yes darling, what is it?"
"This room is in a part of the house all by itself."
He murmured sleepily, "What's that got to do with it?"
"Only—if you went away any time—I shouldn't like it, sleeping all by myself. No one would hear if anything happened."
"What could happen?"

"Oh-nothing."

"Besides," he said, drawing her closer to him, "I'm not going away. If I go, you'll go too.

SHORTLY AFTER this, Joe was looking for some shirts in a drawer in his bedroom when Simpson, thinking no one there, came in. She stepped back when she saw him,

"Oh, beg pardon, Master Joe." He was on his knees. He looked up at her, laughing. Then he sprang to his feet, "No, Wait, I want to speak to you. We haven't had a word together lately, have we?"

"Not many, Master Joe."
"But we're the same friends as ever, aren't we?"

"I hope so, I'm sure."

"You do sound stiff! Anything the matter?"

"Not as I know of, Master Joe." He imitated her. "'Not as I know of, Master Joe.' Then there is something. What is it?"
"Nothing. Nothing at all."
His face sobered. "As a matter of fact, Simmy, there is some-

thing I want to say. Look here, I don't think you're quite as polite to Christina—to my wife—as you might be."

"And what has Mrs. Field been complaining of?"

"She hasn't been complaining of anything. She isn't that kind. Only she's been here some time now, and she thinks you don't like her. She thinks you begrudge doing things for her.' "Oh, she does! I'm sorry for that. I'd only say, Master Joe,

that if there's anything really wrong, your mother's the right person to know of it, It's her orders I obey in this house."

He looked at her. "Here, hold on, Simmy! This isn't like you. We've always been the best of pals. What's the matter?"

Simpson turned to the door. "Things aren't right in this house, Master Joe-not by a long way, they aren't. And if you can't see for yourself, it's not for me to offer advice. But I'll tell you this, and you remember my words. I've served your mother for ten years. There's not her equal in the whole world. It's not pleasant for me to see her suffer, and I don't regard them as make her suffer. make her suffer with liking. That's how I feel. And now I must get on with my work."

She went. After she was gone he stood looking out the window. Well, there was a funny woman! She was right about his mother. She was a wonderful woman, but Christina was wonderful in her way, too. Only she was young and beautiful, and old virgins like Simpson were jealous of young and beautiful girls like Christina, Christina had been right when she had said there were too many women in this house. Things weren't right in the place, although Christina and his mother had settled down! He knew for the first time an impulse toward escape.

It was at the beginning of the second week in February that the weather changed. Mrs. Field, going one morning down into the garden, found that the garden beds near the sea wall were powdered with sand. There were primroses like fragments of pale wash leather in the wall's shelter. Looking over the wall across the deserted beach, Mrs. Field saw that on the horizon the sea was still, but that nearer the shore it was gray-green with little flurried white-topped waves like excited birds.

There came a moment then in Bessie Field's consciousness when she had an extraordinary experience, almost a revelation. It was as though someone said in her ear: "Now, make your choice. Are you going forward or not? Now, Bessie Field, you are seeing things as they are. That huddled brown snake on the shingle, ready to raise its head, is a wisp of seaweed as you perfectly well know. Will you still see it as seaweed or will the snake suddenly raise its head?

You lean against this sea wall. Your breasts are pressed by the hard stone. Shall it remain to you a stone wall, or will you lift a stone from it that will be as light as a puff of powder?

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You know that for weeks, now, you have been hurrying as though driven by the wind. Will you continue yet further, entering this new dangerous country in which you will be the only inhabitant-lonely, restless, frightened; the country where seaweed is a snake, hard stone baking powder? You are not there yet. Must you enter it?'

It was a moment of extraordinary revelation. For weeks she had been nervous, restless, suffering from headaches, angry without cause. She had a moment of the clearest reason. Why had she been unhappy and restless? Simply because she thought she was losing her sons. But she wasn't losing them if they loved her. Mothers all the world over surrendered their sons. And the more they surrendered them, the more they recovered them. Your last chance, Bessie Field! The seaweed lies on the sand, brown and dark-but no snake is there yet.

She stared over the top of the wall. A moment of real terror seized her. What threatened her? Why was her brain hot and tangled. "I want to be as I am!" her soul whispered. "No anger. No hatred. Not this hot brain, this throbbing pulse, this beating heart. What is this ahead of me over the sea wall? On the beach ever so faintly the seaweed moves. It is about to raise its head . . . Oh, let me alone! Let me stay safely on this side of the wall!"

She turned and saw Congreve coming toward her. The mo-

ment was over.

"Hello, Mother!" He bent and kissed her.

She looked at him anxiously. She could see that he was uneasy. Why was he not painting this morning?

"Not painting, darling?"

"No. I've taken a morning off. It looks like a storm coming up." She put her hand through his arm, "Come to the house -I've things to do." He bent and kissed her cheek.

ling, what a rotter of a son I've always been!"

She smiled. She was suddenly happy with a tingling, burning happiness, "Nonsense! No one ever had better sons.

He stared into her eyes. "I've done nothing with my life. Tried to paint

Tried to paint—"
"Oh, well, if it's made you happy."
"That's what you care most about—that I should be happy?
Then you wouldn't—" His voice was shaking.
She looked at him with concern. "What is it, Congreve?
Something is worrying you. There's nothing wrong, is there?"
He didn't answer. He looked out to sea. Then, as though with
"He want on "Remember." a great effort: "No. Nothing wrong." He went on, "Remember.

though, I do love you. Whatever happens, I do love you.

They walked into the garden together.
"That's all I want," she said happily. "That you and Joe should love me; that we should be together." Her voice trembled. "Without you I don't know what I'd do, I think I should die." Then, as they turned toward his studio she added, laughing, "And that's enough sentimental talk for one day!

After luncheon she went up to her room, took up a book, settled herself in an armchair, and was asleep almost at once. Lying there, her hands folded, she looked like a gentle old lady.

happily content and quiescent.

Someone was knocking on the door. She awoke with a start. "Come in," she said. Curtis, the gardener, opened the door and stood there, em-

barrassed. "Why, Curtis, what is it?"

He came toward her, holding a letter in his soil-grimed hand. "Excuse me, Mrs. Field. This letter-it's Mr. Congreve. He gave it to me just before he went off in the car. He asked me not to give it you until he'd been gone an hour. He had his baggage with him."

Ther heart was beating so frantically that she saw three Curtises. In a voice that seemed to come from another part of the room she said: "Thank you, That will be all." Then she read the letter Congreve had written.

Darling Mother:

Darling Mother:

T've gone to London to paint. I know how badly I'm behaving, leaving you like this without a word. I've been trying for weeks to tell you but I simply haven't had the courage. Even this morning I tried, I'm too much of a coward; too afraid of seeing you unhappy. There's really nothing else I could do. You see, ever since Christina came I've had a new sense about my painting. It's been like a new life in me. Not that she's had anything to do with it, in a way. I'm not in the least in love with her. But if you're an artist, to look at her makes you think that you can make something beautiful.

artist, to look at her makes you think that you can make something beautiful. I had lost hope. Because I didn't want to hurt you, I didn't tell you that I knew as long as I stayed here I'd never do anything creative. I must go to London—to study

I've told you all this because I want you to understand, and after a time perhaps you will see it's the best thing that could happen. Your son who was dead is alive. When I've got on a bit you'll come up and stay with me, won't you?

We'll have a wonderful time. I'm miserable because of you but happy because of myself. You'd rather have a son you can be proud of, wouldn't you, Mother?

Write to me and tell me you're not angry or unhappy. Write to me in care of Frank Ainger, 10 Hallam Street, Portland Place, W. Your devoted son Congress.

Your devoted son, Congreve

On the morning after Congreve's departure Joe and Christina

awoke very early "This is terrible," Joe said. He took Christina into his arms.

"But you knew—and you didn't tell me."
She lay against him. "Someone was in this room last night about one this morning. Someone brushed against a chairwoman, I think your mother, Isn't there a lock on our door?"
"I don't think there is, Matter of fact, I don't think there are

locks on any of the doors except the bathroom. The house is sadly neglected. But what did Congreve tell you?"

"That I'd inspired him to be a real painter, and that the urge was so strong he had to go to London. I said he mustn't go; that his mother would never get over it."
"And he?"

"That he loved his mother but didn't care whom he hurt.
I'd already sworn not to tell a soul."
"You should have told me."

"And if I had, what would you have done?"

"Told him that he must tell Mother, or I would."

"What good would that have done?"

"It would have prevented him from going away without saying a word to Mother. That's what Simpson said he did. Left a letter with Curtis." He sat up and whistled in dismay. "Oh, Lord, I hope he said nothing in that letter about its being your influence that sent him to London.

Christina stared into the darkness. "Who was that last night? Joe, we've got to have a key to this room." She added, "Your mother would know it was my fault even though Congreve

didn't mention it."

"But it isn't your fault!" Joe said indignantly. "None of it is your fault, as far as Connie goes, And why shouldn't he go to London to paint?" Joe, who arrived at ideas slowly, now had a real question to ask. "What's it all about, anyway? I marry; Connie tries to be a painter. Why should Mother make a fuss? Thousands of sons are leaving thousands of mothers every day. That's what sons are for. Why should this be different?"

Christina kissed his cheek, "Joe, you're growing. You wouldn't have asked that question two months ago. This situation is not quite ordinary because your mother is not quite ordinary. I've told you about it before. She's always been domineering, excitable, obsessed. Such women are dangerous. I've taken you away.

Congreve is gone. There's nothing left for her.

As she said the words, she knew she had for the moment lost Joe. It was as though Mrs. Field had moved up to them through the darkness and taken him in her arms. He was sitting up, staring before him, unaware that Christina was there.
"By Jove!" Joe said. "It's a damned shame. That's what it

is—a damned shame. Connie went off without a word to her-just the sort of egoistic swine he is. Not a word. Poor Old Lady! Well, I'll be good to her. I'll make up to her for everything. She shan't feel lonely, We must make it up to her, Christina."
"Yes," Christina murmured. "We must both make it up to

"At any rate," Joe added, "that puts an end to our going off for a week or two. We can't go now and leave the Old Lady. Of course not. Of course . . ." He curled up, lying down again,

and was asleep in a moment.

Christina lay gazing without cowardice into the world that she must now face. If Mrs. Field had hated her before, it was nothing to the way in which Mrs. Field would hate her now. And Mrs. Field would do something about it. What would she do? And what could Christina do to protect herself?

THE CAPTAIN Was really going this time! It was the day before his departure. He was a little drunk, He knelt in the Tower and bade it farewell.

"I'm finished, I can't live without her—or you. I'll go and say good-by to the Old Lady."

He found her in her room, sitting in her armchair, Snubs at her feet, a fire burning brightly. She was staring in front of her. He stood in the doorway looking at her. She was far away in her thoughts, motionless except for her fingers which twisted and untwisted on her lap.

"May I come in?" he asked. She looked at him. "Tim, you're getting fat," she said.

"I know I am." He sank heavily into the other armchair. "I'm a little drunk, too, But I've come to bid you farewell. "How often you've done that before!" she said.

"Yes. But this time it's true. I'm off tomorrow. I've come to say good-by, Bessie, to thank you for all you've done for me and to speak my mind a little."

"We shall miss you, Tim," she said.
"No. Will you?" He stared at her. "Things are sort of breaking up here, aren't they? And when I came, over six months back, they seemed as settled as settled. You know, when I came here for a night or two I hadn't the slightest idea that I was going to stay. You hadn't, either.

"No, I must confess I hadn't," she admitted.

"You just swallowed me up and enjoyed it. There was still some hope that I might do something with my life before I came here. But what with you and good liquor, I'm finished."
"That's right," she said. "Blame everyone but yourself."
"Oh, I blame myself. If I didn't blame myself so much I

might pick up and start life again. But what I really want to know is why you took such trouble over me? What fun was it for you to drain me of all vitality, to make me run your messages, to swallow me up and chew me?"
Bessie Field said, "Really, Tim, what language!"

OH, WELL, I understand it, I suppose. All your life you've wanted to possess everyone who has come here, and even I was worth trying your hand on. Congreve's departure was a blow to you, wasn't it?"

He looked at her intently. He lowered his voice.
"Now, tell me. Mind you, I know all about you, I'm the only one who does. So tell me. Congreve's going hit you right between the ribs, Old Lady, didn't it? Got you right in the heart, You'll never get over it-never to your dying day! Both your sons!"

He stopped, surprised at the change in her. He had been saving up a long time for these final speeches of his: he bore her a bitter grudge. But he hadn't expected this. Her face was puckered and down her cheeks shining tears were rolling.

"Here," he said roughly, "I don't want to be too hard on you. You haven't lost your sons if you behave like an ordinary human being. Go to see Congreve in London, You'll have a grand time. And let Christina and Joe go away by themselves for a week or two. They'll come back ready for anything. Come on! It isn't so tragic, Lots of mothers see their sons marry pretty girls and are glad of it." He paused. "I guess it's too late," he murmured. "You're past that. You're done for."

The tears stayed on her cheeks, but she spoke in a controlled voice. "You think you know me, Tim. You know nothing at all—nothing of what I am; nothing of what my life with my boys was until Joe brought that girl here, Our life was the most

beautiful thing in the world-perfect.

He said brutally, "Beautiful! Perfect! The hell it was! It was as beautiful and perfect as a boa constrictor swallowing a pair of rabbits. Perfect for the boa, yes! You're suffering hell now, aren't you? You're just mad with hurt pride and malice and self-pity! You nearly crushed the life out of those two sons of yours. Now you've lost them, and I'm drunk enough to tell you I'm glad of it!

He stopped. Now there was a strange silence. He looked at her intently.

"By heaven!" he said in an awed whisper. "I don't believe

she's heard a word I've been saying."
"Tim," she said softly, nodding her head as though they had just agreed on something. "She's wicked—a wicked woman. If she hadn't those looks, you'd all see it. She's evil, and if

there was a God, He'd punish her. As there isn't

there was a cool, ne a paintail net. As succe and shook her by the shoulder. "Look here! You're not to harm her, do you undershoulder. Look never you to how to harm het, do you musca-stand? She's a sweet child—kind, generous, plucky. And don't think you can separate Joe and her. You never will. That's real love, that is. I know! Don't you touch her," he repeated. "She's out of your reach and you know it."

She shook her finger at him. "Ah, the things I know! Wouldn't you like to guess what they are?" She got up. "Now, Timothy Green, go along—and let me manage my own affairs. Joe and Congreve are my sons, you know, not yours!"

The day before the captain's departure was a Friday. On the afternoon of that day Christina made an experiment. The clock in the drawing room had just struck three. She was alone there. The afternoon was oppressive and she could hear a faint, distant rumbling of thunder. The house was so deeply silent it seemed to Christina to be holding its breath for the coming storm. The human world was dead. But was it?

That was what she suddenly determined to discover. She walked softly into the hall and started up the stairs. She had reached the bend by the stained-glass window when she heard a door open. There was no one to be seen. She took another two steps, and now was hidden from anyone in the hall. The door to the kitchen opened and Molly the parlormaid came out.

Christina turned back down the stairs. "Well, Molly," she said. "what is it?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I was looking for Mrs. Field." Opening on to the first floor to the right of the stairs was a room known as the library. Very dreary this place was, burdened with hundreds of old books collected by Archer's grandfather. Here, in a shabby chair, Christina rested,

What craziness possessed her? She realized suddenly that for weeks she had been at the edge of her endurance, beating

back phantasmal fears.

She was aware that the door handle was being turned. The

light was a half light, but she could see that the handle of the door was turned twice. The door did not open, however

She staved there without moving. At last she walked to the door, opened it softly and looked out. No one was there. She walked on down the passage, turned a corner toward a small staircase that came up from the kitchen quarters and waited. Someone was coming down the passage very quietly. She turned back into the main passage and confronted Simpson.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," Simpson said "You have been following me." Christina felt a tempestuous

"Of course not, ma'am. I have better things to do."
Christina said quietly, "Yes, I should have thought you would have.'

She walked past her and down into the hall.

She went into the garden and there, coming toward the house, was the captain. She caught his arm. "Oh," she said, "I'm so glad it's you."

Why—who did you think it was?"

"I don't know. It's absurd. I'm nervous. Oh, Tim, I wish you weren't going. I've only got Joe left now. Must you go? Stay a little while." Her hand was trembling. He took it in his.

"I've got to go. Should have gone long ago. Come down to the beach for a moment. I want to talk to you, It's allowable," he said—"the last time. And I'm sober as hell."

"Is hell sober?" she said, laughing hysterically. "Of course
I'll come. Where's Joe? Why is he out all day? It isn't fair."
"What's the matter? Has anything upset you?"

"No. No. It's nothing. Let's go down to the beach—away from this beastly house.

They went through the garden and on to the beach. They stood there in the gathering dark, hand in hand.

"There's a whacking storm coming." Even as he spoke, she felt a plop of rain strike her forehead. "It won't really rain yet." He moved away, letting go of her hand. "We can talk here. You never know who's listening in the house." She drew a deep breath. "Do you know what, Tim? They're

following me. I tested it just now and caught Simpson tracking

me. I accused her of it." "And what did she say?"

"Oh, she denied it, of course."

"Pity you charged her with it."

"But why are they doing it? What harm have I done?"

PLENTY. YOU'VE robbed Boadicea of her children, and she's off her head over it. She thinks you're so wicked it would be a noble act to rid the world of you."

Christina shivered. "It's not my fault!"

"No. It's hers for being so greedy. You're all right so long as Joe's here, But persuade him to take you away for a belated honeymoon as soon as you can. Bessie Field isn't sane just now and seeing you every day aggravates her insanity. Honestly, she'd like to do you a mischief—spoil your beauty or harm you in some way. She's done what she wanted all her life and had what she wanted. For the first time she's been checked—by you. Greed—that's what's killed her—just as it has me."
"Why, what have you been greedy of?" asked Christina,

"Drink. Women, Taking what I wanted without paying for it. You've got to pay the price for everything. Bound to happen. You blame chance, fate, God, But it's yourself.'

He put his arm around her and kissed her. She didn't move

away "But there, I wasn't intending to preach. This is the last time

you and I will ever talk together "Why, what nonsense, Tim!" she laughed. "There'll be lots

of other times."
"No," he said, "It's true what I say. This is the last time.

I'm off, you know.'
"Off! Where?"

"Oh, abroad. Kenya with my brother, perhaps. Who knows? Anyway, I won't be seeing you again, and that's why I kissed you, I mean every word I'm saying.

"And why shouldn't you kiss me? Joe wouldn't mind."

"It wouldn't be a good habit, all the same," the captain answered. "And I'll tell you why—and this is the last time, too. It wouldn't be a good habit because I loved you the first time I set eyes on you. I've told you that drunk, and I'm telling you sober. Real love, with everything in it. I've never loved a woman before in community. before in every way—and now I've found her, she's married to my best friend, and I'm finished. But that's what comes to you when you haven't earned your keep on this earth; when you've cheated as I have."

"Aren't you being a bit sentimental, Tim?" Christina asked. "Taking pleasure in glooming over yourself? You've been here with nothing to do; you've been idle. And you fancy you're in love with me. But it will all look different when you're away with your brother. When you're on a ship again or doing a job in Kenya or somewhere, then your life here will seem to you very unimportant.'

He kissed her again. "You're sweet. But what I really wanted to say to you, my darling, is that you've got the grandest luckyou and Joe love each other as people should love, and it's going

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to last. I know Joe, and he's grand. He's honest and kind. His mother's done her best to destroy him, and she might have done it if you hadn't come along. But he's safe now, safe with the sweetest, lovellest child in the world. Here's my blessing." He kissed her for a third time. "And now, go on in and Til be seeing you at dinnertime, maybe."
"Of course you will." She kissed his cheek, which was cold.

"Come on. We'll go in together.

"No. Run along. I'll stay here a bit. Joe will be back by now."
"So he will." All her fears were forgotten, and she went up through the dark garden thinking of Joe,

The captain walked up and down the shore for a while. The rain came faster. He stood looking out at the sea

Then he took a small revolver out of his coat pocket and shot himself through the heart.

They found the captain's body on the beach late that same night. Afterwards they discovered in the pocket of his coat this letter to Joe:

Dear Joe:

It seems very bad manners to put an end to my disap-pointing history here, where I've had so much kind hos-pitality. I can't do anything else, however. It's simply my

final weakness

pitality. I can'f do anything else, however. It's simply my final weakness.

I'm writing this in my room before I go down to the beach for the last whimper and exit. The sea, the Tower—these have been my happiness here. Sometimes I've thought I might go on with them away from here and so reach some sort of achievement again. But no. Christina showed me that wasn't to be. At the first sight of her, I knew what real love is. Seeing her, I realized what I'd missed all my life, what I never now can have, and so I'm going for good. So good-by, dear Joe. Another thing that makes this muddle impossible for me is that I've been fonder of you than of any man I've known—and you're married to Christina. You love each other truly.

One thing more. Don't force Christina to live with your mother too long. Your mother's a remarkable woman, but she isn't quite sane on the subject of you and Congreve. She's had her own way always until Christina came. She blames Christina for the change. Remember, your wife comes first always—always and always.

Funny, my saying that! My wife would laugh if she could see it! But I've added everything up wrong all my life.

So God bless you both. If you ever think of me remember me as a man who found his mess of pottage a poor deal.

Yours ever.

There was the inquest, and there was the funeral. Evidence was given that the captain had been unhappy and dissatisfied. His marriage had been a failure. He had no private means. Christina told simply the story of her last conversation with him. 'I didn't know, of course, that he had anything of the sort

in his mind. I see now that many of the things he said had a hidden meaning.'

The coroner read privately the captain's letter to Joe. There was no need, he said, that it be read publicly. It was a letter concerning private matters. There was no doubt at all but that Captain Green had taken his own life while temporarily insane.

And now, Bessie Field, how are you feeling about it, sitting there so straight? Very proud, she's feeling, and with reason, for she has two worlds now to balance in her clever hands, and it isn't everyone who can manage that. Her hands are forever restless as she tosses first one golden ball, then the other into

But her eyes don't follow the balls as they rise and fall. No. Her eyes are too clever for that. They gaze mildly, observingly, into that world which now, as she knows so well, is only a mockery and a sham playing at being real.

"Poor Tim! He was his own worst enemy." She looks around and smiles. "Congreve has written. He would have been down for

the funeral if there had been time.'

Yes, she looks around and smiles, even on that wicked murderess who has destroyed her sons and killed her friend. (Ah, here for a brief moment the two worlds intermingle.)

Now she moves suddenly away from this play-acting into reality. In the real world there is a drum beating, or is it the nerve, the stupid irritating nerve in her temple? And standing quite close to her is her father. She had been surprised when he had so unexpectedly appeared standing beside her bed and saying in the jolly husky voice she had so dearly loved: "I've come to help you, Bessie."

Of course she had been surprised, but very quickly she had become accustomed to his presence. Always now he was at her side, and sometimes she could see through him to shining red coals in the dying fire. The other persons in her real world were Simpson and Snubs. Simpson sometimes raised her arms and, like a waterspout, would reach to the ceiling. Then from the roof these words would come: "Spoil her beauty! Spoil her beauty! Spoil her beauty!"

What fools they all were-Archer, Matty, Joe and the rest-

not to perceive which was the real world and which the false! But as they did not—why, then, she, Bessie Field, must continue

to take them in. So she was careful, very careful.

Years ago someone returning from the East had given her a Chinese doll-a doll with a headdress of silver wire, a shining pink face, a stiff dress of rose-and-gold brocade. For many a day this doll had sat on the bookcase near the window, dangling its stiff white legs and crimson shoes. One day she picked up the doll. She sat down, nursing it in her lap. Only Matty was

"Why, Bessle, what do you want with that doll?"

"It's pretty, isn't it?" said Bessie, "I'm going to my room now."

"I'll come with you for a little talk."

She got up. It was all she could do not to slap Matty, "I'm quite all right, thank you." She marched out of the room, nursing the doll.

In the privacy of her own room only one world existed, No one was with her save her father. She could relax from all that play-acting. She sat down, giving a little sigh of pleasure.

Her heart hammered, and her temples throbbed.

On the table beside her was her workbox. She opened it, and there on a tray lay a multitude of pins. She stood the doll up, facing her, on her knees. She took a pin from the box and drove it into the pink waxen face. Fragments of the wax fell to her lap. She began to tremble. She found another pin and drove it into the other cheek. She heard the doll cry out in agony.

Then, in a frenzy, she picked up more pins and more. She drove them into the eyes, the mouth, the neck. Then through the body, the arms, the legs. She pulled at the thin neck. The head fell on her lap. Sawdust scattered, dry and feathery on her hands. She lay back, exhausted with her triumph.

Lwo mornings later everyone was wakened early by the wind. The storm had risen during the night, and now the waves were thundering up the beach and crashing against the Tower, About ten Joe knocked on his mother's door.

"Come in," she said. She was reading the morning post. The room had been done, but Simpson was there arranging some

things in a drawer.

"Mother, I've had a letter from Tim's brother, the one back from Kenya. He's in Polchester and he wants me to tell him about Tim. He's at the Bull, I've wired him that I'll see him this afternoon. I'll motor in and be back probably tonight. Of course," he added, "it might happen I shan't be back till the morning. I may not see him till this evening,

Mrs. Field said, "Will you take Christina with you?"
"Of course not."

Coming downstairs to his own office, he saw Christina standing there looking across the garden toward the sea. He kissed her and put his arm around her, "I've got to drive to Polchester. Tim's brother is there from Drymouth and wants to see me."

She said quickly, "I'm coming too."

"No, Chris darling. There's no point. I shall simply see Green for an hour and come straight back."

"You will be back this evening?"

"Yes. In all probability, I may be kept if I don't catch him this afternoon. I've sent a wire."
"Oh, no, no!" She caught his arm. "If you're going to stay the night I'm coming too."

"But I shan't stay the night—at least, it's unlikely."

"No, but there's a chance. I've got to come with you. Please, please, Joe. I must."

please, Joe. I must.

He laughed, patting her cheek, "Well, you're not coming, baby—see? It would only bore you."

She was half hysterical. "Joe, I've got to come! It isn't safe,

leaving me here. Don't you see it isn't safe?"

But he liked her least in her schoolgirl hysterical mood, so he walked toward the door. "Sorry, Chris, I'm not taking you."
Then he relented, came back and took her in his arms.
At last she said: "All right. Go along. I can see the car's

there.'

He said, "Honestly, darling, this is better. Amuse yourself. I'll be back about seven.

After the car had driven off she came back into the hall. The wind shrieked down the staircase and tore at the windows, but the noise of the sea was like the warning thunder of a thousand drums.

At tea there were present only Matty and Christina. The storm was at its height, and Christina could see across the corner of the window to the sea wall of the Tower. The waves, like flat-hooded cobras, rose to the length of the wall: then, as though a gun were fired in the heart of the thick spumy spray, a lacework of white-feathered water fanned the dark air; a silence of suspense followed, while echoing distant guns fired repeatedly down the stretch of sand.

Will the storm go on all night?" she asked Matty.

"I shouldn't wonder. It often does."

Christina came close to Matty as though she were about to 164

confide some secret, but all she said was: "Matty, my door, our door—Joe's and mine—hasn't a key. Where do you think it is?"

"A key? Oh, I expect Bessie has it somewhere. Or Simpson may have it. Ask her." As Christina didn't reply, she added, 'But what do you want a key for, dear?'

"In case Joe doesn't come back from Polchester, I shall be

all alone. I haven't slept alone in this house before."
"Just fancy!" Matty broke into laughter. "Tve slept alone in this house for more than twenty years, think of that." Her face grew grave. She sighed. "Christina, I'm worried about Bessie,

Archer is too."

"What do you think is the matter?"

"I don't know, I only wish I did. Bessie's been very strange lately. So restless; talking to herself, and not listening when you speak to her, Archer and I are dreadfully worried."
"Don't you hear a car?" Christina said, She jumped up and

opened the window to listen,

"I expect." Matty said, "Joe will stay the night in Polchester such a stormy night.

"Oh, no, he mustn't!" Christina cried. "He said he'd come back. He promised!"

"Why, Christina!" said Matty. "Sometimes you're just a baby, really you are."

The door opened. They both turned. Bessie Field stood looking at them. "Has Joe come back?" she asked. "Why, no, dear," Matty said, going toward her. "And I don't suppose he will, now. He won't like driving in the dark in this dreadful weather.

But Bessie Field was gone. The door had been closed as softly as it had been opened. Matty followed her.

Christina stood staring at the window. Darkness was falling

fast. In any case, she could see little, for rain was lashing the windows and beating the glass, Christina had now only one thought: Joe must come back. He must! He had promised.

She went out through the hall doorway to the porch, She found a corner where she was sheltered from the storm. The wind tore at her dress, but the rain was driving the other way. The noise was terrific, but it was an immense relief from the silence of that hateful house. She could see nothing, but she knew exactly where the Tower stood, strong, confident

She knew then, in a moment of revelation, what the Tower had done for her. It had given her a sense of true proportion. This moment of experience, however unpleasant it might be, was a small thing in the whole long discipline of experience. You must grow old, take all life into account, be toughened by assault. Thus only could you be made into a true Tower worthy to be called a Tower. Now she felt better; she was stiffened, more courageous; she was not the baby Matty had

Somewhere a clock struck six. The rain started to drive in upon her. She went back into the house.

While she was dressing for dinner she turned on all the electric lights. Things lay about the room so innocently that she was reassured. On the little table by the bed was her own New Testament that her mother had given her. Close beside it, lying open, was the novel Joe had been reading.

On the dressing table was a photograph of Joe—head and shoulders. Dear Joe! Dear, darling, darling Joe! She picked it up and kissed it and held it to her breast like any silly schoolgirl. Standing now in front of the glass staring at herself, she seemed to reach a deeper consciousness of her love for Joe than she had ever done before.

It was, after all, her first night away from him since their marriage. She was almost certain now that she was going to have a child. And this awareness added a new maternity to her love for him, almost as though the child she was going to bear were Joe himself.

She went to the window and listened to the rain that was

now only a steady beat. The kindly light shone in the room; familiar things lay about. There was surely nothing to fear. She knelt down and prayed. "Oh, God, be near me and Joe. We love each other so much, and now for the first time are separated. I am going to have his child. Keep us all three from the perils of the night." She said the words aloud as she had been taught to do as a child.

She went down to dinner feeling equipped to face all the terrors of this world and the next. But when she was alone with Matty in the dining room, with Simpson serving them, her fears returned. "Where's Archer?" she asked.

"He insists on having something to eat with Bessie."

They spoke scarcely at all, It was plain that Matty was greatly distressed. About ten, she said she would go to bed. The clock in the drawing room was striking half past ten when Christina went up to her room.

The strange thing was that it was no longer reassuring, as it had been before dinner. She switched on all the lights and stood there listening with added alarm to the beating of her own heart. The rain was still driving against the curtained windows, and a little wind, like a crying child, could be heard now here, now there. The room was warm. There was a blazing

Christina put on her dressing gown and sat down to brush

her hair. Her hands trembled so that she could scarcely hold the brushes. Oh, Joe, she thought, why didn't you come? She must go to bed and sleep; the morning would be there in an instant, and then Joe in his car.

She switched off the light by the door. There were only two lights now: one over the dressing table, the other on the table by the bed. The brilliant firelight made the room alive. Oh, why had she not insisted on a key for the door? Now it was too late. There was nothing to push against it. The chairs, the table, were too light. But she would hear if someone came in.

Half ashamed of her cowardice, she carried one of the chairs to the door. No one could turn the handle without its rasping against the chair back. Then she turned out the light above the dressing table, climbed into bed, switched off the light in the copper stand on the table. She heard the wind's thin, pitiful cry behind the wainscot, then instantly was asleep.

Dearest Joe:

Three months after the event I am going to attempt an exact account of it. From the moment we drove away from Scarlatt on the day following until now, you have never asked me a single question—which is, I think, very wonderful of you.

Now when I'm alone here, except for dear Lavinia—while you are at Scarlatt—is a fine time for me to write this. I miss you most childishly and even though I am sorry for your mother and know she can never do me any harm again, the wickedness that is in me hates that you should be alone with her. And yet it is right that you should be! You must do everything you can for her, and so must I. When I think of her state, then my own self-reproaches begin. I am the sinner! I am the criminal!

Was I wrong in my behavior from the beginning? I easily might have been. When I went to Scarlatt, I was as simple and ignorant a girl as you could find. I knew only one thing, really—that I loved you. And with that, I knew I'd fight for you with tooth and claw.

Before Congreve told me he was going to London, I was terrified of Mrs. Field and Simpson. Yes, terrified. When he ran away to London, I was more terrified. Then poor Tim shot himself. After that I seemed to be so dreadfully alone.

A funny change came over your mother at this time. It was as though she were leading a double life. She was acting for all that she was worth. Poor Matty and Archer were dreadfully puzzled. They went about frightened and miserable.

So I come to the day itself and to that awful moment when you told me that you had to go to Polchester. I let you go. But from the moment of your departure I thought of nothing but your return.

I had dinner alone with Matty. I went up to bed just as half past ten was striking. I could feel the storm shaking the house. I thought of the Tower that nothing-could shake. I said my prayers, and then, very childishly, put a chair against the door. I went to bed and almost at once was asleep.

woke suppenly and knew that some noise had awakened me. I stared at the door.

The chair had been pushed over, and side by side, staring across the room at me, were Mrs. Field and Simpson.

Joe! Joe! Joe! I cry your name out now, all these months after, as in a kind of whisper I repeated it then. My heart jumped into my throat and stayed there, a heavy choking lump. The two women neither spoke nor moved. Mrs. Field was dressed in a black silk wrap with gold dragons on it. Simpson, her hair in a gray bun, wore a yellow flannel dress-

They stood there, as I say, without moving, and looking across at the bed. I remember I thought to myself, So it really has happened! I wasn't wrong, after all!

I raised myself on my elbow and asked: "What's the mat-

ter? Is something wrong? Is there anything I can do?'

Your mother came forward then almost to the bed. She never took her eyes off me for a single moment. We stared at each other, she so close to the bed now that her hand moved restlessly on the quilt.

At last I said, "What is it? What have you come here for?"

She said, "I have come to punish you because you are a wicked woman.

"I'm not wicked," I said. "I've done no harm."

She turned her head slightly and said, "She is wicked, isn't she, Father? You know all I've told you about her."

"Please leave this room," I said. "It's my room and Joe's."

"Oh, no, it isn't," your mother replied. "It's my house and my room! You've no right here. You have driven my son away and killed my friend, the poor captain. You're a murderess, and there's no knowing what harm you'll do if we let you go on. You've bewitched my poor son and turned him away from his mother.'

Her eyes stared into mine pitifully as though she were asking me to help her. At that moment I was dreadfully sorry for her. I even put out my hand and touched hers.

A Cosmopolitan Complete Book length Novel

"Go back to bed," I said. "We'll talk about it in the morning. If I've done any harm, I'm sorry. I certainly didn't mean to. I've always wanted you to like me.

Her hand closed on mine with a grip like a vise, and I gave a cry. I pushed at her with my other hand so that she let go and stumbled back. At the same moment Simpson came forward.

I cried out, "Get out of my room, both of you! Clear out."

I was so furious I forgot to be frightened. Anyway, Simpson said something like, "You harm a single hair of her head and I'll show you!

Meanwhile my brain was active. I knew that this was deadly serious. Matty and Archer and the other servants slept in the other wing. Not a soul could hear us. The thing for me to do was to slip out of bed and get to the door. Once out of the door, I could run to Matty's room and be safe. Could I surprise them both and get to the door? I made a movement and was on my feet on the other side of the bed from them.

Mrs. Field looked at me and then filthy and obseene words poured from her, "You little slut, with your good looks that set men crazy. Oh, you know all about them, You know how to lure them on. A prostitute, that's what you are-a girl from the streets. But we're going to spoil your beauty, aren't we, Father? That's what we agreed, that we'd come and spoil your beauty. Men won't kill themselves for wanting you when we've finished with you, Father and I. Look at her, Father, in her blue pajamas. We'll strip her blue pajamas off her, won't we, Father, and spoil her beauty so that men will turn their heads away?" And a lot more.

While she talked, I was thinking of the door. How could I get there without a struggle with Simpson? The distance seemed infinite. I took two or three steps forward, and Simpson

went to the door and stood with her back to it. I walked toward her. Then everything happened very quickly. "Simpson," I said, "Mrs. Field isn't well. She doesn't know what she's doing. Take her back to her room."

Simpson said not a word.

'Get away from that door!" She didn't move and she didn't speak.

Then I threw myself at her. I meant, I think, simply to push her away from the door, but what actually happened was that I caught the shoulder of her dressing gown and instinctively caught her round the neck.

The moment I touched her all her loathing of me rose up in her in a hot flood. She shook her neck free, tore the pajama jacket from my body, and dragged me toward Mrs. Field and the fire.

I'm pretty strong, but I was nothing to Simpson. I pulled at her neck, struck at her cheek. I wasn't afraid yet. I caught her round the waist, and we swayed together.

I don't know what Mrs. Field was doing at that moment. I am confused in my memory at that point, but I do remember Simpson scratching my cheek with her nails.

It was then that I was aware of the fire. It was now a glowing bank of radiant heat. I was naked and it suddenly struck my back as though it leaped at me. At that instant we tumbled to the floor. Simpson was pressing me down, but I held her neck with my hands. I tugged her toward me.

She tried to shake her head free. Her hands were on my chest. My head was free, and I was able to raise it a little. Then I saw an awful thing. Mrs. Field had got the end of one of the fire irons red-hot! She was holding it by its red leather handle.

Then I was frightened. Strength flowed from me like water. I screamed, I think, I know that with a last frenzy of energy I tried to push Simpson away.

Mrs. Field was quite close. (Remember, Joe, she hadn't the slightest notion of what she was doing.) She fell to her knees. I heard her whisper, "Hold her, Simpson. Hold her, Father. We'll spoil her beauty."

The thing waved in her hand like something alive, I cried out again and again.

Then-Mrs. Field turned toward the fireplace. The fire iron clattered into the grate. Suddenly she began to cry as though her heart were broken,

She cried, "I can't, I can't, I'm lost, It's dark, It's dark."

At the sound of that cry Simpson left me. She rushed over to Mrs. Field, caught her, rocked her in her arms, whispering, "There, there, don't cry. It's all right. No one's going to hurt you. You're safe. Don't cry. Don't cry."

Mrs. Field sobbed, and words came strangled from her throat, "Congreve, I want Congreve. Where's Congreve?"

Simpson rose and, putting her arm round Mrs. Field, led her to the door. They went out. I walked over to my bed and lay there. Then I too began to

cry. It was for your mother I was crying.

There, Joe, is a truthful account of what happened. I'm glad you're with her now. I hope that later, when our child is born, I'll be able to go to her too. Christina

Joe Field drove through the Scarlatt gates about ten-thirty of the following morning.

He stopped his car, got out and looked about him. His first impulse had been to enter the house quickly, find Christina and demand her forgiveness. He should have returned the previous night, but he would tell her everything.

He ran into the house. There were some letters on the hall table, one for himself. He picked it up and mounted the

When he pushed back the bedroom door he cried out with relief, "Oh, thank God!" for there was Christina standing by the window. He noticed at once that there was a long scratch on her cheek

He caught her in his arms, kissed her again and again. Then his heart lurched, tapped and paused. She was like a dummy with a forehead as cold as wax. She made no response at all. with a forenead as cold as wax. She made no response at all, but when he let her go she sat down on the bed. "What's happened?" he asked. "Are you so angry with me? I couldn't come last night." He sat on the bed beside her. He

took her hand which lay in his palm like a chilled glove. "I couldn't because Tim's

brother had gone into the country on some business. I didn't catch him at his hotel until after seven. Then we had dinner together."

"You might have tele-phoned."

"Yes, I should have, but I couldn't get away. As a matter of fact, I did telephone about eleven. There was no answer."

"Everyone had gone to bed."

"Yes, I suppose so, Anyway, you must forgive me. And after all, it wasn't so bad, was it, darling? One night away from me. She looked at him, "Yes.

It was very bad," she said.
Then he saw that something indeed had happened. He looked again at the scratch on her cheek. "Chris, has anyone-

"Your mother came in to my room last night and wanted to kill me. But that isn't the point. That isn't the important thing. I asked her what wrong I had done. She said I was a murderess; that I had killed the captain and destroyed her two sons. I said no, that I had wanted to love her but that she'd hated me from the

beginning and I could do nothing about it. I'd tried and I'd failed. She talked to her father as though he were there.

"She said she would burn me in the fire. It was all arranged. I was frightened, yet it was only what I had been expecting for weeks. Then—" Christina's voice wavered; she pressed her hands together. She continued: "She tried to hold me down. We struggled. And then— Oh, Joe, this was terrible! This was the dreadful thing, the dreadful, dreadful thing! Suddenly she began to cry. She cried as though she were lost; as though everything was finished for her. Then she went away."

There was a long terrible pause. Joe, who had had an easy life with everything pleasant for him, brought in this moment to this crisis every fiber of character that he had. If he failed

now, he would lose Christina forever.
"My fault, and only mine," he said at last. "I've learned

my lesson.

But Christina didn't hear him, "In a way, what she said was true. If you hadn't married me and brought me here, everyone would have been happy. In that sense I am a murderess.

He knew then what to say. He caught her arm and shook roughly.

"You little fool! Now get this into your head, once and for all. Everything wouldn't have been all right, even though I hadn't married you and brought you here. Things weren't all right; in fact, I can see clearly now they were all wrong. You know I love my mother better than anyone in the world except you, but she's been letting her sense of possession record and trust for sensy. Now she's broken down. It isn't grow and grow for years. Now she's broken down, It isn't your fault that she has, It's hers,"

She looked up at him. "You won't mind if I go away somewhere, at once—by myself if you like?"

"By yourself? Not if I know it! We'll go to London this afternoon.

"Later, I'll come back. If your mother can endure me—if she understands I meant her no harm. I wanted to love her." She began to cry. At first desperately and then, when he took her in his arms, helplessly, like a child.

When he had made her lie down and wrapped her up, he said: "Do you mind if I go now and see what's happening? You're quite safe. No one can touch you."

To his surprise he saw that she had fallen asleep.

NEXT MONTH:

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

The Creeps

by ANTHONY ABBOT

An eerie and brilliant tale of multiple

murder in a strange snow bound house

on the New England coast and a series

of unearthly clues which lead Thatcher

Colt.famous retired Police Commission-

er of New York, to a startling solution

As he reached his mother's bedroom Archer came out, "Ah, Joe, you're back!" Then he said: "She sent for me, I was the first person she asked for when she woke up." "How is she?" Joe asked.

"She's had a good sleep. She'll like to see you. You mustn't stay long.'

Joe went in: stood at the side of the bed. His mother was lying there peacefully. She took his hand.
"T've seen Archer." she said. "and it's quite all right. He

says you and Congreve can go to the cricket match so long as you're back for supper."

Thank you, Mother dear." Joe said,

He went downstairs and found Simpson,

"Now tell me, please," he "exactly said, what occurred."

stood before him She stiffly, "There isn't much to tell. Mr. Joe. I was asleep and woke suddenly to hear someone crying. I went out into the passage and there was my mistress sobbing. I tried to get her back to her room, but she simply would not go.

"Did she say what had upset her?"

"No, Mr. Joe. Only about a fire burning and bad dreams." "Well?"

"At last I got her into her room. Then I woke Miss Matty and telephoned Doctor Harbottle.'

She knows more, thought, a lot more than this. He looked at her fiercely. "You're lying, No matter. It isn't important now. But when I return, you'll have to find another place.

Simpson whispered, "Oh, no, Mr. Joe, please!'

"I'm afraid so. I'm taking my wife up to London this afternoon, but I shall be back immediately.

She said nothing, and he moved away.

Christina and he were ready to go. He went in to see his mother again.

"I'm going to get up for tea, darling," she said, smiling. We'll all have tea together, and Congreve shall read to us.

He bent down and kissed her, and she put her arms around his neck. It's all right, he thought. I'll be back in two days.

The fire was blazing, the silver tea things sparkled. Bessie Field was sitting, Snubs at her feet. Archer was looking at her with loving, eager eyes. Suddenly her face puckered; a tear stole down her cheek.

"I want Congreve and Joe. Why don't they come?"

"I'll go and find them," Archer said.

Matty cut a wedge of gingerbread. "There, dear! Please don't cry." Bessie, crying helplessly, bit a piece of the cake.

"Why, look!" cried Matty, "There's Archer!"

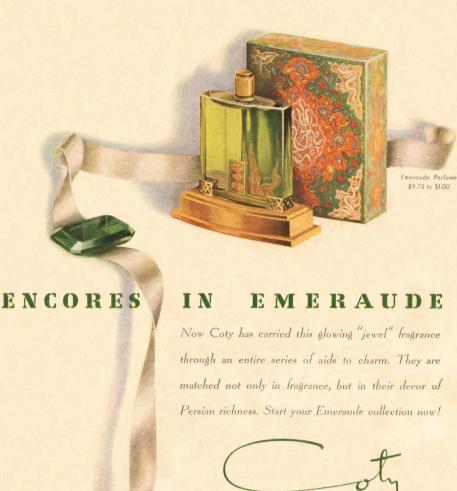
Archer stood in the doorway, and on his head was the paper cap with the donkey's head that he had worn at the Christmas party. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" he brayed. Bessie laughed hysterically. Her hand knocked a plate to "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" he brayed,

the floor, "I'm frightened. I'm frightened!" she cried.

Archer came over to her, "Come with me to your room. Archer will look after you."
She smiled at him. "Thank you, Archer."

With infinite tenderness he raised her, put his arm around her, and, the paper cap askew on his head, led her to the door. In his eyes was a look of deep pride and happiness.

THE END





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